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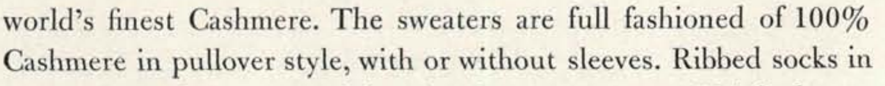

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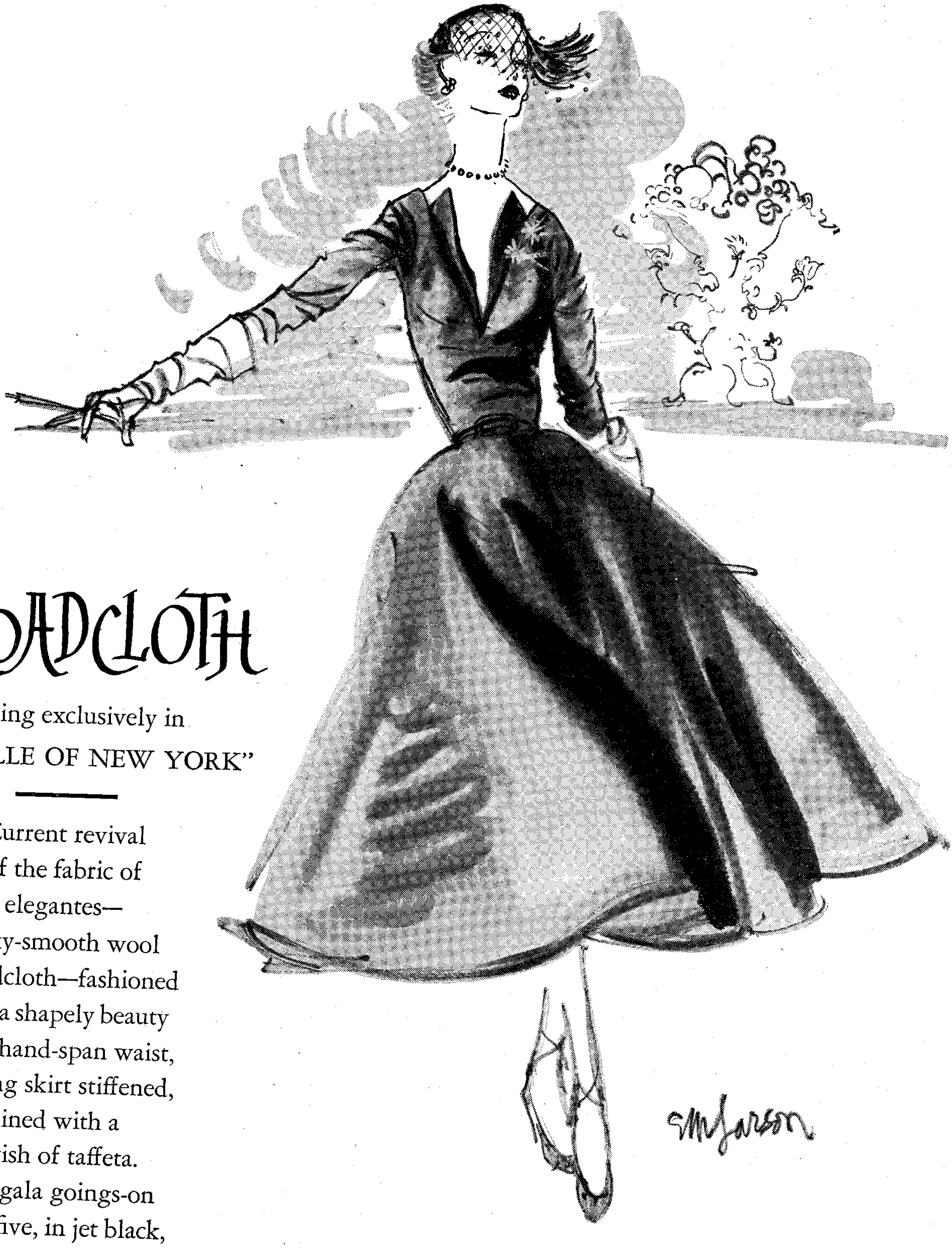

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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·28	29	30	31	1	2	3

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Buy Me Blue Ribbons—Last season, Jay Robinson agreed that he was unsuitable for the leading role in his production of "The Green Bay Tree," and this play, of which he is the producer and star, goes into the matter in detail. Vicki Cummings, Audrey Christie, and Enid Markey do their best, but it remains a fairly embarrassing business. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Diamond Lil—Who but Mae West? A limited return engagement of this famous bicycle act. Produced by George Brandt and directed by Charles Freeman. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Faithfully Yours—Robert Cummings and Ann Sothern have been imported from Hollywood to wrestle with this comedy about psychoanalysis. They are both decorative and lively, but their material might easily floor the Lunts. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Glad Tidings—Melvyn Douglas, Signe Hasso, and Haila Stoddard in an interminable joke, which, unfortunately, doesn't turn out to be very funny, about a man who discovers that he is the father of a nineteen-year-old girl. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lace on Her Petticoat—Aimée Stuart's mild and talkative little comedy about the class struggle in Scotland in 1890 has its touching moments, but on the whole it is a good deal more naïve than dramatic. Herman Shumlin directed a cast that includes Neva Patterson, Jeff Morrow, and Muriel Aked. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Love and Let Love—Ginger Rogers plays two roles in this Louis Verneuil comedy about an actress and her two chief admirers, but she is probably wasting her time. She is principally supported by Paul McGrath and Tom Helmore, who have even more difficult assignments. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Moon Is Blue—A smooth and surefire comedy, by F. Hugh Herbert, about a boy who gets a girl in three acts. With Donald Cook, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Barry Nelson. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Remains to Be Seen—A mixture of love, gore, and comedy concocted by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay. Not up to the usual standards of the team. Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, and Mr. Lindsay are in the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Rose Tattoo—Tennessee Williams' lively drama about a perfervid Sicilian woman who keeps her late husband's ashes enshrined in her living room and lets a rather inadequate slip serve as her widow's weeds. Maureen Stapleton is splendid as the lady, and Eli Wallach is quite diverting as a truck driver who helps convince her that any kind of live man is better than a dead one. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 27.)

Saint Joan—An estimable revival of Shaw's wise and witty study of the Maid of Orleans. Directed by Margaret Webster and produced by the Theatre Guild, the play is fortunate in its cast, which includes Uta Hagen, John Buckmaster, Frederic Worlock, and Alexander Scourby. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Sleep of Prisoners—Christopher Fry's elaborate allegory about the cage mankind has built for itself is probably a little too cloudy and intricate for popular consumption, but it still is more stimulating than most of the other entertainment available at the moment. Leonard White, Donald Harron, Stanley Baker, and Hugh Pryse comprise the cast. (St. James' Church, Madison Ave. at 71st St. BU 8-1402. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:50. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:50.)

Stalag 17—A comedy melodrama that will be fairly rough going for anyone unaccustomed to functional jokes. It concerns life in a German prison camp, where scatological humor is all the rage. Directed by José Ferrer, the play includes in its cast John Ericson, Harvey Lembeck, Mike Kellin, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Run—**AFFAIRS OF STATE:** Washington love and politics. Now with June Havoc. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Fourposter—A two-character play by Jan de Hartog, starring Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. Presented by the Playwrights' Company and directed by José Ferrer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The King and I—A bright and handsome view of Siam, in the best recent Rodgers and Hammerstein tradition. Gertrude Lawrence heads the cast, and gets notable support from Yul Brynner and others. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Music in the Air—First produced in 1932, this piece might now easily drive you out of your mind if it weren't for Jerome Kern's charming score. Dennis King, Jane Pickens, and Charles Winninger do rather better with it than you might expect. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Seventeen—A musical version of the Booth Tarkington novel that is not without its moments. Sally Benson is responsible for the book, and Ann Crowley, Kenneth Nelson, Frank Albertson, and Doris Dalton are some of the Hoosiers. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—From the novel of the same title, Betty Smith, the original author, and George Abbott have fashioned a stage adaptation that has both humor and pathos. It also has nice songs by Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields and a magnificently funny performance by Shirley Booth. Johnny Johnson, Marcia Van Dyke, and Nathaniel Frey are among those supporting Miss Booth. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Two on the Aisle—Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and a good company in a fast but not particularly distinguished revue. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund, Sunday evening, Oct. 28.)

Long Runs—**CALL ME MADAM:** Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador to Lichtenburg. Irving Berlin wrote the songs, and Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, and Pat Harrington help out in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** A dash of Damon Runyon, with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser and a cast that includes Robert Alda, Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, and Martha Stewart. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Roger Rico is playing opposite Martha Wright these days. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Number—Dane Clark and Martha Scott in a melodrama by Arthur Carter. Staged by George Abbott and produced by Paul Vroom and Irving Cooper. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 30. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Barefoot in Athens—A new play by Maxwell Anderson, with Barry Jones. Presented by the Playwrights' Company and directed by Alan Anderson. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 31. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly,

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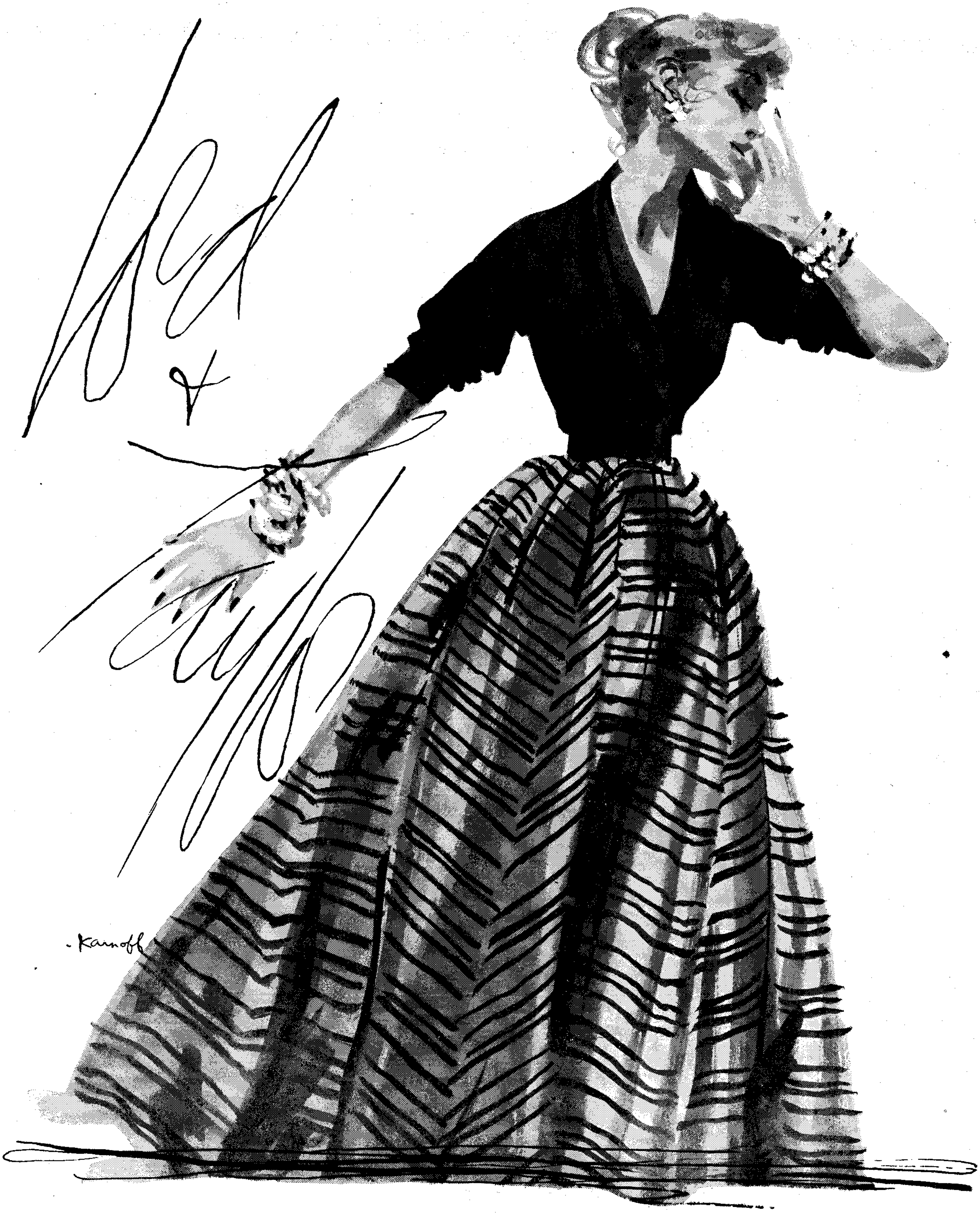

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TOP BANANA—Phil Silvers, Rose Marie, and Jack Albertson head the cast of this musical by Hy Kraft, with words and music by Johnny Mercer. The producers are Paula Stone and Mike Sloane, the director is Jack Donohue. Opens Thursday, Nov. 1. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

JOSÉ GRECO AND HIS SPANISH BALLET—Ballet, along with flamenco and other Spanish dances, by a company that includes Nila Amparo, Carola Goya, Teresa Maya, and La Quica. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tentatively scheduled to move on Sunday, Oct. 28, to the Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St., CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

JEAN LÉON DESTINÉ—With his company. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

DON JUAN IN HELL—Charles Boyer, Charles Laughton, Cedric Hardwicke, and Agnes Moorehead in the dream sequence from Shaw's "Man and Superman." Staged by Mr. Laughton and presented by Paul Gregory. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

BORSCHT CAPADES—If you understand Yiddish and happen to be amused by its rather special humor, you may be entertained by this fairly elaborate floor show. Otherwise, you will certainly be far happier somewhere else. Among the more acceptable performers are a lady known simply as Raasche, the Barry Sisters, Phil Foster, and Dave Barry. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Cocktails, except Sundays, in the Romanesque rotunda of the Trianon Room, to the tune of William Adler's violin. Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' bands play placidly at dinner and supper in the arena just beyond it.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Michael Kent's quartet appears "under the clock" at cocktail time and at dinnertime in the Madison Room (which is closed Sundays). No dancing anywhere, and not a peep out of the gang on the Day of Rest.

CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—The main reminder of the late lamented Ritz's Oval Room is Emery Deutsch's band, now billeted in the restaurant here, where it makes nostalgic dinner music, except on Sundays. No dancing.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Any number of epicurean delights, not the least of which is Ted Straeter's irresistible invitation to the dance. His men and Pancho's rumba band open fire at nine-thirty. In the handsome new Plush Room, George Feyer's piano music starts at eight. Thursday, Oct. 25, is, like the final Thursday of every month, black tie. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Palm trees that would surprise the average botanist, and folkways that would surprise the average scoutmaster. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, there's a new ice show, which goes on twice an evening. Alice Farrar, its prima ballerina, spends most of the time spinning in midair. Dance music by Tommy Reynolds' band and Adrian Rollini's trio. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Tony De Marco, the Pinza of ballet, and the delectable Sally De Marco, both making all of us wish we'd paid more attention when we were at dancing school. The scene is the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's rumba band do the dance music. On Sundays, there's only a dinner show. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Every night, Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Carl Brisson and his gentlemanly portfolio of ballads, plus the polite adagio acrobatics of Federico Rey and Pilar Gomez. The bands of Dick La Salle and Mark Monte are also in attendance. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a reminder of the days when life was more serene, is full of Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—To the amazement of absolutely no one, Guy Lombardo and a few other Lombardos are back in the Grill at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the sumptuous Maisonette, there's Margaret Phelan, singing the sort of songs lady singers seem to cotton to. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw tinkle away between-times. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

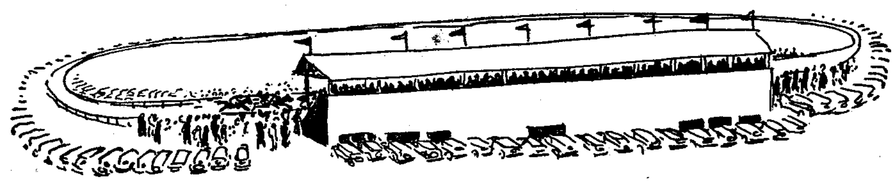
SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The small Carnaval Room, pretty as a picture, offers the orchestras of Hugo Pedell, music-maker to the Syosset set, and Jan Brunesco, as well as the chansons of Hélène François, a more sedate but handsomely bound edition of her sister, Denise Darcel. Closed Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Dancing in the Café Rouge, during dinner and supper, to Ralph Flanagan's big, steady band. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A busy address just off the Avenue. An orchestra and a rumba band for dancing in one of the alcoves.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A twice-a-night musical comedy that is simply an excuse to get Carmen Torres and her dramatic Andalusian soprano aboard ship, but the whole thing is done with great enthusiasm and several dashes of charm by a happy little family of youngsters, among them Bill Norvas, the Upstarts, and two pleasing ballet dancers named Chuck Brunner and Betty Lorraine. Emile Petti's and Panchito's bands play for dancing.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the new Empire Room, at dinner and supper, the tongue-in-cheek dances of the eminent Mata and Hari, and, at supper only, the hilarious antics of Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy. All evening, Emil Coleman and his orchestra, plus Mischa Borr's band, for dancing. Sundays, Mr. Borr's band plays by itself until twelve. On Thursday, Nov. 1, there'll be a new show, involving the dances



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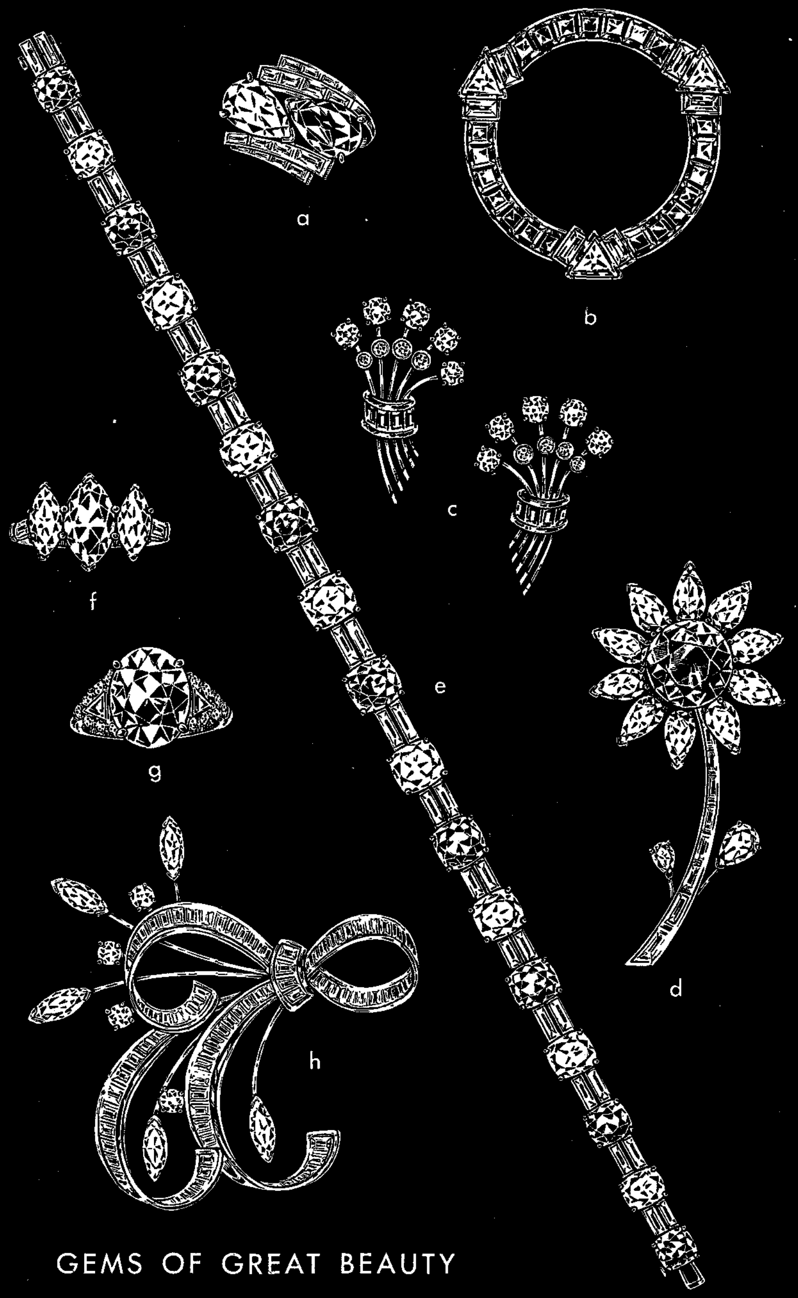

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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NOTE—The Rainbow Room, an outsize polo field with tables, is open for cocktails and drinking music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats are in the bleachers, up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose band has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): This airy pleasure dome is dedicated principally to the inner man, but it also affords (at the baby grand) Louis Hawkins from six to nine, Alex Fogarty from nine to one, and Hugh Shannon, whose love songs are imbued wih a good deal of mockery, after eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A determined throwback to the social habits and concepts of the Noble Experiment. After ten, except Sundays, the Sonny Kendis Trio gallops for dear life through its feverish repertoire. . . . **THE ALBERT**, 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): Cy Walter, dean of the Cy Walter school of offbeat piano, is back on the job, after ten, every evening but Monday. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A well-stocked hunting ground for those who love old familiar faces. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American fun, accompanied by impassioned singing and almost as fervent dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar of this Byzantine boudoir has Harry Meyerowitz providing cocktail piano and Rudy Timfield providing dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney gets off a fine collection of listening music at his piano after nine. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Through Wednesday, Oct. 31, Addison Bailey will operate the local Steinway at dinner and supper, except on Sunday, when Sam Hamilton will call the tunes.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, a homespun philosopher with a distinctly urban attitude. There's a lot more show, too, but that's not the point. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Sophie Tucker, all stops out, declaiming her familiar ballads. Aside from a few examples of the French dollmaker's art, the rest of the pageant is the standard recipe for hash. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Nellie Lutcher's hot piano and panting lyrics are all dedicated to the theme of love in the rough. Sammy Benskin's band plays for dancing. Cliff Jackson is still the solo pianist. . . . **GILDED CAGE**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (PL 7-1317): Burlesque, deftly masked by some resplendent Gay Nineties costumes, is back on Broadway again, in the persons of Ben Blue and Sid Slate. The gags are the same old naughty ones; the girls are freshly minted. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Beer-garden and basket-party atmosphere, coupled with *mock melodramas*, *real sawdust*, *real singing* waiters, real old movies, and Paul Killiam's breezy master-of-ceremonies whimsey. Closed Sundays. . . . **SUGAR HILL**, 209 W. 51st St. (CI 5-8980): Never mind all the funny sayings and their mothball flavor—just watch the Harlem guys flinging their dancing dolls to the four winds.

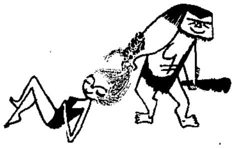
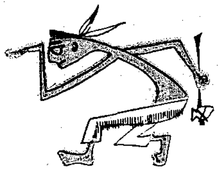
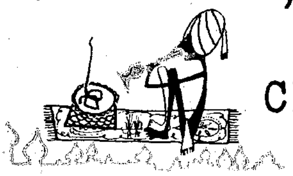
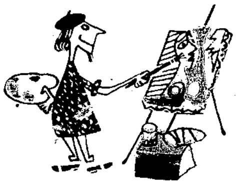
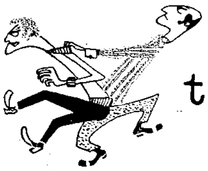
SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A very lively critics' symposium—Kaye Ballard on the ladies of Hollywood, Stan Freeman on

THE HAPPY HISTORY OF CISCO TISSUE-WEIGHT FLANNEL

(condensed, with pictures, for easy reading)

Ever since the cave was the home  of the weaver, Man has sought  a fabric that gives warmth without weight. Tissue-Weight Flannel, the marvelously light RAYLAINE fabric  CISCO uses in creating  these incredible shirts is the answer. A man can luxuriate in the warmth, the soft touch, the unending wear of these great shirts. The patterns are well-bred, the colors restrained,  the CISCO tailoring superb; they look and fit magnificently.

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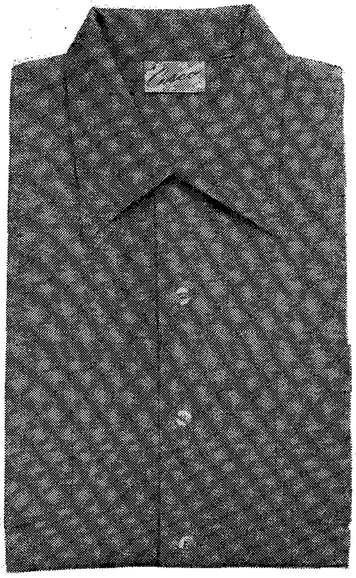

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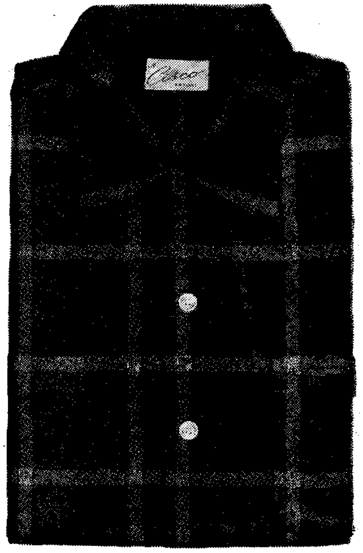

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

modern composers, Doodles and the Spider on recording artists. Betty George looks as pretty as the songs she sings. Also the music of Stuart Ross and Ellis Larkin's trio. On Saturdays and Sundays, part of the cast performs at cocktail time, too. . . . ¶ On Monday, Oct. 29, Eadie and Rack will return to their twin pianos in the lounge, where Bart Howard plays romantic piano at dinner, except Tuesdays. They'll be around except Saturdays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): A jolly soirée at the hands of Ronny Graham, as affable and homey an analyst as you could find anywhere; the Three Riffs, whose songs bound from wisecrack to wisecrack with the greatest of ease; Pat Carroll, a shiny new penny with a catch in her voice but humor in her ballads; and Ellen Hanley, a willowy child with some out-of-the-ordinary love songs and the ability to do them justice. There's also pretty music by Julius Monk and the Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Shoshana Damari, the Israeli nightingale, through Thursday, Oct. 25. Next night, Harry Belafonté, now a folk minstrel, making his début in his new calling; Phil Leeds, a mild-mannered humorist, toying with some rather good ideas; and Royce Wallace doing some fetching songs. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays real gone dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Through Sunday, Oct. 28, Bibi Osterwald, whose arias are well sprinkled with laughing matter, will be the main bout here. There's also double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies Sunday nights; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer is in her nest right over the rowdydow Show Spot bar, singing her praises of the world's oldest emotion. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The vociferous Mae Barnes, at ten-thirty, making hot mince pie out of the average torch song. Jimmie Daniels' and Norene Tate's ballads are more romantic. On Thursday, Nov. 1, the Three Flames and their homemade barrelhouse ditties will be added. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): An unrestrained riot staged by Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton does the interlude solo-piano work, a fine demonstration of fifty-finger exercises. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in, are often complete bedlam. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Except Sundays, some of the best music on the North American continent is being turned loose by the prankish Red Norvo Trio, which has Tal Farlow on guitar, and Erroll Garner's trio, which includes the valuable Shadow Wilson on drums and John Simmons on bass. The Sunday jam sessions are in charge of Bobby Hackett. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier's playing of "Tin Roof Blues" does away with the need for central heating here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, a firm believer in a return to first principles, even has a banjo (Danny Barber) in his fine new band, which also includes Sidney de Paris, Freddy Moore, and Omer Simeon. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night beer-garden sessions are still on. Friday, Oct. 26, the main contestants will be Wild Bill Davison, Bobby Hackett, Bud Freeman, Max Kaminsky, Lou McGarity, Claude Hopkins, Ray McKinley, and Sonny Greer. And who could ask for anything more? . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another Friday-night barbecue, this week (Oct. 26) offering such

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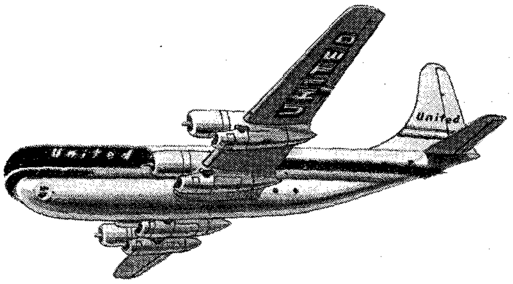
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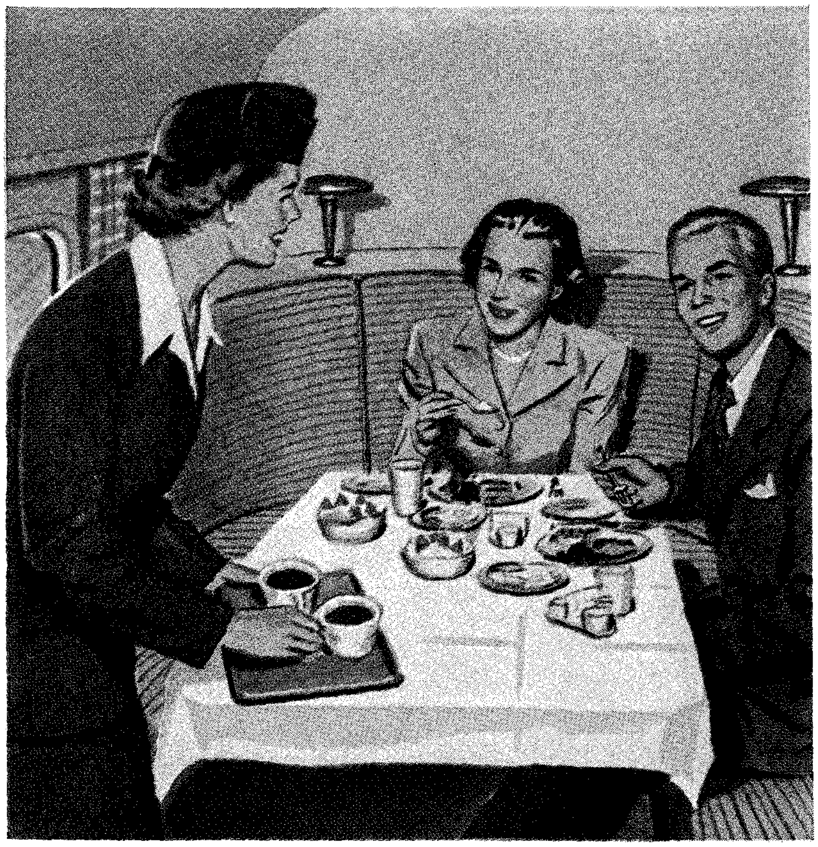

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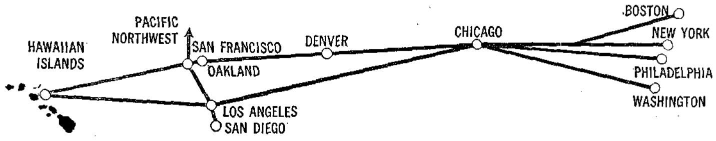
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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

African Sculptures—A number of pieces assembled from various European collections and including masks, statues, and a series of ceremonial goblets; through Nov. 29. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

Audubon—A loan showing of animal paintings, largely water colors, along with two portraits of the artist and some memorabilia; through Nov. 30. (Audubon House, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.) . . . ¶ A group of water colors of bats, on public exhibition for the first time, by Audubon and by his son John Woodhouse Audubon; through Nov 18. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Milton Avery—New paintings, smoothly stylized and handsome in color; through Nov. 3. (Borgenicht, 65 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Monday evenings until 10.)

Brancusi to Duchamp—Oils and sculptures by these and other European modernists, in a lively and illuminating show; through Nov. 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Peter Busa—New oils, deeply and generally agreeably influenced by the designs of the Northwest Coast Indians; through Oct 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dufy—Paintings, briskly animated and colorful, by the less-well-known brother of Raoul; through Oct. 27. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.)

Winslow Eaves—Abstract sculptures, with a good deal of perceptiveness and feeling beneath their exact design; through Nov. 2. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30.)

Jean Eve—New paintings, plus a selection of some earlier ones, by one of the most talented of the Paris Primitives; through Oct. 27. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.)

Harvey Fite—Recent sculptures, somewhat harsh and arbitrary in their textural treatment but extremely well executed technically; through Nov. 3. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Group Shows—At the **carré**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Oils by modern French artists, among them Léger, Picasso, and Lanskoy; through Nov. 15. . . . **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: The gallery's twenty-sixth annual exhibition, comprising paintings by O'Keeffe, Sheeler, Kuniyoshi, and others, plus a sculpture by Zorach; through Oct. 27. . . . **ganso**, 125 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Ethel Magafan, Jenne Magafan, Edward Chavez, Howard Mandel, and Bruce Currie, three of whom are Fulbright Fellowship winners; through Oct. 27. . . . **grand central**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: The Twenty-ninth Annual Founders' Exhibition, consisting of paintings and sculptures by Robert Brackman, Maurice Sterne, Hobart Nichols, and others; through Nov. 8.

Mervin Jules—Recent paintings, their occasionally sharp social commentary tempered by a consistently gentle and observant approach; through Nov. 3. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Lee Krasner—New works, concealing careful attention to form and pattern beneath rather misty outlines; through Nov. 3. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Gerhard Marcks—Sculptures, drawings, and other works, 1935 to the present, by one of the contemporary German masters; through Nov. 10. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

I. Rice Pereira—Non-objective paintings, by one of the most sensitive members of the school; through Oct. 27. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Picasso—Twenty-four water colors and drawings, dated 1914-45; through Nov. 3. (Rosen-

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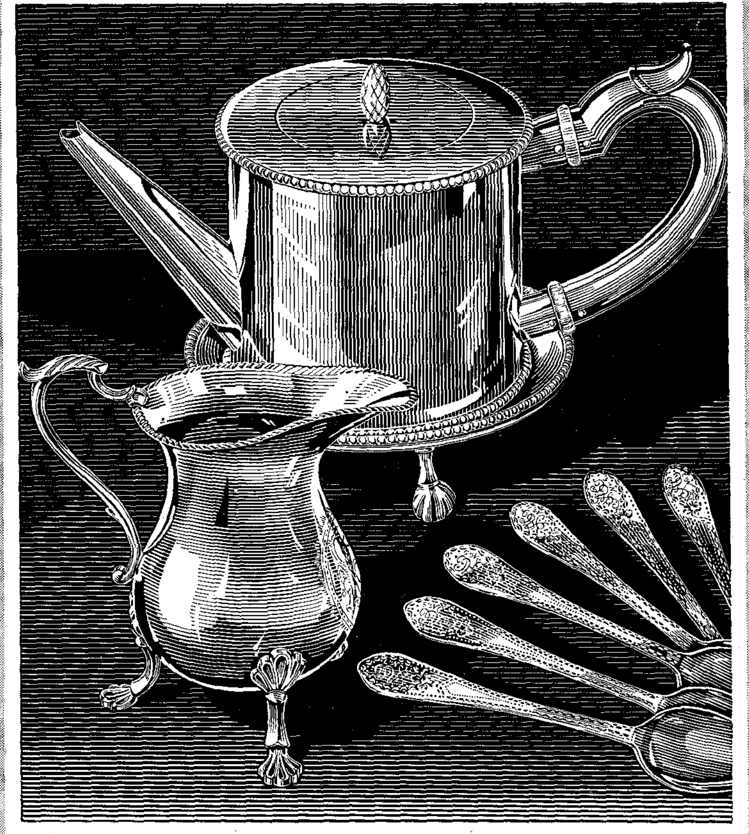

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

berg, 16 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A selection of original ceramics, mostly vases, made in 1950; through Oct. 27. (Delius, 18 E. 64th St.)

Felix Ruvolo—Abstract paintings, done during the past year; through Oct. 27. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Anne Ryan—Collages, muted in color and unpretentiously tasteful in arrangement; through Nov. 3. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Amar Nath Sehgal—Sculptures, sometimes a bit obscure philosophically but on the whole quite effective, by a young Indian artist now living in this country; through Nov. 2. (Newton, 11 E. 57th St.)

Morris Shulman—Paintings, hazily delicate in color and treatment, by a young abstractionist; through Nov. 3. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

Siamese Sculptures—An exhibition of pieces dating from the ninth through the fifteenth centuries; through Nov. 3. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

Pierre Sicard—Landscape studies of Paris and Versailles that have a kind of sunny straightforwardness; through Nov. 10. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

Steel Sculptures—A selection of work by Barbara Lekberg, William Talbot, and others; through Oct. 31. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

William Thon—Water colors and oils painted in Maine, some of them dealing with Maine subjects, some with reminiscences of a recent trip to Italy; through Oct. 27. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Mark Tobey—A small display of his paintings, most of them recent works; through Nov. 3. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.) The Tobey exhibition at the Whitney Museum may be of interest in this connection, too.

Village Art Center Water-Color Show—This lively and growing downtown group's ninth Annual is marked by some unusually good pieces; through Nov. 2. (Village Art Center, 44 W. 11th St. Daily, 1 to 6, and Monday and Thursday evenings until 10.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **ART STUDENTS LEAGUE**, 215 W. 57th St.: A. S. Baylinson; through Nov. 10. Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 5. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Arbit Blatas; through Nov. 10. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Harold Rotenberg; through Nov. 10. . . . **BROWN**, 2 W. 46th St.: A group show by seven members of Artists Equity; through Nov. 7. . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Ibram Lassaw; through Nov. 10. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Gallery group show; through Nov. 3. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: The Spiral Group; through Nov. 6. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 1 to 5. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Charles Shaw; through Nov. 10. . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 46 W. 57th St.: Käthe Kollwitz; through Nov. 17. . . . **JACQUES SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: Odilon Redon; through Nov. 10.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings and sculptures by Ben Shahn, Reuben Tam, Milton Hebald, and other members of the Museum's art-school faculty; through Nov. 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Lithographs and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, chosen from the Museum's collection, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his death; through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by Old Masters, plus Oriental and Egyptian objects of art, all given or bequeathed to the Museum by Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive exhibition of oils and other works by James Ensor, the Anglo-Belgian artist generally credited with being one of the precursors of modern Surrealism; through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ An exhibit of eight European and American cars, among them a 1931 Mercedes, a 1949 M.G., and a 1951 Army jeep, chosen as examples of the well-designed automobile; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Prints by the late Max Beckmann; through Oct. 28. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—A hundred paintings and five sculptures by members of the League of Present Day Artists, in their eleventh annual exhibition; through Oct. 28. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A comprehensive retrospective of paintings by Mark Tobey, the Seattle abstractionist; through Nov. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.) A good complement to the exhibition is the Tobey show at the Willard, 32 E. 57th St.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Oct. 25: "Aïda.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 26: "Don Giovanni.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 27: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 27: "Faust.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 28: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 28: "The Dybbuk" (in English). . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 30: "The Four Ruffians" (in English). . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 31: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 1: "Rigoletto.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 3: "The Dybbuk" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 3: "La Traviata." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 11.)

Fledermaus—The new English version of Johann Strauss's operetta, with lyrics by Howard Dietz and dialogue by Garson Kanin. Presented by the Metropolitan Opera's touring company, with Brenda Lewis and Donald Dame. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, at 8:30.)

Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company—"The Mikado," the first in a series of four Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 26, at 2:30 (both with Aldo Ciccolini, piano); Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:45 (with Constance Keene, piano); Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2:30 (with Aldo Ciccolini, piano); and Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8:45; Friday, Nov. 2, at 2:30; and Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:45 (all with Gregor Piatigorsky, cello).

Boys Town Choir—Father Francis P. Schmitt directing, with Christopher Lynch, tenor. A benefit for Father Flanagan's Boys Town, Neb., and the Mt. Carmel home for the aged, in New York. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

Janice Moudry—Contralto. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Joseph Szigeti—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

Mary Bothwell—Soprano, in the first of a series of three recitals. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

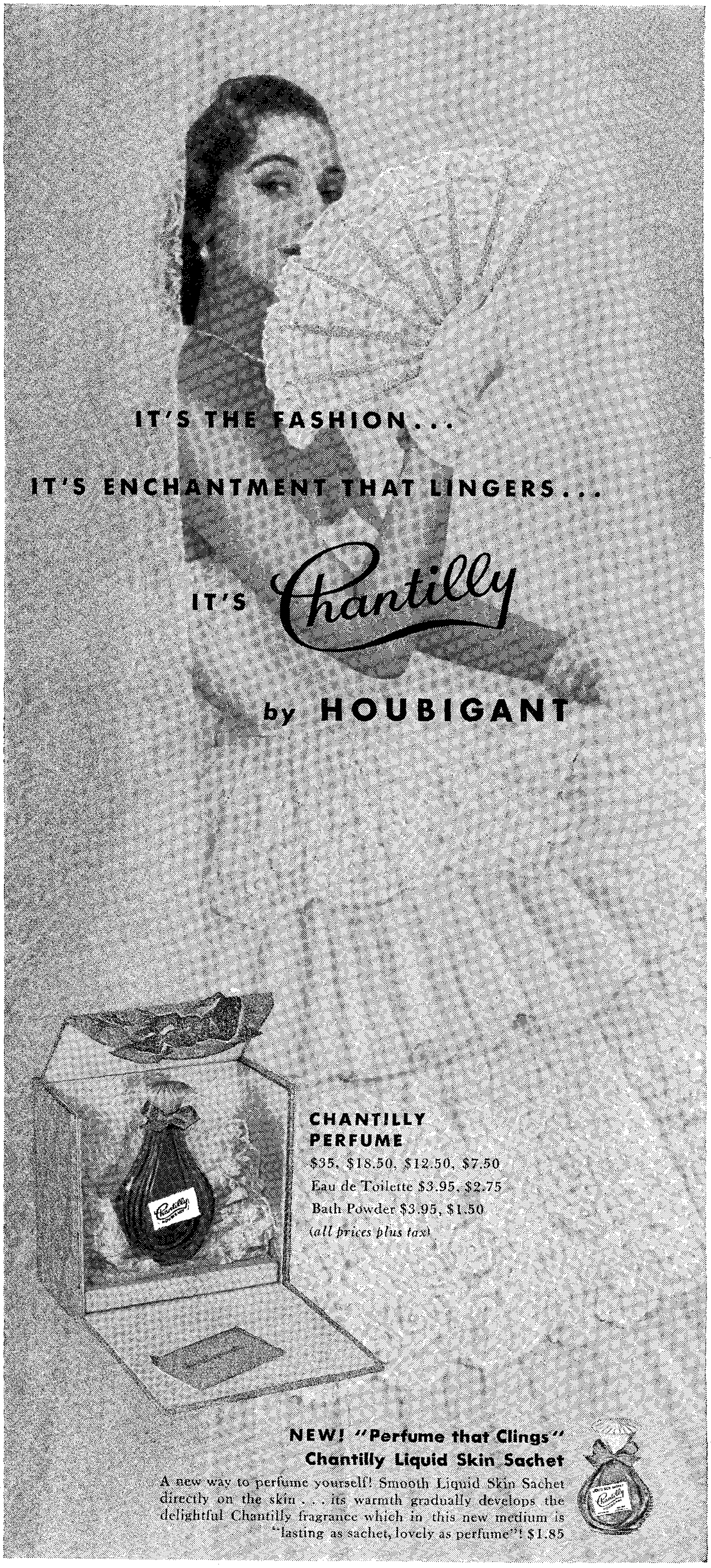
Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series making up a Mozart cycle. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Monday, Oct. 29, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-5534.)

Max Pollikoff—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Schneider Quartet—The first performance in a sixteen-program Haydn cycle. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, Oct. 29, at 8:40.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Martial Singher—Baritone, in the second of a



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series of three recitals. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

ROSALYN TURECK—Piano, in the first of a series of all-Bach programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8:40.)

ANIA DORFMANN—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

BURL IVES—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

AMPARO AND JOSÉ ITURBI—Duo piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

OSSY RENARDY—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

KURT BAUM—Tenor. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Joe Louis vs. Rocky Marciano, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 26. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 27: Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Army vs. Columbia, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Fordham, at Syracuse, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 3: Army vs. Southern California, at Yankee Stadium, at 2. . . . ¶ Boston University vs. N.Y.U., at Boston, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Baltimore, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. William and Mary, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Fordham, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Yanks vs. Green Bay Packers. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2:05.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Montreal. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

HORSE SHOWS—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday, Oct. 27.) . . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Oct. 30, through Tuesday, Nov. 6. Performances daily at 2 and 7:45.)

HUNT RACING—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 27.) . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Nov. 3.)

RACING—EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Weekdays; through Thursday, Nov. 15. Through Saturday, Oct. 27, post time will be 1:15; after that date, it will be 1. The Westchester Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 27; the Demoiselle, Wednesday, Oct. 31; and the Empire City Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 3. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Monday, at 1:15; through Saturday, Nov. 3. The Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 3. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track at 10.) . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: Weekdays at 1:15, from Saturday, Oct. 27, through Friday, Nov. 16. The Pimlico Futurity, Friday, Nov. 2.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:40; through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Trains leave Grand Central Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:53, 7:28, and 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:20.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Opening children's concert of the season by the Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

PLAYS—By the **PLAYMART:** "Pinocchio." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . **CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Prince's Secret." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 3.) . . . **CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE:** "Captain Kidd." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 3.)

SUE HASTINGS MARIONETTES—"Cinderella" and a puppet revue. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 3.)

MOVIES—Cartoons and, usually, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, Second Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's New York activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until after the meeting of the General Assembly in Paris, which starts Nov. 6 and is expected to wind up around Feb. 1.

FLOWER SHOW—An outdoor display of hardy chrysanthemums, together with an indoor exhibit by the National Chrysanthemum Society. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Friday, Oct. 26, from 2 to 5, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 27-28, from 10 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—French Provincial furniture, porcelains and faïence, and other decorations, owned by Jacques de Gordes, of Châteauneuf, Provence, and others. (Exhibition Thursday, Oct. 25, from 10 to 5. Auction Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Fifteenth- through nineteenth-century Continental literary works, among them illuminated and other manuscripts; Renaissance, armorial, and association bindings; and Latin classics, including incunabula; from the library of the late Lucius Wilmerding. (Exhibition Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 25-27, and Monday, Oct. 29, from 10 to 5. Auction Monday, Oct. 29, at 8, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 30-31, each day at 1:45 and 8.) . . . ¶ French furniture of the eighteenth century; Flemish, French, and other tapestries; and porcelains, bibelots, and other decorations; the property of Reed A. Albee and others. (Exhibition Saturday, Oct. 27; Monday, Oct. 29; and Wednesday, Oct. 31, from 10 to 5; and Tuesday, Oct. 30, from 10 to 8. Auction Thursday, Nov. 1, at 10:15 and 1:45, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 2-3, at 1:45.)

●

NOTE—Volunteers are still sorely needed in each of the city's civil-defense departments, among which are Transportation, Medical Emergency, Public Health, Public Welfare, and the Fire and Police Auxiliaries. Telephone operators, messengers, air wardens, hospital aids, clerical workers, and such are wanted to fill jobs in nearly a hundred and fifty different categories. Some of these posts involve technical or professional skills, but for most of them the qualifications are merely time, heart, and, possibly, muscle. All hospitals, precinct police stations, and district firehouses are prepared to take applications, and additional recruiting centers have been opened in motion-picture theatres, libraries, and other public buildings. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-2324), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-9634), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 2-8836), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Manhattan Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000, or the Brooklyn Chapter, 57 Willoughby St., MAin 4-6001.

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TWENTY FOUR WEST FIFTY SEVENTH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

An American in Paris—Gershwin tunes and a jaunty book by Alan J. Lerner make this a highly entertaining musical. Gene Kelly contributes a most diverting portrayal of an American artist on the loose along the Seine. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Force of Arms—The last war again. William Holden and Nancy Olson are excellent as two troubled members of the United States forces in Italy, but the story leaves something to be desired. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Oct. 31.)

Kon-Tiki—Films taken during a journey from Peru to Polynesia on a primitive raft. Stimulating material, accompanied by a witty, informative narrative written and spoken by Thor Heyerdahl, who was headman on the voyage. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Oct. 31.)

The Lavender Hill Mob—A comical British film about a clerk who, after twenty years of pondering, finally thinks up a method of doing the Bank of England out of a million pounds. Alec Guinness is splendid as the gentle crook, and Stanley Holloway is fine as his collaborator in the deal. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

M—A Hollywood version of the old German horror film about a lunatic who likes to strangle children. A lot more diffuse than the original, but David Wayne gives a competent performance as the killer. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; starting Oct. 31.)

Oliver Twist—A British adaptation of Dickens' story of poverty and greed in nineteenth-century England, turned out by Robert Neame and David Lean, who were also responsible for "Great Expectations." Though not as distinguished as its predecessor, it has expert characterizations by Alec Guinness, as Fagin, and John Howard Davies, as Oliver. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7241.)

The Red Badge of Courage—John Huston's screen translation of the Stephen Crane story of the Civil War. A trifle on the simple-minded side, but equipped with enough large battle scenes to make it occasionally interesting. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The River—Jean Renoir's masterly interpretation of the Rumer Godden novel about life along the Ganges. Produced by Kenneth McEldowney, an American, the film features Arthur Shields, Nora Swinburne, an Indian actress and dancer named Radha, and all kinds of other Indians who happen within the range of M. Renoir's camera. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Show Boat—The old stern-wheeler, still doing all right on the river. Among those on board: Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Oct. 26-27. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 27-28. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Oct. 31.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams in celluloid. Not as enthralling, perhaps, as the Pulitzer Prize play from which it derives, but a fine movie nevertheless. With Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900; through Oct. 31, tentative.)

Tales of Hoffmann—An overblown British treatment of the famous opera, danced by one group onscreen, sung by another off, and filmed against preposterous sets. With Robert Rounseville, Leonide Massine, Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Robert Helpmann. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Well—Race-rioting and the rescue of a small girl from a well are turned into a rousing melodrama. The cast features Henry Morgan, Richard Rober, Barry Kelly and Maidie Norman. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; starting Oct. 31.)

REVIVALS

Adam's Rib (1949)—Capers in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy Holliday. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

The Asphalt Jungle (1950)—Jewel thieves prowling around a Midwestern city. Directed by John Huston, and with Louis Calhern and Sam Jaffe. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Oct. 27.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 31.)

The Captive Heart (1947)—Allied soldiers in a German prison camp. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 27.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

A Foreign Affair (1948)—A congresswoman, a Nazi siren, and an Army captain in occupied Berlin. With Jean Arthur, Marlene Dietrich, and John Lund. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Oct. 26-27.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo full of laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 31, tentative.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching out West. With Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Oct. 25.)

Quartet (1949)—A collection of Somerset Maugham stories. An English film, with Mai Zetterling, Françoise Rosay, and Cecil Parker. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 30, tentative.)

Shoe-Shine (1947)—Street children of Rome. An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Oct. 27.)

Trio (1950)—More Maugham stories. A British picture, with Jean Simmons and James Hayter. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through Oct. 27.)

The Walls of Malapaga (1950)—An aging fugitive, Jean Gabin, having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 31.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 28: "Swingtime" (1936), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 29: "Flesh and the Devil" (1927), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

Note—A Robert Flaherty memorial program, comprising two Flaherty films, "Nanook of the North" and "Moana," along with another documentary, "Industrial Britain," will be held at the Museum of Modern Art, Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:15. For tickets, call JU 2-5171.

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Here Comes the Groom," Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
TALES OF HOFFMANN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Angels in the Outfield," Paul Douglas, Janet Leigh.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through afternoon of Oct. 26 (last showing at 3:33): "Mr. Imperium," Lana Turner, Ezio Pinza.
From Oct. 26, at 8:30: "The Blue Veil," Jane Wyman, Charles Laughton. (Opening night is a benefit for the United Hospital Fund. For tickets, call the box office.)

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Desert Fox," James Mason, Jessica Tandy.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Oct. 31 (tentative): "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
AN AMERICAN IN PARIS.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Oct. 30 (tentative): "The Mob," Broderick Crawford, Betty Buehler.
From Oct. 31 (tentative): "Behave Yourself," Farley Granger, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"David and Bathsheba," Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Anne of the Indies," Jean Peters, Louis Jourdan.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Texas Carnival," Esther Williams, Red Skelton.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Oct. 25 (last showing at 10:15 A.M.): "The Whistle at Eaton Falls," Lloyd Bridges, Dorothy Gish.
From Oct. 25, at noon: "Ten Tall Men," Burt Lancaster, Gilbert Roland.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Through Oct. 31 (tentative): **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.**

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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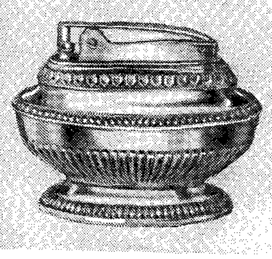

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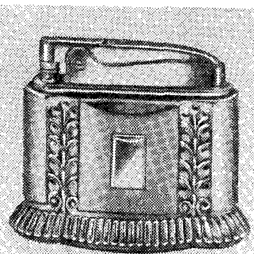

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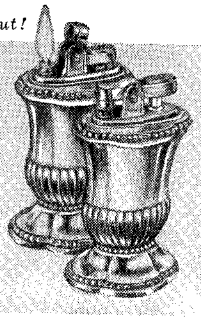

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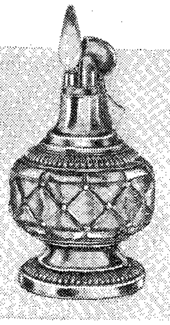

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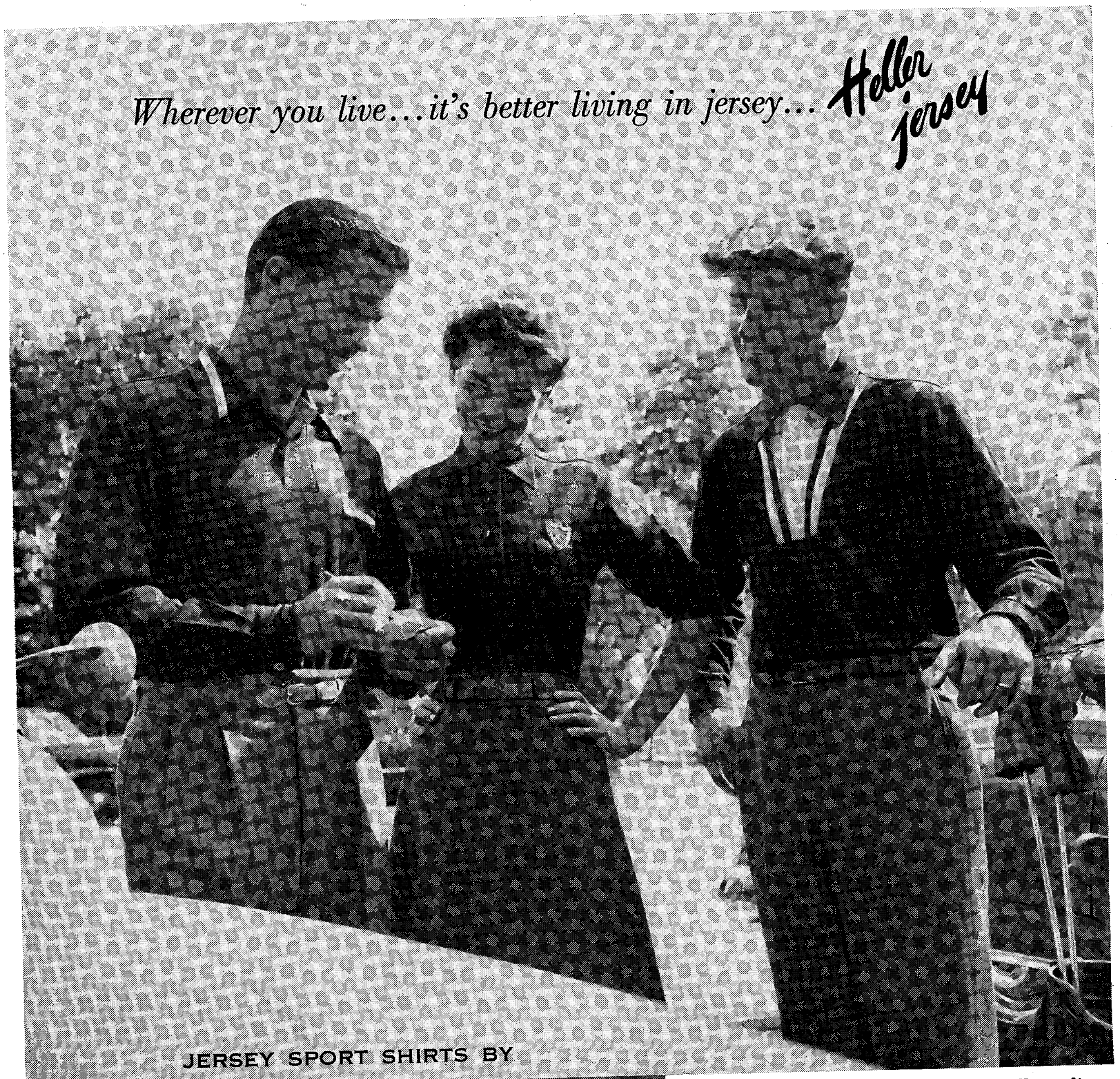
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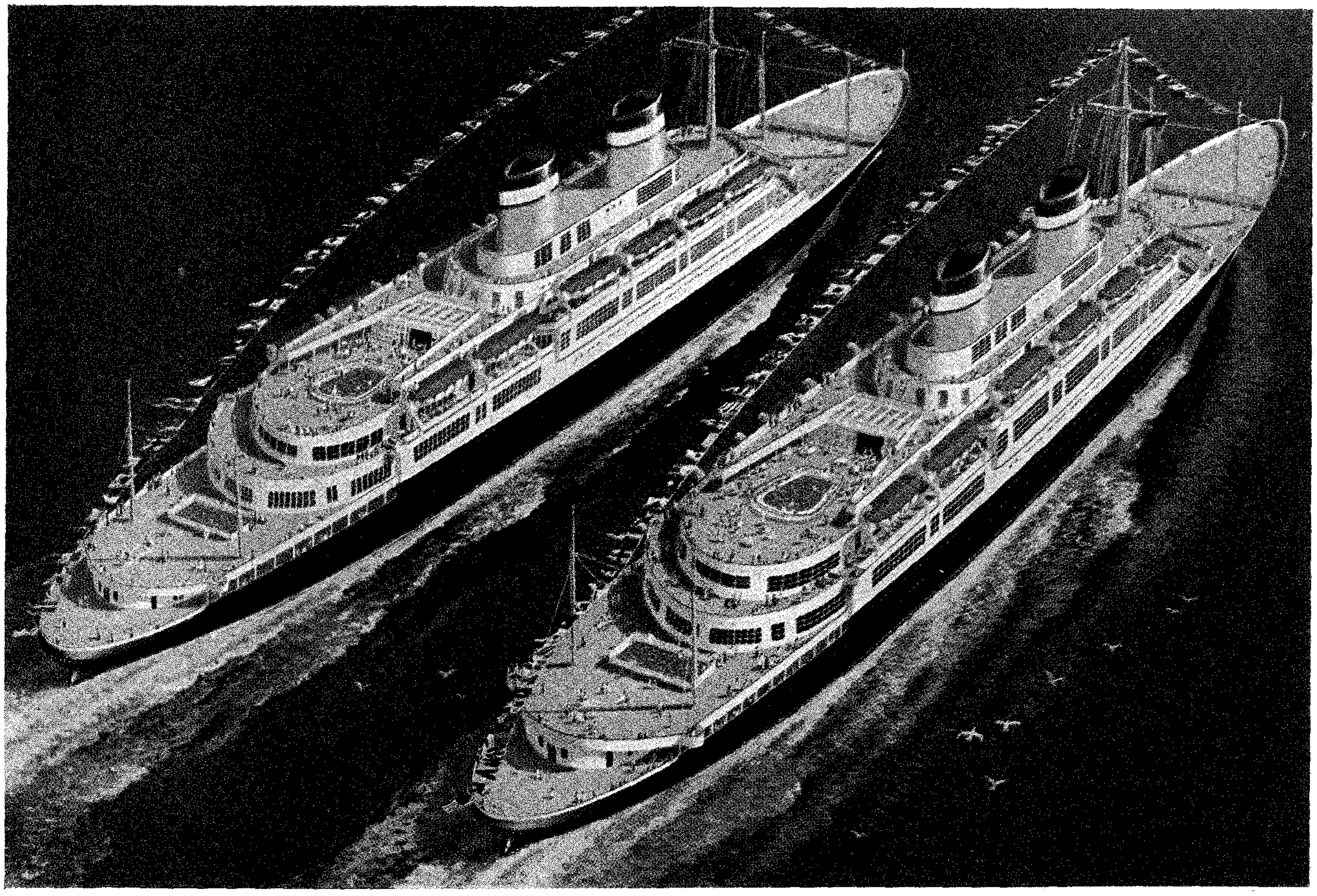

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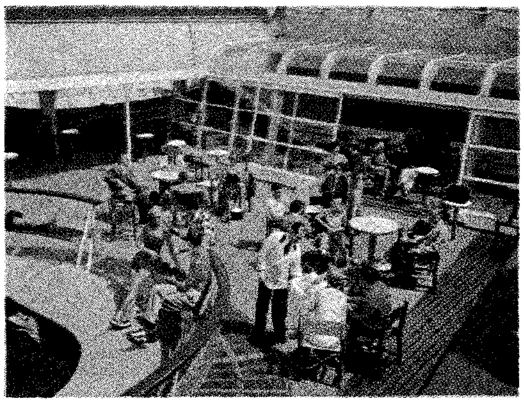

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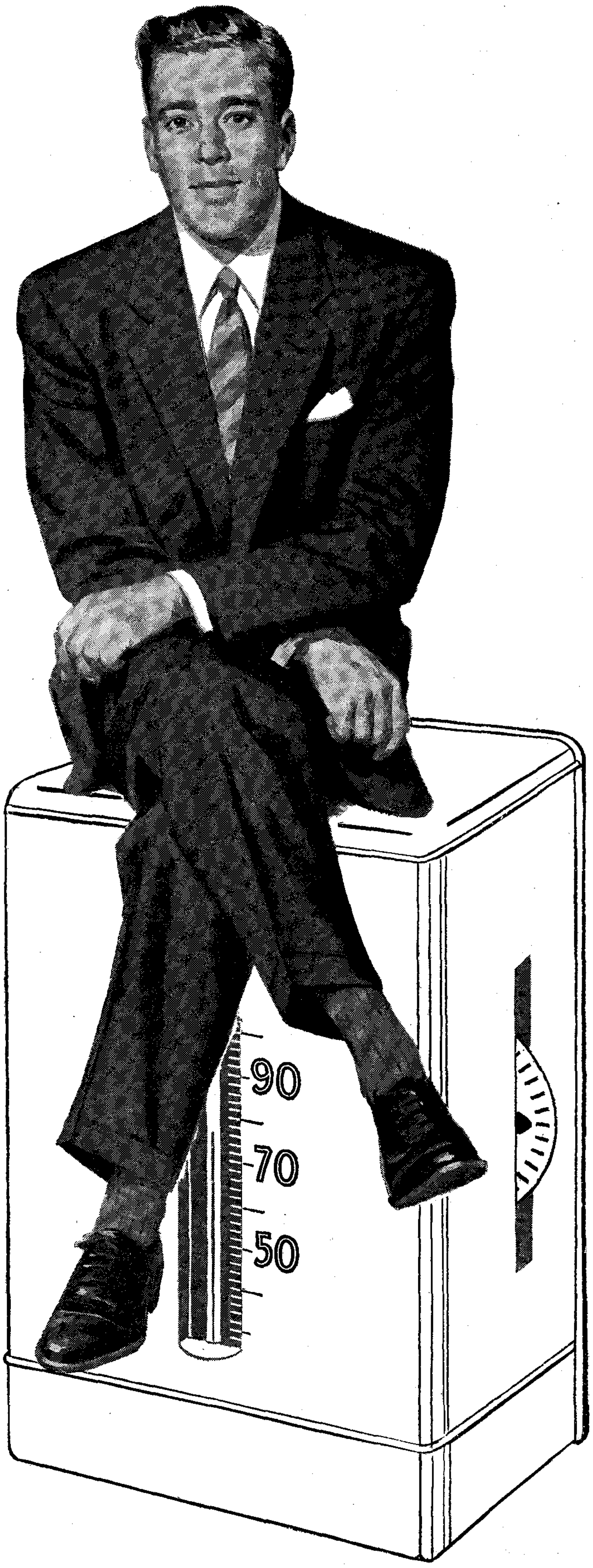

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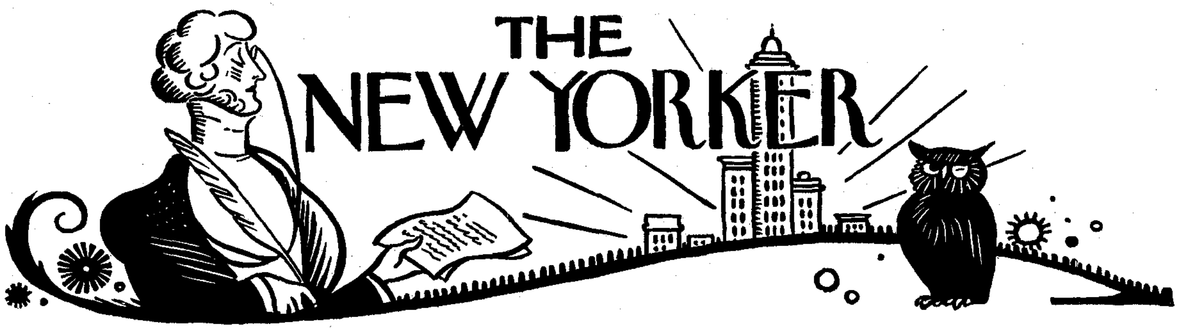

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SIMON & SCHUSTER, the wakeful publishers, will send you, for $4.85, a phonograph record designed to put you to sleep. (This is assuming that you can lay your hands on the money and want to go bye-bye.) The record is called the Sleep Record and is the creation of Dr. D. H. Fink, author of the best-seller "Release from Nervous Tension" (Simon & Schuster). Just where Messrs. S. & S. really stand on the sleep question is obscure, and we are not sure that they know themselves. If Dr. Fink's voice, telling you how to relax, can usher you smoothly into dreamland, it is, from a book publisher's standpoint, a doubtful property. Books are bought and read by the wakeful, not the drowsy, and the more tense people are, the more they read. The executives of S. & S., after a rough day, may themselves crave the boon of sleep via the Fink route, but they will sleep but fitfully if they know that Fink is knocking out a multitude of readers and that lights are snapping off all over America.

Actually, the danger may not be as great as one might suppose; like many of the more conventional soporifics, such as the barbiturates, Fink may boomerang. After all, the sleep disc doesn't change from night to night, and one of the most irritating things in the world is having to listen to somebody repeating himself—particularly a medical man. We can picture ourself turning the sleep record on for the tenth night in a row, our bony little body tensed up like a fiddlestring, waiting to catch the sound of Fink going into his familiar routine. "Why, the repetitious old . . ." we can hear ourself cry. And then, of course, there will be nothing for it but to switch the bed light on and reach for a good stiff Knopf or a Little Brown of some sort.

ANOTHER business firm that seems all mixed up about life is our neighbor the Fifth Avenue Bank. It lately destroyed, at considerable expense, its unique interior, in favor of a more up-to-date décor that is without distinction of any sort. Uneasy, apparently, about this costly and dubious move, the bank then hastily rigged up a display for its patrons—an exhibit of photographs of Old New York, including, of all idiotic things, several photographs of its own abandoned interior. One of the views is of that fine old fireplace that burned logs on chill days.

AS has been our custom for two or three years, we present at this time, for the benefit of those of our readers who may be baffled by the cloudy intricacies of politics, a clarification of the current situation. The 1951 elections are what are known as off-year elections, and involve locally no contest for any office of more importance than the one of president of the city council. The Republican aspirant to that job, however, Representative Henry J. Latham, says that this shouldn't actually be viewed as an off year, for the outcome of his race may portend the outcome of the 1952, or on-year, vote for President of the United States. The *Times* says that Mr. Latham hasn't the slightest chance of winning, which seems to make him, in the *Times'* view, an off candidate. Mr. Latham says that Rudolph Halley, who used to be a Democrat but is now running for the council presidency under Liberal, City Fusion, and Independent auspices, spent too much time during the Kefauver hearings questioning Virginia Hill and not enough time looking into the doings of Three-Finger Brown, who was alleged a year ago by Edward Corsi, a Republican standard-bearer, to be chummy with Vincent Impellitteri. Mayor Impellitteri has recently been visiting Sicily, where he was born, and Italy, and the acting mayor in his absence has been Joseph Sharkey, who is the council president and, as a candidate to succeed himself, is the hope of the Democrats in the forthcoming election. Well, of *most* of the Democrats. Some Democrats, notably Robert Blaikie, who broke with his party last year to back Impellitteri when *he* was an Independent, are for Halley. Impellitteri, though, is for Sharkey, who last year was against Impellitteri and was for O'Dwy— sorry, for Pecora. Halley has been on television, directly following Frank Sinatra, who was born in New Jersey, not far from where Willie Moretti, an acquaintance of Virginia Hill's, was slain. Virginia Hill is in Dutch.

Glancing at the national scene, we find the Republicans making most of the political news. For one thing, they have, in Senator Taft, the only man who at this writing is avowedly seeking the Presidency. They also have the only man who is avowedly Senator McCarthy. Senator McCarthy is against Dean Acheson and for Chiang Kai-shek. Practically everybody is for Chiang Kai-shek nowadays, including Dean Acheson, Henry Wallace, and Chiang Kai-shek. The Republicans, who for a long time were firmly united on the stand that the New Deal was importing too many professorial types into the government, now have the president of the University of Pennsylvania acting as spokesman for one faction, and another faction has been acting as spokesman for the president of Columbia University. It is not certain in either case who has authorized whom to say what. Penn beat Columbia Saturday, 28 to 13.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The widow's walks on a number of houses in the old whaling village of Mystic, Connecticut, have sprouted TV aerials.

There's a roadhouse near Newburgh on Route 17-K called Pat's Chateau.

The high school in Linden, New Jersey, has not only an Honor Roll but a Super Honor Roll.

Search

ABOUT ninety-eight per cent of the twelve hundred illustrations in "Life in America," the two-volume word-and-picture survey of most of the goings on in America since Columbus arrived, which is receiving many ovations just now, are contemporaneous with the events depicted, and all of them were selected singlehanded out of something like a million possibilities by Marshall B. Davidson, the work's author. One morning last week, with the idea of having a few words with Mr. Davidson, we visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where he is editor of publications. We were instructed by an attendant near the main entrance to go downstairs, follow the corridor past the Parthenon, and stop at the door beside the water cooler. This we did, and, opening the door, found Mr. Davidson, an energetic-looking gray-haired man, at a desk in a cluttered office, accepting telephone congratulations from another member of the Museum staff. Hanging up, Mr. D. remarked, "If you think this place is a mess, you ought to see my apartment," and suggested coffee in the cafeteria. When he had led us there, he told us that he had spent most of his spare time since 1945, including a two-year leave of absence from the Met, writing the text of his book and collecting the photographs, paintings, and drawings for it. The latter task took him to Boston, Providence, Worcester, Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati, Ann Arbor, and Chicago. "I never had to go west of Chicago," he said. "You find the best Wild West and California Gold Rush pictures right in New York—people like Edward Eberstadt & Sons, next to Stern's, and, of course, the New-York Historical Society. The job wasn't detective work, it was manual labor. To be truthful, when I took it on, I didn't have the slightest idea what I was letting myself in for. In Washington, the old Farm Security Administration alone had about a quarter of a million photographs. I repeat—a quarter of a million photographs. There were some categories that didn't interest me, but in those that did I looked at every damn picture."

A Met man came up, hoisted a set of "Life in America" onto the table, and asked for an inscription. Mr. Davidson obliged, and the Met man left.

"Tell you what I mean by manual labor," Mr. Davidson continued. "At the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, there was a pile of big old prints backed with cardboard and heavy as lead. I debated the question of going through them—a task amounting to stevedoring—and finally decided in favor of doing so. Well, I turned up an excellent old New York German-beer-garden scene that the Worcester director didn't even know he had." We asked about problems of selection, and Mr. Davidson assured us that he always knew what he wanted as soon as he saw it. Authenticity was the most troublesome problem. "I had a lovely photograph of a grave on the Oregon Trail," he told us. "An authority in Cheyenne checked it and wrote me he was certain it was a grave in a movie set. I had to settle for a much less interesting picture."

Mr. Davidson was born in the Bronx, graduated from Princeton in 1928, and has been on the Museum staff since 1935. After giving us this information, he was called to the telephone to talk with his publishers, Houghton Mifflin, and when he returned, he explained about the clutter in his apartment. He and his wife, an editor of *Antiques*, live in a three-room apartment on East Seventy-ninth Street, and although he tried to do most of his selecting in the field, the pictures he had in New York occupied most of one room. He kept them in cardboard boxes about the size and shape of suit boxes, and the part of the room where the boxes were piled up was sacrosanct against dusting, painting, or other discombobulation for five years. For a working surface, he used the little free floor space left in this room, and each time he spread pictures out here, all the furniture had to be moved around, making it practically impossible for his wife to get from the kitchen to the third, unassimilated room and back. For further working space, he took over Mrs. Davidson's sewing-machine table, the folding extensions of which proved to be perfect for evaluating illustrations. "It was a five-year domestic crisis," said Mr. Davidson. "In addition to all the physical hazards I set up, I lived in a state of utter preoccupation. My wife was very, very patient." The Davidsons were afraid mice or rats had moved in among the boxes, but when the book was finished and the time came to clean up the room, nothing worse turned up than a nest of good-sized cockroaches. "We've disposed of the cockroaches, but we've still got a lot of the boxes and pictures," Mr. Davidson told us. "It's quite a problem what to do with them. Neither of us has a trace of the acquisitive instinct."

Only

WE are advised that the following notice is affixed to a wall in the World Headquarters Building of the International Business Machines Corporation, Madison Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street:

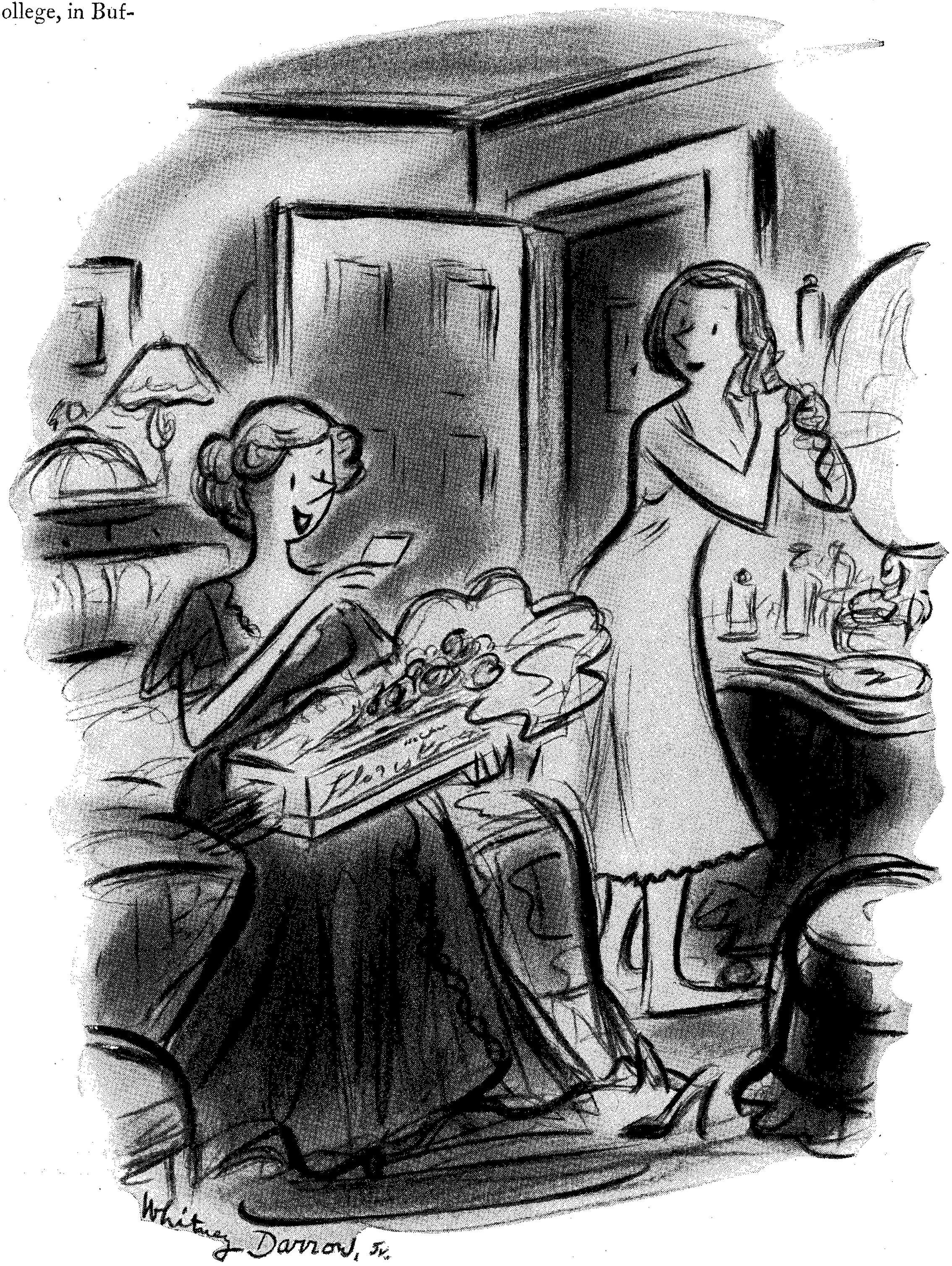
> Effective immediately, Mr. John Kazmierski is hereby appointed as "Lounge Warden" of Sales Engineering Department. His duties will be to clear all lounges during an Air Raid. Therefore: female employees must not be frightened by a knock on the door. It will only mean an air raid.

Next Week, Blood

A FEW months ago, we became interested in a pink electric sign, "Be an Investigator—N.Y. Institute of Criminology," hanging outside some second-story windows of the Hotel Ansonia, at Broadway and Seventy-third Street, and last week we got around to investigating the Institute. This was only a temporary turning of the tables, for we had no more than climbed the Ansonia staircase and entered the Institute's anteroom when we were taken firmly in hand and scientifically investigated ourself by Paul R. Conroy, Ph.D., a weather-beaten man with a gimlet eye and a curved-stem pipe (but not in tweeds), who introduced himself as administrator. We succeeded in convincing him that our intentions were innocent, and he remarked that it was a good thing we hadn't called when the sign was first put up, for the school hadn't opened until some months later, because of occupational difficulties. "At that, we're the oldest non-correspondence investigation school licensed by the State Education Department," Dr. Conroy said, waving toward framed photographs of several graduating classes as evidence of the school's venerability. "We've been open a year and a half, and we've graduated about four hundred investigators. The only other licensed school in the state is Spadea, on Fourth Avenue, and it just opened last January. Named for its director, Ralph S. Spadea, by the way—nothing to do with Sam Spade." Dr. Conroy revealed, under questioning, that he himself has never been a detective, having come to the Institute via the schools section of the Veterans Administration and the history department of Canisius College, in Buffalo, but that the Institute's founder and dean is former Police Commissioner James S. Bolan, of New York, and the faculty also includes a former assistant United States Attorney, a former head of the Broadway detective squad, and sundry other former Police Department detectives.

Dr. Conroy offered to take us into some rooms and labs where classes were in session, and on the way informed us that the Institute's course, which takes thirteen weeks for daytime students and twenty-one for evening students, and costs four hundred dollars, includes sessions on detection methods, criminal law, criminology, fingerprinting, technical laboratory methods, investigative routine, and investigative photography. There are also field trips to Police Headquarters, city courts, and the morgue. Most of the students so far have been veterans aided by the G.I. Bill of Rights, and all but a few of them have been heading for undercover or investigative work in the fields of insurance, credit, or industry rather than for police work. We entered a classroom where a red-haired, bespectacled, decisive man was instructing about twenty-five students in the techniques of collecting debts. "No, Western Union will *not* sing a collection telegram," he said in reply to a question. Dr. Conroy whispered to us, "That's John Hilly, our former assistant U.S. Attorney, Southern District of New York. Not a man hoodlums enjoyed tangling with." Hilly went on to discuss the methods and the ethics of tracking down missing persons, particularly in connection with the settlement of estates. A student raised his hand, and Hilly recognized him. "Take what goes on right now in 'Kerry Drake,'" the student said. "Comics?" asked Hilly suspiciously, and, upon confirmation, glared through his glasses and said, "That's fiction. Give me facts! Give me facts!"

Dr. Conroy nodded approvingly, and we moved on to the photo lab, presided over by Vincent Stibler, who told Dr. Conroy that his class was developing murder and burglary scenes. Dr. Conroy nodded again, and Stibler, turning



"He writes the cleverest notes! 'To the sweetest, most adorable, most beautiful, charming, and intelligent girl in all the world.'"

to us, explained that the scenes are acted out by students. "You got to learn to get everything in," he said. "The pad, the wristwatch, the incriminating letter, the ashtray—*you* know. Most burglaries, you need a short shot and a long shot. Happen to know a letter can be photographed through its envelope? Infrared contact printing." A student came up with a perplexed look and a couple of negatives. "Give the murder scene six and a half minutes," Stibler said. "Other one, a quick hypo."

Dr. Conroy led the way to the technical lab, where Albert Genua, a short, hoarse man, was conducting a class in footprinting. Each student had impressed his footprint in a box of thick mud and had poured the indentation full of a pinkish substance. "Paraffin with a resin base," said Genua. "The prints take twenty minutes to harden. They're hardening now; that's why the class is just standing around. This group here's about a third through the course, and so far we've had erasure detection, fibre testing, and elementary ballistics. Next week, human blood."

We left the technical lab, still under Dr. Conroy's escort, and he told us that the course ends with a stiff examination, successful completion of which, while it does not qualify a man to open his own detective agency—three years' practical experience is required by law for that—puts him in a fair way to getting a good investigation job. "We haven't turned out any famous detectives yet," he said, "but we *have* placed about twenty men in police departments, helped some patrolmen make detective, and turned out a successful mystery writer. Fellow couldn't decide whether to take a writing course or come to us. Guess he made the right choice."

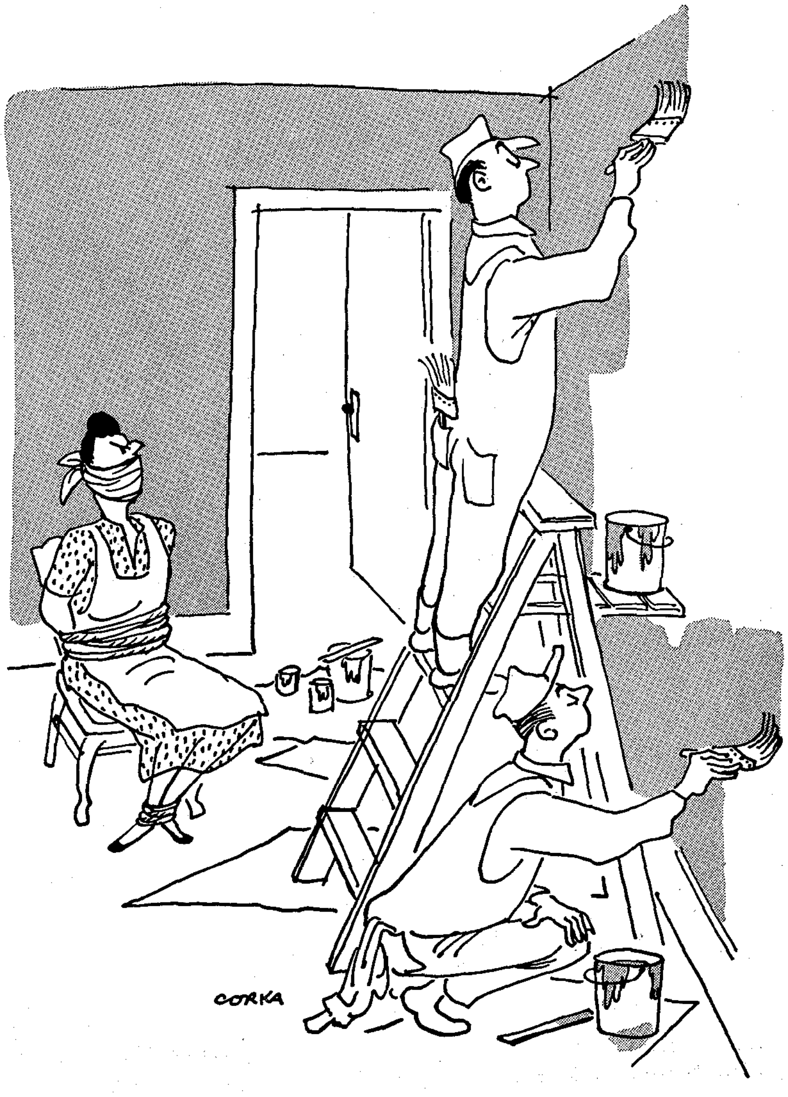
Raised Sights

AN eight-year-old girl, a recent visitor to the Hayden Planetarium, upon receiving an increase in her allowance, endorsed her father thus: "You're the best daddy in the whole world, including outer space."

Gypsiana

WE'VE had an unusual talk with Jan Yoors, of 96 Fifth Avenue, a twenty-nine-year-old Belgian tapestry-weaver who spent most of his teens wandering about Europe with a band of gypsies, *is* a gypsy by adoption, and during the war was a spy in Germany and elsewhere for the Allies. He was several times imprisoned by the Gestapo and once sentenced to death. He is a slight, blond, blue-eyed, gentle-voiced fellow, and, as befits a secret agent, damn near baby-faced. He was born in Antwerp, the only son of a stained-glass artist, and took up with the gypsies at the age of twelve. "A gypsy caravan of twenty covered wagons set up a camp in the city," he told us, "and I stopped by one afternoon and began to play with the children. They were barefoot, so I took off my shoes, which everyone passed around and examined. I couldn't get them back, and as I didn't want to be seen barefoot in the streets, I decided not to go home until it was dark. By that time, there was a big campfire, and dancing, so I just stayed on with them for several months. They covered a lot of ground—travelled through Holland, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, France, and Spain. I think one reason I was so attracted to them was that I'd been brought up in my father's studio, surrounded by strong color and design, and the gypsies, in their physical appearance and dress, *had* this strong color—a great contrast to the drabness of Antwerp."

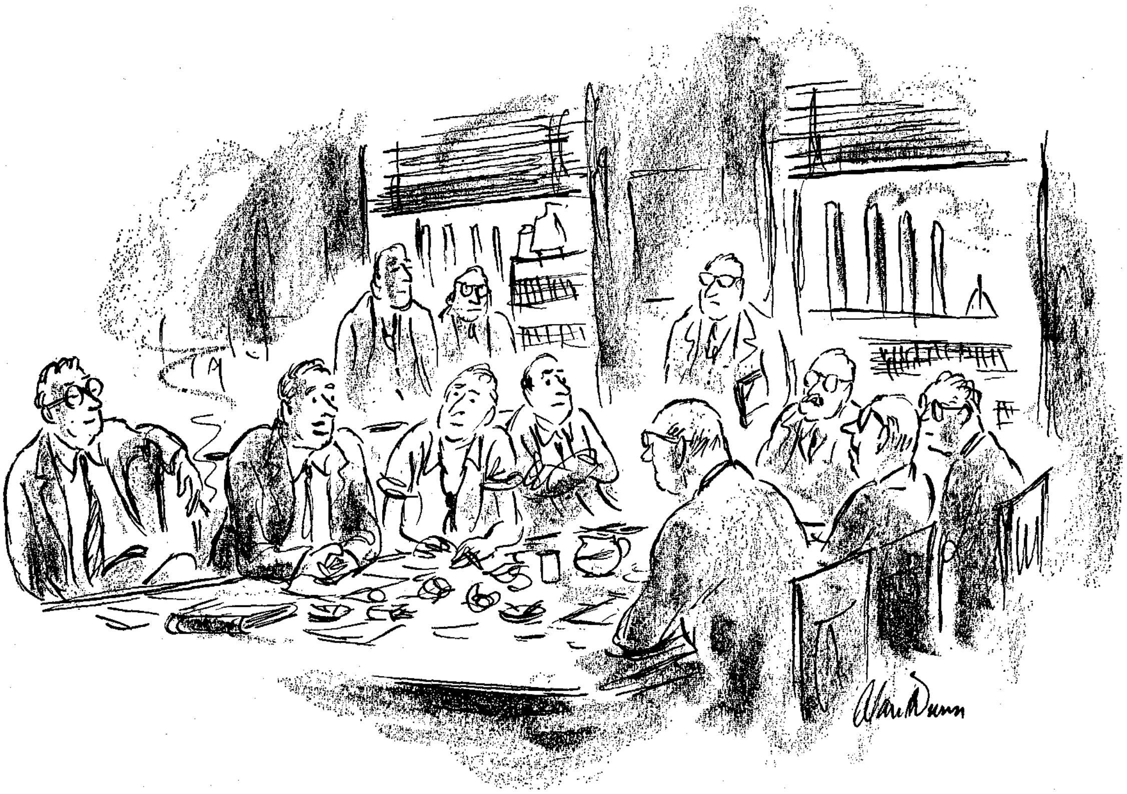
Yoors, who hadn't been in communication with his family, arrived home one evening in rags and still without shoes. His parents said hello and gave him supper. "I've been away six months," he said. "Yes?" said his father. "With the *gypsies*," the boy said. "So what?" said his father. Until he was eighteen, Yoors spent six or eight months a year with his gypsy friends. When he was thirteen, he was adopted by a tribal chief whose son had died; his tribe, he told us, was the Lowara, or rulers—one of five main tribes, of which the others are the Kaldarach (craftsmen), the Matchvia (tradesmen), the Churara (warriors), and the Sindi (outcasts). We asked whether there was any adoption ceremony, and he replied that it consisted of an old woman's dragging him by his hair to a fire and searching his scalp for lice. "This showed I was one of them," he said. We drew him out further on the customs of the gypsies. He told us that they are descended from a people in central India; that their tribes are really ethnic groups and that all of them are widely represented throughout the world; that their religion is ancestor worship, somewhat handicapped by the fact that their racial memory doesn't extend back more than three generations; that they are imbued with a chauvinism that keeps them from marrying non-gypsies, whom they call,



contemptuously, *gajos*, which means simply "non-gypsies;" that their language, Romany, a spoken but not written tongue, embracing fifty-three alphabetical sounds and an eight-case declension, is a Sanskrit dialect; that one of their favorite dishes, in Europe, is hedgehog rolled, with its quills, in clay and baked for hours; that their principal occupations are violin-making, horse-trading, and fortune-telling; that one of the reasons they despise the *gajos* is that so many of the latter believe in fortune-telling; that quite a few gypsies in this country have automobiles and TV sets; that one of the reasons they keep on the go is to find mates not *too* closely related to them; that often they don't bother to learn the name of the city they're in; that intra-gypsy honesty and sexual morality are very high; that they regard the rest of the world as fair targets for trickery because they are, historically, hunters, and resent the fact that the *gajos* have replaced forests with towns; that they have no material ambition, and consider parsimony and economy the cardinal sins; that from time to time they convene a court, called a *kris*, which meets peripatetically, and traditionally sentences an offender to supply food and drink to his tribe for a certain number of days, thus causing him to give a protracted party and become terribly popular; and that in most cities, including New York, they live mainly in vacant stores, which they drape to give the illusion that they are living in a tent. "When I came here, last year," Mr. Yoors said, "a lot of my 'cousins' gave a party for me as the son of Pulika, the chief who adopted me. The affair took place in a house in New Jersey, where I noticed a large pole running from the floor to the center of the living-room ceiling. I asked if the house was in danger of falling down, and they told me that the pole had been put in to make the place look like a tent and make me feel more at home."

Yoors was eighteen when he went to work for British Intelligence. This was soon after the outbreak of the war. "I think the English knew about me because I'd received a certain amount of publicity in Austria a couple of years before," he said. "Farmers in various countries would note my non-gypsy appearance, think I was a stolen child, and try to 'save' me by notifying the police. The gypsies do *not* steal children. The idea that they do is a great joke with them, and the gypsies I was with would say yes, I had been stolen, and was the son of a French millionaire, or some such. In Austria, the police 'saved' me by raiding our camp. The papers said I was the son of an Austrian prince." Yoors, who did some work for the O.S.S. as well as the British, was especially useful in Germany, for the gypsies there were adept at stealing ammunition and at sabotage, activities they enjoyed because they were victims of Hitler's non-Aryan policies. "They also waged psychological warfare through fortune-telling," he said. He was imprisoned several times, but he always escaped. "A price was put on my head in 1943, so I went to Spain," he told us. "I worked with gypsies there in lining up escape routes from German-occupied territory for R.A.F. and Intelligence men. I was thrown into one of Franco's concentration camps early in 1944 but was released that spring through the direct intercession of Anthony Eden."

Yoors went to London, married a Dutch girl, took up tapestry-weaving, and a year ago came to New York. He and Mrs. Yoors are busily weaving tapestries in a studio in their apartment, and he is completing an autobiography, which will be published next year. His gypsy friends, some of whom used to keep offering to buy brides for him—he rejected all of them—are distressed that he married a *gajo*, and Mrs. Yoors rarely accompanies him to the occasional gypsy parties he attends here. "When I'm with *gajos*," Yoors said, looking vaguely around the taproom of the Yale Club, which we had selected for the scene of our powwow with him, "I wonder how I can associate with gypsies, but when I sit down with them, cross-legged, with no shoes on, and no tie, I feel much more gypsy than *gajo*."



"We also think there should be an escalator clause to meet any cost-of-living increase that may result from the granting of our wage demands."

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Four-Day Week

RECENT dialogue at a parking lot on Twelfth Avenue:

CAR OWNER: "I want to leave the car here all day."

ATTENDANT: "That will be a dollar twenty-five."

CAR OWNER: "But your sign says seventy-five cents for twelve hours."

ATTENDANT: "That's weekdays. Today's Friday, and there's a boat coming in."

THOSE STARRING DAYS

ACTORS on tour seldom take the time to look at the façades or lobbies of the theatres they play in, finding it more expedient to hurry to work through almost undiscoverable stage doors, which are usually entered from the worst-looking alleys in town. On a recent one-night stand in the Northwest, I played in a theatre that, being a converted movie house, opened onto no back alley and had no stage door. The only entry was through the front of the house. As I made my way across the outer lobby, I was stopped dead by the sight of an enormous hand-painted billboard heralding my impending appearance and giving a digest of my life, which read distressingly like an obituary notice. It began with my name, profession, and place of birth (the date of it was tactfully omitted), and then went on to list all the plays I had appeared in, even those dating back to my very first years on the stage. What made this list especially fascinating to me was the fact that it followed a flaming-red subhead reading, "STAR OF—" Whoever had gathered this historical data must have gleaned it from the edition of *Who's Who* that first included my name, a distinction I found so impressive at the time that in filling out the information blank I put down every production in which I had ever appeared—or disappeared. Only the limitations of space restrained me from including my triumphs in the Baldwin School Dramatic Club. Coming across these half-forgotten titles was like opening a long-neglected trunk and unpacking bits of the French lingerie you had once thought so lovely that you didn't have the heart to discard it—items with such nostalgic names as camisoles and Teddy bears—and it was to the era of lingerie with names like this that these early productions belonged: "Will Shakespeare," "Tweedles," "The Wild Westcotts," "In the Next Room." As I stared at them and at the astonishing heading that billed me as their STAR—an honor I had not claimed when I filled out the *Who's Who* information blank—a train of reminiscence took the place of astonishment in my mind.

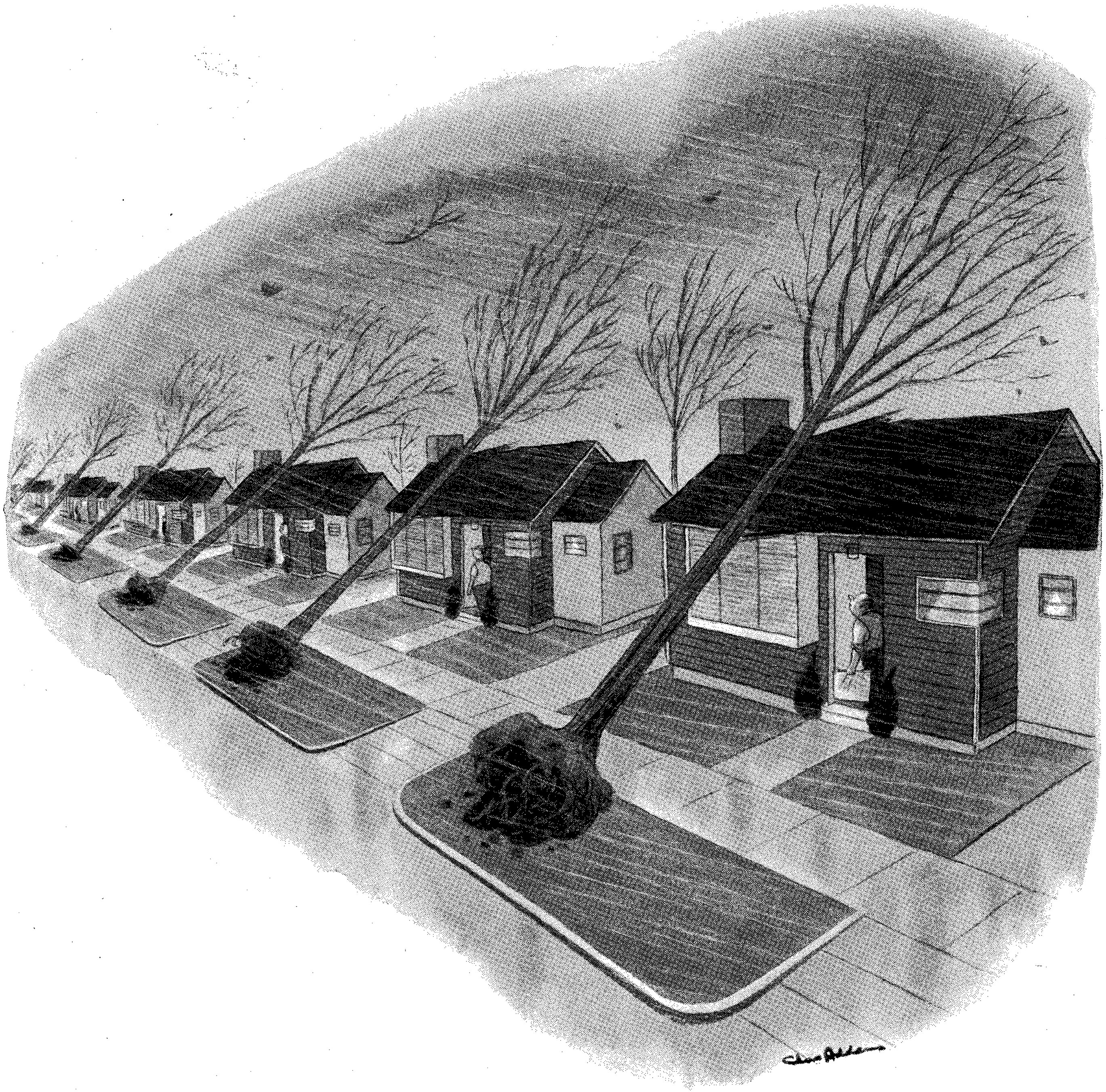
My part (or parts) in "Will Shakespeare" was (or were) the first I ever landed on my own. The previous season, my father, Otis Skinner, had allowed me to try my wings in his production of "Blood and Sand," and had then turned me loose to continue my theatrical flight without further paternal protection. For months, I had worn out opera-pump leather along Broadway and in and out of the dingy waiting rooms of casting agencies. Thanks to Father's name, managers would see me once, but they seldom looked at me twice. Grotesquely thin and gawky, I did my best to disguise a chronic shyness with an appearance of world-weariness. This was partially effected by a wardrobe of *outré* dresses, most of which I had concocted myself, without benefit of sewing machine—and without bothering to double the seams, with the result that they occasionally furnished a chink in my armor of sophistication by coming unstitched. My hats were as near a replica of Mistinguett's as Macy's trimming counter and I could make them. My posture was the fashionable "slink" of the period, and for a facial expression I aped Anita Stewart's pouting rosebud mouth and her sweetly distressful eyebrows, which were shaped like the two sides of an *accent circonflexe*. The casual observer might have considered me, if not the *femme fatale* of my ambitions, at least a mature eccentric, had not my voice betrayed my callow years. I tried to keep it low, like the throaty contralto of Elsie Ferguson, but in moments of nervousness it would go higher and higher, until some of my sentences ended in a batlike squeak.

AFTER months of fruitless job hunting, I got the break of an interview with that prince of producers, Winthrop Ames. Having known the humiliation of incessant and often brusquely unpleasant turndowns in the offices I had haunted, it came as an agreeable shock to encounter a delightful gentleman who, as I walked in, rose, offered me a chair, and inquired warmly about my family. In an access of nervous pleasure, my voice began its upward ascent. I was determined that Mr. Ames should not hear it in its high-C squeak, and what he heard when he politely asked what type of acting I preferred was the tragedy thunder of a Sarah Siddons delivering the line "Mr. Ames, I hope eventually to play comedy." For a moment, I believe, he thought I was furnishing him with a sample of my talent, but my expression of dismay soon revealed to him my painful immaturity, and with an amused but kindly smile, he said he thought he could find a part for me in a production he was about to do of Clemence Dane's "Will Shakespeare."

He found not one part for me but five. Those were the days before the entertainment unions stipulated how many odd jobs an actor could take on, and everybody doubled in brass; that is, everybody who was nobody. In the first scene, which took place in Shakespeare's Stratford cottage, I came on as a boy player, a member of an Elizabethan road company. To establish the fact that we were strolling players, we were first seen through a large window at the back, strolling. We were also singing. Then we came into the cottage, still strolling and singing. Ours was a song about London Town, where the future Bard was later in the play to be enticed away from homespun pleasures and led into the whirl of Tudor high life. Of this incidental music, Robert Benchley wrote (in the old *Life*):

> Deems Taylor has written some very catchy songs for them to sing in the tavern and around Stratford, but, in common with all Elizabethan "hey-nonny" singers on the stage, they give the impression of having had glee-club rehearsals every Tuesday and Thursday night since August to prepare for this one burst of spontaneous song. Perhaps the roisterers of the sixteenth century were able to bound in and out of a bar-room with the first and second tenors and first and second basses all hitting the opening note of a song simultaneously, but it sounds suspiciously like something for which the corresponding secretary has sent out postcards urging every member to be present.

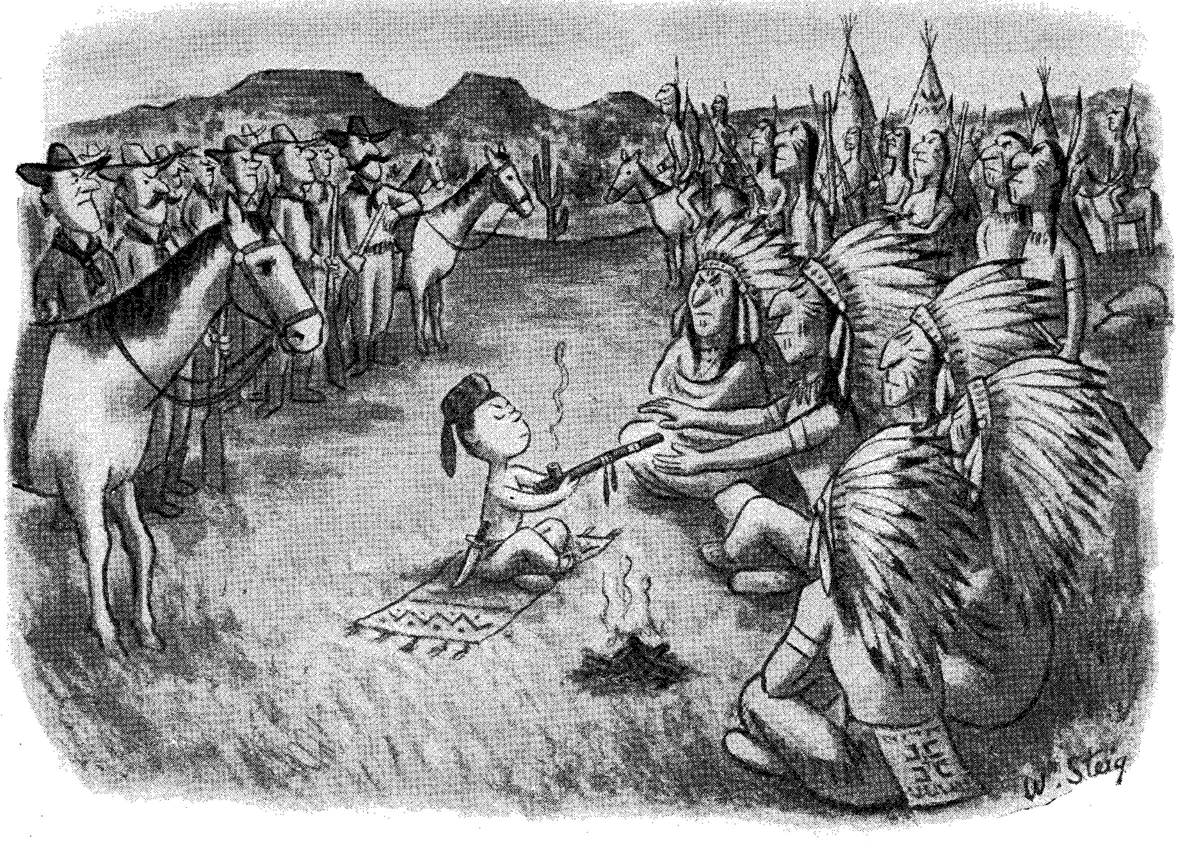
In this opening role, I said nothing. I merely wore tights, sang alto, and tried to look terribly like a boy player (which was probably what I did look like) while a short exchange took place between Shakespeare and a character named Henslowe, the actor-manager of our troop of strolling players, who went through the gestures of offering the playwright a run-of-the-season contract. We boy players then exeunted, still strolling and singing. Once out of sight, I hurtled up three flights of iron stairs to a chorus dressing room, where I got into a trailing white garment for



my next brief moment, in which I was to be dimly discernible at the back of the stage as another boy player, who was presumably acting the feminine lead in an opening-night performance of "Romeo and Juliet." The set presented a behind-the-scenes view of the Globe Theatre, with the play in progress and nearing its conclusion. A door at the back led onto the supposed stage, and when someone opened it for a second, I flitted past, dressed as Juliet.

In my next moment in the play, I was not discernible; I was merely periodically audible. I stood just behind that same onstage door, which Shakespeare, in a state of first-night jitters, kept opening and closing. When he opened it, I spoke Juliet's lines. Actually they were meant to be spoken by the actress who played Mary Fitton, one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honor and supposedly the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's sonnets. According to the play, when the male ingénue who was cast as Juliet met with an accident, Mary Fitton snatched off his costume, got into it herself, and went on in his place for the tomb scene—a rash prank for a lady in waiting to the Queen, and one that stirred up quite a ruckus in court circles. Owing to the fact that Mary Fitton (beautifully played by Katharine Cornell) had a quick change to make at the same time that her voice had to be heard distantly, the voice the audience heard distantly was mine. At the end of the final line, I again hurtled, this time out through the wings and into a hallway, where I madly applauded my own performance, along with a group of the lesser members of the cast, whose duty it was to produce the effect of a London audience giving vent to a feverish ovation. (This sounds pretty confusing, and I may say it was.)

After this hand-clapping episode, I dashed up three flights of iron stairs to my dressing room once more. (Actors, when they reminisce, always specify the ferrous nature of backstage stairs, perhaps to emphasize the rigors of their profession.) There I changed into a court gown and headdress to appear in the final scene as maid in waiting to Queen Elizabeth, or Haidée Wright. (The two



DREAMS OF GLORY

The One White Man the Indians Trust

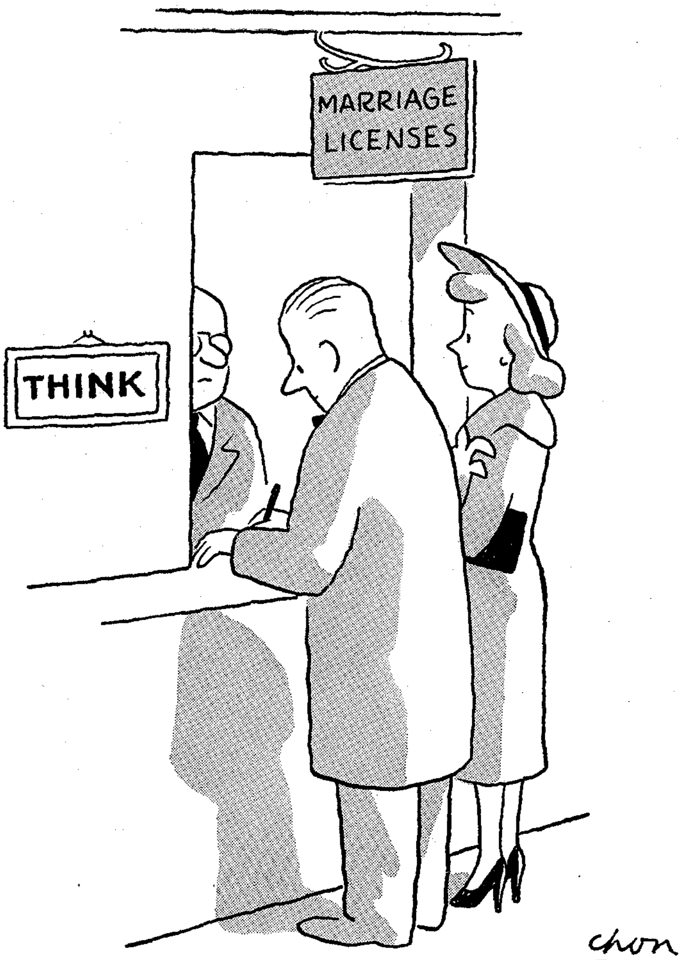
have always been synonymous to me since watching the unforgettable acting of that tiny, wizened artist.) At the Queen's bidding, I waved from a casement to a cress vender in the street below, asked where she had come from, and, upon being told "From Marlow," remarked, "Marlow's across the river, far from us." And that's how I "starred" in *that* show.

I did have, it is true, a few unsung and unusual duties in "Will Shakespeare." At the dress rehearsal, Norman Bel Geddes and his then assistant, Gerstle Mack, used me as stand-in for the women of the cast in order to try out their lighting effects. I stood, sat, squatted, and perched in and upon all visible areas of the set, trying to assume startlingly effective poses, in the hope that Mr. Bel Geddes would notice my potentialities and insist at some future date upon having me in another show of his designing. That date is still in the future. I also understudied Katharine Cornell and Winifred Lenihan in their respective roles of Mary Fitton and Anne Hathaway. A young actor named Charles Romano understudied Otto Kruger, as Will Shakespeare, and Alan Birmingham, as Kit Marlowe. What with four parts and many scenes between the two of us, the weekly rehearsals were, for us, very active. Much of the time I spent either clinging desperately to the young man's neck (he as Shakespeare, I as Anne) or perching wantonly upon his knee (I as Mary, he as Marlowe). I found both situations highly agreeable. The liveliest portion of such sessions was when Romano (as Shakespeare) burst into a tavern to come upon himself (as Marlowe) and me (as Mary) in a particularly flagrant moment of knee-perching, flew into dagger-drawing fury (as Shakespeare) at himself (as Marlowe), leaped about the stage fighting himself in a brawl that ended with him (as Marlowe) falling onto a table edge and knocking himself dead, and then (as Shakespeare) staggering off in a thoroughly justified daze.

"Tweedles," the next show in which, according to that billboard, I "starred" was a pleasant little comedy by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Its setting was an antique "shoppe" on the coast of Maine, and the chief conflict of its genial plot was between native pride, as represented by the local family of Tweedles, and social snobbery, as personified by some summer visitors named Castlebury, with local integrity winning out and love—embodied most charmingly in the persons of Ruth Gordon, a Tweedle, and Gregory Kelly, a Castlebury—conquering all. I played a summer visitor—a divorced "socialite" with the unfortunate name of Mrs. Ricketts, a lot of money, and a yen for young Castlebury. To any of my friends who had not seen the play and were considerate enough to inquire about my current part, I would modestly say that I played "the menace." My qualifications as a menace consisted of being referred to with lifted eyebrows as a divorcée and of trying, unsuccessfully, to capture the amorous attention of Gregory Kelly by arch offers of drives in my open roadster, which must surely have been a Stutz Bearcat. A character more talked about than talking, I had only two brief scenes, and because I opened the play, all latecomers, which meant half of any New York audience, missed the first of them. At the rise of the curtain, I came into the antique-shop set, called for the proprietress, and inquired the price of certain items, which I described as "quaint old" something-or-others, and at which I pointed with a Malacca cane. This sartorial note was a specification in the play directions. My own exotic interpretation of the part would have called for a Tosca staff. Then Ruth Gordon entered, winsome and wistful as Winsora Tweedle, and we exchanged a few lines that established Mrs. Ricketts as a highly unpleasant creature and Winsora as even more wistfully winsome than she had seemed at first glance. Then, with a snooty flourish, I made an exit, and for the remainder of the first act and the duration of the second sat in my dressing room reading Stanislavski. Toward the middle of the last act, I came back in a change of costume and a state of extreme agitation over an incident that concerned the local police, the roadster, and a bottle of bootleg whiskey. (This was during the prohibition era.) Donald Meek played a comic Down East cop on whom I took out my wrath in a tirade that further established my unpleasantness and added immeasurably to Mr. Meek's comicness. When Gregory Kelly had once more turned down my invitation to go for a ride, I made another snooty exit and returned to Stanislavski until time for the final curtain calls, in only one of which I participated—the first, which was a lineup of the entire cast.

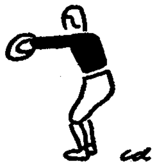
I REMEMBER very little about my next "starring" vehicle, "The Wild Westcotts," except that it was meant to be frightfully madcap. It involved an endearingly demented family, a farcical cook, a society lady, an English captain, and a number of guests. There was a lot of door-banging, shouting, colliding, double-taking, and some good, clean fun over the audacity of a young girl's saying "Damn!" Elliott Nugent played an inarticulate youth in love with Vivian Martin, who was in love with the English captain, who, in turn, was in love with—of all people—me. My role was again that of a "socialite," and again I was more talked about than talking, but at least I had the dazzling name of Geraldine Fairmont and my British suitor was the elegant Captain Hippesley Trenchard. What was more, I received my first press mention, which said that my part was "nicely acted and beautifully dressed." The critic who wrote this was Charles Belmont Davis, a good friend of my family. Although I would have preferred to see the adverbs reversed, the review, I felt, warranted the purchase of a tooled-leather scrapbook. Still dedicated to Stanislavski, I did my best to *live* my part, bringing to it the sultriness of Olga Petrova, the worldly chic of Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, and my lovable Anita Stewart expression. This characterization was lost on the director, who, during a break in the dress rehearsal, called out to me for the love of Mike to stop making that face. I shared a dressing room with Claudette Colbert, whose position in the cast was even humbler than mine. At the finish of the brief run of the show, she received a movie offer and I received a prospectus from the Fagan School of Dramatic Art.

OF these early "starring" productions, the one I best recall is "In the Next Room," a mystery melodrama in which I played only during the out-of-town tryout and during the closing weeks, most of which were semi-out-of-town, being spent on the subway circuit. Again I was under the aegis of Winthrop Ames. The play was an adaptation by Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford of Burton Stevenson's "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet." It was a first-rate, fullfledged thriller, with jewel thieves, chills, faces at the window, corpses, and a detective who, of course, turned out to be the villain. An unusual twist in the whodunit formula was that the killer was not a person but a thing; that is, the murders were committed by an eighteenth-century cabinet—or, more specifically, by a poison fang installed in a secret compartment cleverly concealed on the left-hand side of the cabinet. This compartment contained "the world-famous Mazarin diamonds," and anyone who went monkeying around with the hidden springs was liable to be nailed by the deadly gadget. On the right-hand side of this homicidal antique was another secret compartment, in which, unbeknownst to the jewel thieves, were hidden the love letters of a certain Duchesse de Charrière, an American heiress wed to a cruel French nobleman who had recently killed her lover in a duel and was hot after the letters, as evidence for a divorce. The Duchesse was hot after them, too, and determined to get them first, since she wished to avoid the scandal of a divorce. (This was still somewhat the age of innocence.) I played the Duchesse. When Ames offered me the role, I accepted with eager rapture. My mother's emotions were mixed. The prospect of my playing a *femme du monde* who had had an illicit love affair gave her pause. But then, as she said, this Moscow Art cult of "living one's part" need not be taken too literally, and, besides, Mr. Ames was such a gentleman, and so was the director, that nice Mr. McClintic, and Mary Kennedy, the leading lady, was such a bright young woman; my mother even thought it would be pleasant if some afternoon I'd ask them all up to tea.



We opened in Atlantic City. It was a week filled with instructive surprises. One thing I learned was that in a mystery show anything at all can go wrong and the audience will accept it as part of the plot. The intense action of the play necessitated some speedy and feverish scene- and furniture-shifting, and this meant a number of blackouts. During one of these scrambling changes, a stagehand who had become confused in the dark found himself caught on the set when the lights went up. Rather than make a conspicuous exit, he ducked down behind a large sofa and remained there, cramped and motionless, for the rest of the act. At first, no one noticed him except the members of the cast, who were thrown for a loop when they caught sight of him. Then certain occupants of the gallery, from their vantage point, became aware of the crouching form, and a horror-stricken hiss of "There's someone behind the sofa! There's someone behind the sofa!"

spread, first through the balcony and eventually to the entire house, which waited in a state of pleasurable terror for the stagehand to leap up and strangle somebody. The fact that the identity of this sinister figure was never divulged bothered no one in the least.



Those secret compartments furnished a certain amount of lively confusion. They had front panels, hinged at the bottoms, which, on cue, mysteriously dropped open. This trick was worked by means of strings fastened to screw eyes on the inside of the panels and carried on out through holes in both the cabinet and the scenery wall. The flaps of the panels were set at an angle, so that when the strings went slack, they would flop down. This simple mechanism was the inspired invention of the property man, who during performances sat backstage holding the strings taut. When the cues came, he'd release one string or the other, as the case might be, and the aperture would be revealed. The first secret compartment to be opened was the one containing the Duchesse's guilty love letters. It was I who supposedly demonstrated the combination, by going through the gestures of pressing a series of hidden springs while I said, "First, I press here, then here, then here." Meanwhile the rest of the cast, frozen in their tracks, watched me tensely. The third "here" was the property man's cue to let go the string, whereupon the panel would drop, disclosing the contents of the compartment, and the cast would react with appropriate gestures of amazement. One rainy night in Atlantic City, I went through the usual business, spoke the cue lines, stood back for the revelation of the compartment—and nothing happened. Thinking that perhaps the property man had failed to hear me, I repeated my "press here, then here, then here" formula, in a somewhat louder tone. Again nothing happened. Finally, in desperation and in the voice of a commander during battle, I bellowed, "First I press here, then here, then HERE!" At that there came from backstage the equally desperate voice of the property man, shouting "Shake it!" Dampness had caused the wood to swell, and the flap was stuck. The tense immobility of the cast was beginning to thaw to nervous restlessness. I clawed frantically at the crack of the aperture and, as a last resort, was about to pry the panel loose with a hairpin when, like the lid of a jack-in-the-box, it shot open with such vigor that the packet of love letters jumped out of the compartment and fell at my feet. Claude King, who played the detective, and I stooped in unison to pick it up, with a nice precision that brought our heads together in a sharp whack, which almost finished the play for both of us.

On another occasion, the capricious flaps went into reverse disorder. My safecracking—or, rather, cabinet-cracking—bit of business was preceded by a long speech in which I gave a highly emotional account of my unhappy marriage, the duel between my husband and my lover, and the death of the latter, followed by a frantic request that I be allowed to salvage the letters. (How they had got into the cabinet in the first place is a facet of the plot that escapes my memory.) The speech was my one big moment. It lasted a good two and a half minutes, and I gave it my all. I was therefore quite bewildered one evening, when I addressed the first portion of it to Claude King, to see that gentleman turn away and walk deliberately off the stage through a door at the back. I then addressed myself to a young man who played the part of a reporter, and was further bewildered when he made an exit right. Mary Kennedy, the leading lady, was seated on the sofa, and when I tried to engage her interest in my moving story, she rose, muttered "Excuse me," and went off left. The only person remaining onstage was a psychopathic footman, who was standing, in a state of coma, as far away from me as the set would permit. Since he was the only listener left, I shouted my life story to him. He remained in his coma, showing no awareness whatever of me, and he did not betray consciousness, either, when a strange bit of action developed a moment later. The bluff, florid Englishman who played the butler had been sitting in the wings waiting for a later entrance, in which he ran on with a glass of water to resuscitate a fainting parlormaid. Seeing the three members of the cast come offstage, he suddenly concluded that he'd missed his cue. Grabbing up the glass, he tore onstage four or five minutes ahead of time, looked wildly around for the parlormaid, who had not yet made her entrance, spluttered a loud "Beg pardon, sir," addressed to no one, and tore off again. As I stared after him and concluded my lonely monologue, the three missing members of the cast returned and took their places on the stage as inexplicably as they had departed. I found out afterward that as I came on for my scene, the panel of secret compartment No. 2 (the one containing the poison fang and the Mazarin diamonds) had flopped open. Each of the three had seen it happen, each had realized that if the audience noticed it the dénouement would be ruined, and each had had the bright idea of slipping quietly out during my solo narrative to tell the property man for God's sake to haul up the string. What the audience thought of all these queer goings on we never knew. As I have said, in a mystery play anything can happen.

My nostalgic reverie in the theatre lobby was cut short by the local manager, who came up to find out how I liked the billboard. Before I could gather myself to formulate an answer, he asked, "What was it like, starring in all those plays?" I started to say "Well, I'll tell you . . ." but I thought better of it, looked at my watch, showed him the time, and rushed off to my dressing room, leaving him to his own conjectures.

—Cornelia Otis Skinner

SONG WITHOUT BLACK NOTES

Fa una canzone senza note nere.—"*Canzonetta*," *by Orazio Vecchi (1550-1603).*

Take hazel for eyes, amber for hair,
Coral for tip of pointed ear,
Ivory for wrist and throat,
And make a song without black notes.

Take violet for love's unreason,
Green for cunning, orange for treason,
White for flicker of petticoat,
And make a song without black notes.

Take azure serpent with blue-green head,
Timorous doe pale red, pale red,
Tipsy, bearded saffron goat,
And make a song without black notes.

—Samuel Yellen

THE POWDER KEG

ONE morning recently, reading my paper as usual on the train going to work, I thought the headlines seemed particularly gloomy. I turned to the second section, where I read a column deploring popular apathy in the face of impending doom. There are so many crises nowadays, the writer said, that people are losing their capacity for alarm. What, he asked, happens to people who live on a powder keg too long?

I laid the paper aside, thinking I could tell that columnist what happens, if he really wanted to know. During the war, I served too long as commanding officer of a damaged high-octane-gasoline tanker that by all the laws of science should have blown up but didn't. Some twenty other men and I lived aboard her for many months, and every one of us expected her to blow high as a kite any minute. She was even referred to by some of the wits aboard as the U.S.S. Powder Keg, so of course she had come to my mind as soon as I read that column.

I was put in command of the tanker in the Philippines several months before the end of the war. My first glimpse of her was from a motor launch that was taking me out to her. She lay upwind, rolling slightly. She was red with rust, and showed the scars left by a suicide plane that had recently hit her. I smelled gasoline almost as soon as I saw her, and the smell kept growing stronger as we approached. Finally, the launch butted against the tanker's rusty side, and I climbed a Jacob's ladder to her deck. A fat young man in shorts met me. Gasoline vapor so thick that it made shadows on the deck rose from open hatches. The stench was almost overpowering. The fat young man asked, "You the new skipper?"

"Yes," I said.

"You must be nuts," he said. "How did you let them rope you into this?"

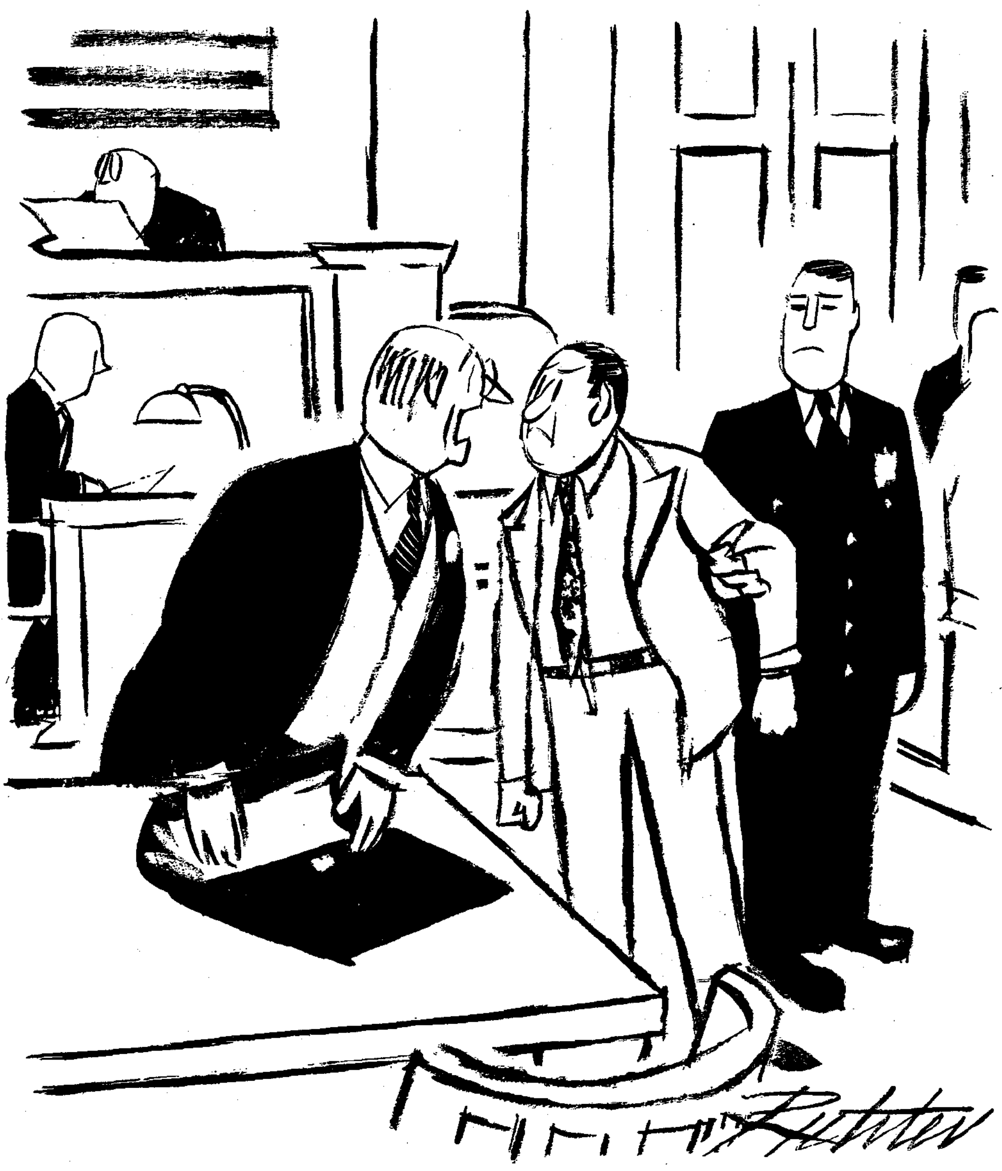
Actually, it had been quite simple. I had been in command of a small freighter and had got pneumonia. While I was in a hospital on shore, I had been replaced and the ship had sailed without me. Following my release from the hospital, I sat around a transient officers' barracks for several weeks and became thoroughly bored. When I was finally ordered to a ship, I was in no mood for quibbling, though I didn't particularly look forward to being in command of a tanker.

"I didn't have much choice," I said to the fat young man. "Who are you?"

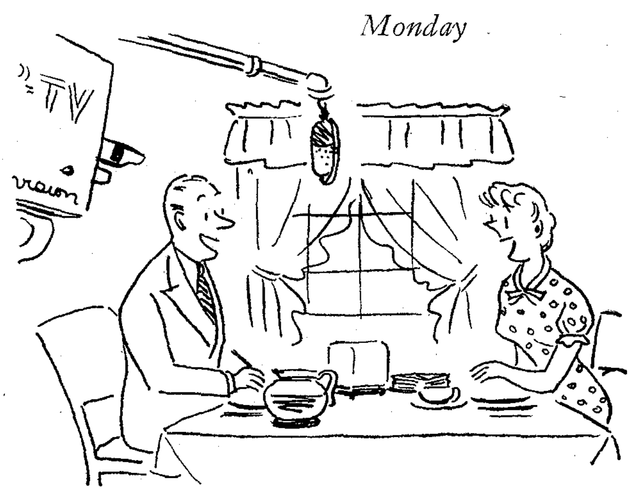
"The Exec," he said. "Welcome to the U.S.S. Powder Keg. We got three thousand barrels of aviation gas below decks. After the suicide plane hit her, we beached her, so she's really been busted up. We got gas leaks everywhere. There's a non-regulation fuel-oil stove in the galley that throws sparks. Sometimes the main engine clogs up its exhaust and *it* throws sparks. We got no sparkproof tools. We got no shoes without nails, so the men make sparks sometimes when they walk on deck. I can't make the men quit smoking. The main cargo pump is busted, so we can't get rid of the gas. The welders come to patch us up, and they weld right over the gas tanks. Welcome aboard."

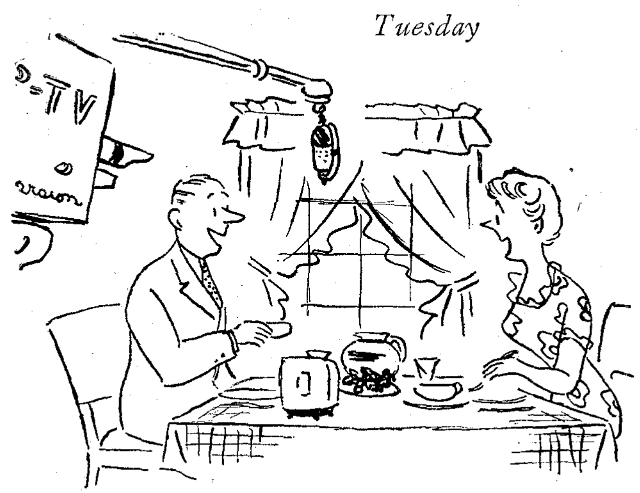
I would have gone ashore right then to try to talk the personnel officer into changing my orders if I'd thought that would do any good. I knew it wouldn't, and, besides, the boat that had brought me had already left and it would have been awkward to call it back. In doing such things, there is a certain point beyond which it's hard to go, even when you know your life is probably at stake. I was stuck. As the ship rolled, I could hear the heavy swashing of the gasoline at the bottom of her tanks.

FROM the first, I felt like an outsider on that ship, because she really belonged to the men who were aboard her when the suicide plane hit. It was a miracle that she hadn't gone up then. Luckily, the plane struck the bridge, not the tank deck. Several men were killed and the bridge blazed up. The thought of fire on a high-octane tanker is always a nightmare. I don't know why the crew didn't abandon ship, but somehow they stuck to her and got the fire out. It was during the invasion of the Philippines. They beached her on the coast,



"And I hope you realize what a conviction does to my record."





buckling her plates, and some of the gasoline was pumped out and used by planes that helped to clinch the invasion. The skipper was transferred, and the ship was sent to Leyte for repairs. That's when I went aboard.

I met the officers and the men one by one. They were all ragged and dirty, and they were all convinced that even if we ran into no enemy action, the ship hadn't a chance. The only way to transport gasoline safely is to keep air away from it, and our ship was so strained that gasoline and air were mixing all through her. Occasionally, when the galley stove showered the deck with sparks, the quartermaster would say, "The mixture's good and the ignition looks fine. We ought to be starting any minute now."

One of the things I realized in the first hour I was aboard was that the crew had faced the danger so long without being able to do much about it that they had come to ignore it, and all precautions along with it. On most gas tankers, smoking is forbidden except on the fantail and other designated spots away from the tank deck. On this ship, the men strolled across the tank deck smoking. I saw one man light a cigarette there and toss the match on the deck. The whole crew seemed to delight in egging fate on. As a new commanding officer, I felt self-conscious about immediately instituting sweeping reforms, but my fear bolstered me up. The next day, right after the ceremony of taking command, I said that there would be no more smoking forward of the fantail. An hour later, I saw a seaman walking across the tank deck with a cigarette in his mouth. I ordered him to put it out, and on the way to the bridge I passed two more men smoking. I at once forbade all smoking anywhere aboard ship. Being a constant pipe smoker, I suffered tortures that night after dinner. To get rid of my restlessness, I walked forward. I found two men smoking on the tank deck. I called the Exec, lined everybody up, and confiscated all cigarettes, tobacco, and matches. I wasn't sure whether this was legal or not, but I was scared.

I thought I would be ostracized by everybody aboard ship, but the crew seemed too tired to hate me very hard, and maybe they were half grateful for having the danger lessened. The worst thing was not being able to smoke myself. That finally got so bad that I relaxed the regulations and allowed smoking on the fantail again. This time, the men more or less observed the rule.

During the first few days I was in command, I fought a losing war with the shore authorities. I was trying to get an electric galley range that wouldn't produce sparks, and a screen over the smokestack to suppress the sparks from the exhaust of the main engine. There was no electric range to be had, they told me, and no screen. My own men improvised a screen. I also was unable to get sparkless tools or shoes without nails. At one point, I considered trying to make everybody go barefoot when on the tank deck, but the steel was too hot for that. The first time I saw welders making repairs on the tank deck, I chased them off, but the work had to be done. The tanks should have been cleaned out first, but until the main cargo pump was fixed, we couldn't unload the gas we had aboard. I knew that even if we did unload it, we wouldn't be much better off, for any so-called empty tanker has enough gasoline vapor in her to be dangerous. Thinking I had hit on a solution, I asked the shore authorities to rush the repairs on the cargo pump, so we could get rid of the gas and fill the tanks directly under the places where the welding was going on with water, but the authorities pointed out that they had to wait for new parts for the cargo pump, and that, anyway, we wouldn't be equipped to get the water all out again, and so would be unfit afterward to handle gas. The welders came back, bringing asbestos mats with them, and resumed work.

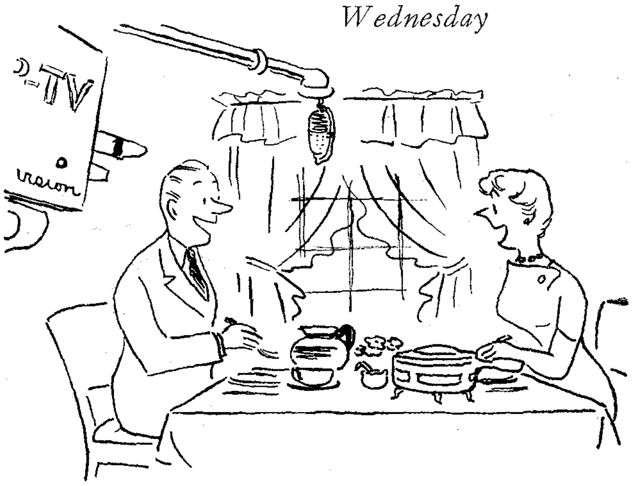
Gradually my enthusiasm for safety faded. One day, about a month after I had come aboard, while we were still lying at anchor, I found myself smoking on the tank deck. In a fit of disgust, I threw my pipe overboard, then felt absurd and looked around to see if anybody was watching. Three men were.

AFTER a time, we got the ship patched up enough to go into service again. We got gas from the big tankers that came from the States, and distributed it to stations on various islands. Every now and then, the cargo pump would break down and the engineer officer would climb down to where it was, in a little gasoline-flooded compartment in the hold, and stand beside it up to his knees in gasoline, working on iron bolts with an iron wrench done up in a rag, so it wouldn't make sparks. He used to wear a fresh-air breathing apparatus, something like a diver's helmet, for the fumes down there were too strong to breathe. The men would gather on deck around the hatch opening and take turns pumping air to him. Now and then, he would slip the mask off and swear. "The mask is leaking," he said once. "If I pass out, get me out of here quick."

One of the men made a noose in a line and quite seriously said, "I'll pass this down to you. If you feel yourself going, slip it around your neck and we'll haul you up." That suggestion was repeated by the crew with great hilarity for weeks.

The gasoline vapors never went away. Sometimes when we were load-

Wednesday



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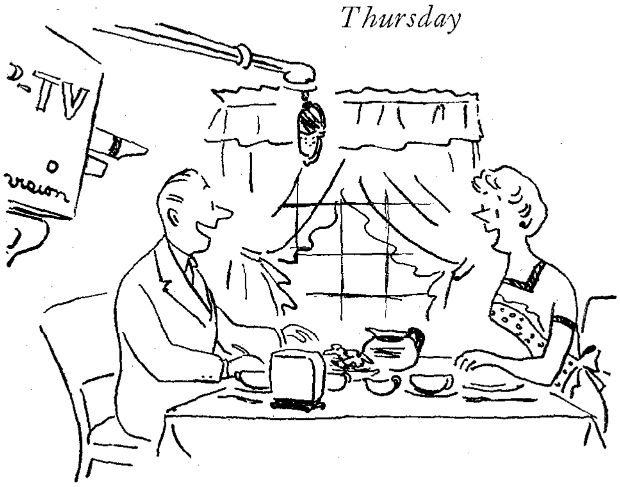

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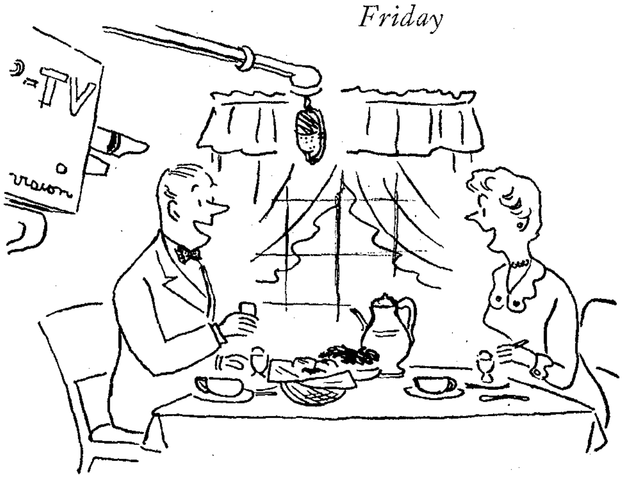

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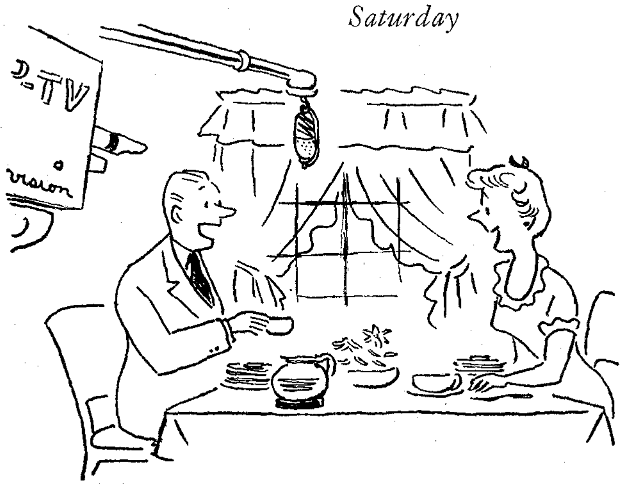

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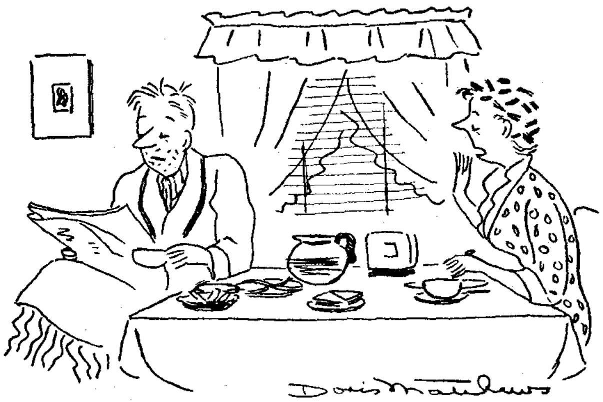

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ing or unloading, something would go wrong, and torrents of pale-green aviation gas would cascade over the decks. If the men had to work close to it, they got as giddy as though they had been drinking, and the next morning their joints would swell. The men wanted pets, and tried monkeys and dogs, but we couldn't keep them aboard. They detested the fumes and deserted at the first opportunity. "They're smart," the men said.

When we were in port, the men going on liberty used to shout, "I hope she blows up while we're gone!" "You sons of bitches!" the men on duty would reply, but when they went on liberty, they shouted the same thing.

After I'd been aboard several months, I began to worry more about sinking than about exploding. The ship hadn't been hauled out since she was built, and with the salt water eating from the outside and the gasoline eating from the inside, her plates had been in bad shape even before the suicide plane and the subsequent fire and beaching buckled them. Many tankers were being ordered to Okinawa, and it was the typhoon season. "Don't worry," the engineer officer said. "If we get orders to go there, the cargo pump will break down."

"Christ, we can't do that," I said weakly.

"We won't have to do anything," he said. "It's broken down all the time anyway, isn't it?"

I wasn't the only one who was transferring his worries. We heard that a hurricane had hit a city in the States where the family of one of our officers lived. Two people had been killed, and he was convinced that they were his wife and child. It was a big city, and the odds were several hundred thousand to one that he was wrong, but he became desperate. He begged the Red Cross to radio the States, and he was outraged when they refused to treat the situation as an emergency.

While that officer was worrying about his wife and child and I was worrying about typhoons, many of the other officers and the men became hypochondriacs. For some reason, a lot of them brooded about becoming impotent. Others, with full heads of hair, took to examining themselves in the mirror to see if they were growing bald. Back aches and stomach aches were common. When we were in port, half the crew would line up in the morning for permission to go ashore to see a doctor. Surprisingly, none of them deserted. They always came back, complaining, worrying, quarrelling with one another, to sit on the hot steel decks over the gasoline swashing in the tanks and joke about blowing up.

THE day Japan surrendered, we were lying in a crowded anchorage in Manila harbor. When the announcement came over the radio, we were very happy, of course, but our delight chilled when the other ships in the harbor started celebrating by shooting up flares, some of which landed on us. The flares were pretty. They shot up like tracer bullets, then exploded. Balls of fire suspended by tiny silk parachutes slowly descended past our vents, from which gasoline vapors curled, and settled on our tank deck. Our men celebrated victory by standing half the night playing hoses on the deck, and I celebrated it by frantically—and, on the whole, uselessly—signalling the nearby ships to lay off. They thought I was a terrible spoilsport.

Most of us supposed we could go home as soon as the war was over, but as things turned out, aviation gas was more in demand than ever, and we remained on the job. The planes flying the first American troops into Tokyo took on fuel at little airstrips in unlikely places around the Philippines, and our ship was one of those that had to supply them. It was heartbreaking to think of being blown up after the war was over, and for a while all of us were more careful, but as the weeks wore on, the crew became careless again. In their apathy there was a new note of bitterness. Everyone began to suspect everyone else of plotting for a transfer. When the point system of deciding precedence for discharge was announced, the number of points a man had became more important than rank or money ever could be. I had plenty of points, but commanding officers had to stick until relief could be found for them. The Executive Officer also had enough points, and (not entirely without reason, I must admit) he became convinced that I was trying to get the authorities to give him command of the ship and let me go. Another of our officers didn't have quite enough points, but he was older than any of us and had children, so he figured he should go first. Still another had just come from the States and was unmarried, but he said he was too old to start all over again in business and too young to have an established position awaiting his return, and so *he* should go first. He was entirely sincere about it. We had a very unhappy wardroom.

About a month after the surrender, we got orders to rush to an outlying airstrip that had run out of gas and was choked with planes loaded and waiting to go to Tokyo. We went there, but five minutes after we began unloading, the cargo pump broke down. The colonel in charge of the base was furious, and said the planes had to go. I said I was sorry, we couldn't suck the stuff out with a straw. He said he couldn't wait, and brought down to the pier an enormous pump, powered by a gasoline engine, that was meant for pumping water. "Open up the hatches," he said, "and I'll bail her out."

It was, of course, suicide. The more air that gets to the gasoline, the more explosive vapor there is, and he had us opened up like a swimming pool. To make things worse, the pump's motor backfired yellow flame every few minutes and the hose from ship to shore leaked gasoline all over the wharf. As captain of the ship, I ordered the pump taken away. The colonel refused to let it go. He gave me a written order relieving me of any responsibility, and though I doubted that this would make much impression on my superiors, I was too tired to put up a fight. The pump was started up again, and again began to backfire. I sent most of the men

HALLOWEEN IN A VILLAGE

The night is moonstruck, the night is merry.
  Listen! It peals with a chime of words.
Twitters the town like an aviary,
  Haunted by voices stranger than birds'—
Haunted by shades abroad together,
  Shapes of childhood, mendicant ghosts,
Who claim the dark as their private weather,
  Walking the world in a giggling host.

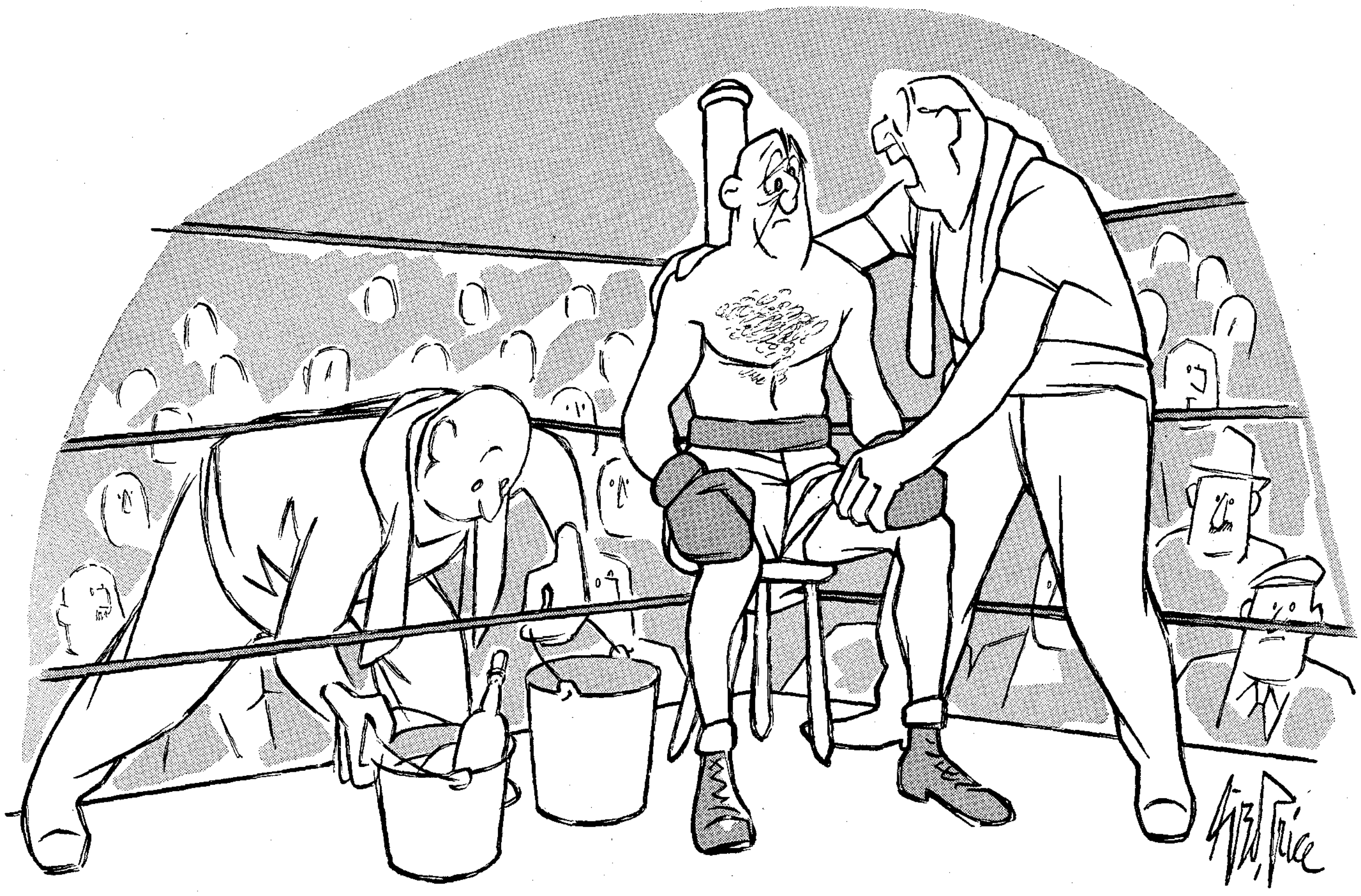
They cast long shadows, or roly-poly.
  They tamper with doorbells. They chalk the stairs.
The night belongs to them, singly, wholly;
  Surer than Christmas this Feast is theirs.
Swarming past hedges like sparrows flocking,
  The gravel cracking beneath their feet,
Flutter the children. When they come knocking,
  Open the door to them, trick or treat.

Open the door to phantom and vagrant,
  Whistle them in from the wild outside,
For under the trees the leaves are fragrant,
  Over the houses the sky is wide,
And only a street lamp vaguely dapples
  Spellbound paths where the chestnut drops.
Comfort them quickly with candied apples.
  Stay them with pennies and lollipops.

Or they may forget how their beds are standing—
  Sheets turned down, and a light in the hall—
Forget the fire and the clock on the landing,
  And never come back from the dark at all.
Coax them, wheedle them, call to them fonder
  Than ever you did on an evening yet,
For who knows whither a ghost may wander
  With mischief loose and the moon not set?

Treat them or trick them. But bar the door
Till the shade is bewitched to a child once more.

—PHYLLIS McGINLEY



"Now get in there and last!"

• •

ashore and the Exec and I took turns staying aboard with a skeleton crew. "If she goes up, will we get flight pay?" one of the men asked.

It took a long time to unload sixty-five hundred barrels of gasoline with the makeshift water pump. The hose kept leaking and the pump kept having to be repaired. Two days passed. The men ashore had no place to sleep or eat. One by one, they came back to their old quarters aboard ship. Comfort, in the end, was more important than safety. The cook lit up the galley stove, and sparks fanned out over the open hatches of the tank deck. I told the cook to turn the stove off, and for about five days we ate cold food. Then, one morning, I got up for breakfast and was served hot coffee. "Where did it come from?" I asked the cook.

He said one of the officers had told him to light up the stove.

"Turn it off," I said. "Don't light the stove again until I say so."

The officer who had ordered it turned on came to me a few minutes later and said, "I'm tired of cold food. I want the stove on."

We argued like small boys. The officer said I'd already had my hot breakfast, and that was why I now wanted the stove turned off. He said the war was over, and rank didn't count any more—he wanted the stove on. I uttered threats, got a promise from the cook that the stove would stay off, and went ashore. "I hope the son of a bitch blows up while I'm gone," I said as I left.

When I went back, I found that the engineer officer had at last got our pump fixed, and that we were discharging gas at a fine rate. We got out most of the gas during that day, though our pump was never able to reach all of it, and that night we had a hot dinner. We went to a little port near Manila, and lay rolling at anchor, hearing the remaining gas at the bottoms of our tanks sloshing back and forth.

We were at that anchorage about a month. The question of who was to get discharged first became so unbearably tense that the officers stopped speaking to one another. They fell upon the mail like wolves, to see if any orders had come for them. I heard that some tankers were going to be given to the Philippine government, and decided to go to Manila to see if ours was on the list. I pointed out that if she was, we could all go home together. The other officers accused me of going to Manila to arrange my discharge. I went, and found that our ship actually was on the list. I went back with the news, and within the week a Philippine crew, complete from captain to mess boys, arrived and relieved us all. They were very glad to get the ship. We all sailed for the States on the same transport, and suddenly we were all friends.

I hadn't thought about this whole episode for a long time before I read that columnist's question of what happens to you when you live on a powder keg too long. The answer is simply this: You stay there and complain, and after a while you act pretty queer, but you do your job. People can take a lot more than that columnist thinks.

—Sloan Wilson

•

1. Should a wife always make her husband feel that he is the important one?

Answer to Question No. 1

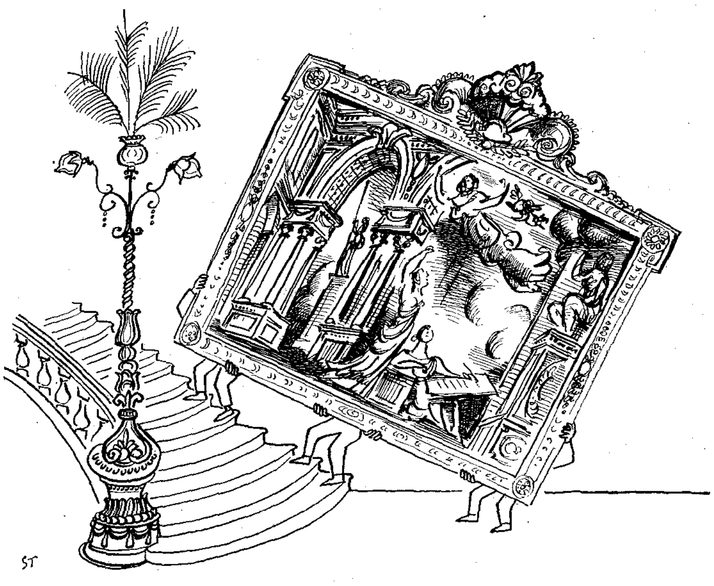
Yes, for several reasons: If he is of the second-fiddle, dependent type, he needs bolstering up; if she lets him get down in the mouth he may lose his job and she may have to earn the living; if she does not swell his head a bit he will go around the house with a hang-dog look and nothing is worse to live with. However, it helps a wife a lot if a few financial orchids are put into her budget.—*The Mirror.*

By whom? That little creep?

PROFILES

THE DAYS OF DUVEEN

V—THE BLUE BOY AND TWO LAVINIAS



CERTAINLY one of the most fascinating unsung heroines of the American scene at the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth was Arabella Duval Yarrington. Born in Alabama in 1853, she married a man named A. D. Worsham, also unsung; in 1884, a few years after he died, she married Collis P. Huntington, the biggest of California's Big Four, the promoters of the Central Pacific Railroad; and in 1913, after his death, she married his nephew H. E. Huntington, who was one of his heirs. H. E. Huntington thus married his aunt, something men don't ordinarily do unless there is an inescapable fascination. When the impulse to marry his uncle's widow became irresistible, H. E. Huntington, who had been divorced by his first wife some years before, was sixty-three. Arabella Huntington's early life is obscure. When the newspapers, with a gasp, reported her marriage to Collis P. Huntington—they gasped again when she married H. E.—one of them noted, in lieu of more definite biographical information—that she was "ambitious." What she was ambitious for, it let its readers guess. Oscar Lewis, in his book on the Central Pacific Railroad, "The Big Four," makes it clear that one thing the multiple Mrs. Huntington was ambitious for was social recognition. He tells how she induced Collis, a former Sacramento storekeeper who had always prided himself on the fact that he spent no more than two hundred dollars a year on himself, to build a two-million-dollar mansion at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street (it looked like a warehouse) and, while he was about it, a comparatively modest two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar mausoleum in Woodlawn. Collis never even went to look at his Woodlawn place; as for the Fifty-seventh Street house, he hated it. Arabella, on the other hand, was enthusiastic about the house. Soon after it was completed, she filled it with tapestries, pictures, and fragile French gilt chairs (Collis, a giant of a man weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, couldn't sit on any of them), and invited a lot of prominent people to a party. Nobody much came. Arabella transferred her activities to San Francisco, where she remodelled a house, filled *it* with gilt chairs, and gave another party. As Collis was cordially hated in San Francisco, nobody much came to that party, either. In the end, Mrs. Huntington was saved from the social isolation that threatened her by the celebrated art dealer Joseph Duveen, later Lord Duveen of Millbank.

Whereas the upper stratum of American society turned its collective back on Arabella Huntington, Duveen received her, whenever she consulted him, with deference. He introduced her to the enchanting realm of the aesthetic, and while doing so treated her, as she herself once said, "like a queen." It was a sensation that New York and San Francisco denied her, and one that she enjoyed; Duveen, who knew some authentic queens personally, was in a peculiar position to provide it. There was a special essence of authority about Duveen that eventually made her forsake all others. An eminent New York antique dealer once showed her some very expensive Renaissance furniture; she was delighted with it, and bought it. The furniture was delivered to her New York home at a moment when Duveen was there, giving her a lesson in art appreciation. What he said about the furniture is not known, but her reaction to his criticism is. She telephoned the furniture dealer and told him to come at once and take it back. "You'll find it in the back yard," she said. The same antique dealer had another exacerbating experience involving Duveen. Andrew Mellon, soon after he became Secretary of the Treasury, asked the antique dealer to come to Washington and give him an estimate on furnishing his apartment. Forehandedly thinking of possible future profits, the dealer made the estimate as low as he could—thirty thousand dollars. Mellon mentioned this figure to Duveen, who pronounced it excessive; he said he could do the job admirably for twelve thousand. Mr. Mellon then asked the antique man how it was that Duveen could make an estimate so much lower. "Because I haven't got expensive pictures to sell!" the dealer answered bitterly.

Oscar Lewis quotes an unnamed phrase-maker as saying of Collis Huntington that he was "scrupulously dishonest." He was the epitome of the ruthless business titan of the period. The contribution of men like him to the material growth of America in the latter part of the nineteenth century was incalculable, but it has often been remarked that by using their unparalleled economic power without a corresponding sense of public responsibility they undermined the moral prestige of the leading capitalist country in the world to an extent that is also incalculable. The bad odor that still clings to "big business" can be traced back to them. In their old age, these men gave out a variety of formulas to those who came to them for the magic word. Collis Huntington advised such seekers to look sharp, and boasted that he had never been outsmarted in business. (He probably listed his transactions with Duveen under the heading of pleasure.) One of his three business partners, Charles Crocker, said that the problem was not to make money but to hold on to it once you got it. In a San Francisco restaurant one day, Collis Huntington berated a waiter who had, by accident, made a twenty-five-cent overcharge in a check. "Young man," said Collis as he happily pocketed a refund, "you can't follow me through life by the quarters I drop." And yet, thanks to Arabella, he dropped many at Duveen's New York gallery, as well as at his London and Paris galleries. H. E., who had a mansion in San Marino, California, also dropped many with Duveen. In fact, on Duveen's last visit to San Marino, just before H. E. died, the host didn't have enough cash on hand to pay for the freight-car load of merchandise in the guest's caravan. Duveen accepted instead some Los Angeles real estate, a commodity of which H. E. was then the largest owner.

Although Collis Huntington did not talk much, he once admitted that he had paid twenty-five thousand dollars for a certain painting, which he called "a religious scene." He spent so much time looking at it that he didn't have time to look at any others. This picture seems to have presented to him an allegory of his life; he went to the trouble to set down the reasons for his fascination, as follows:

> There are seven figures in it—three cardinals of the different orders of their religion. There is an old missionary that has just returned; he is showing his scars, where his hands are cut all over; he is telling a story to these cardinals; they are dressed in luxury. One of them is playing with a dog; one is asleep; there is only one looking at him—looking at him with that kind of expression saying what a fool you are that you should go out and suffer for the human race when we have such a good time at home. I lose the picture in the story when I look at it. I sometimes sit half an hour looking at that picture.

For Collis Huntington, Oscar Lewis suggests, the luxury-loving cardinals represented two of his partners—Crocker, constantly running off to Europe, and Leland Stanford, fiddling with ranches and his university. Huntington always referred to the university his partner's money founded as Stanford's Circus. When the Central Pacific got into financial difficulties, Huntington wired Stanford: "CLOSE THE CIRCUS."

After Collis's death, in 1900, Arabella Huntington, guided by Duveen, moved into an artistic realm far above twenty-five-thousand-dollar religious scenes. She bought from him paintings by Rembrandt, Velásquez, Hals, van der Weyden, Bellini, and other ranking masters. Arabella was often brutally rude to other art dealers, but her submissiveness to Duveen's authority not only in the province of art but in clothes, jewels, and coiffures was abject. If he frowned in criticism of her hairdo, she redid the hairdo. She had a passion for blue velvet. Many people offered her blue velvet, but she never took any; she really liked only blue velvet that had belonged to Duveen. When shipments of clothes and jewels came from Paris, Duveen had to see them and pass judgment on them before she changed their status from "on approval" to ownership. One day, she went to see Mitchell Samuels, president of the well-known antiques firm of French & Co., about some minor items that Duveen didn't mind her buying from him, and in his office she left her handbag, containing eleven pearl necklaces worth three and a half million dollars. When Samuels returned the bag, he admonished her about her carelessness. She explained the lapse by saying that she had been irritated with Duveen about something and that her agitation over this had caused her to forget everything else, including the handbag. By the time Arabella married H. E., in 1913—she relied on Duveen to make all the wedding arrangements—her taste in art had been considerably refined. Her new husband developed a whim of his own; he wanted outstanding English paintings of the eighteenth century. Duveen was quite prepared to indulge this whim, and in the course of doing so he bound H. E. to him forever. Always a Lucullan, and on occasion a companionable, traveller, Duveen, in the summer of 1921, sailed from New York on the Aquitania in a suite adjoining the one occupied by his friends H. E. and Arabella. The Huntingtons were in the Gainsborough Suite, whose walls were hung with copies of that master's paintings. In the dining room hung a reproduction of "The Blue Boy." One evening, the Huntingtons invited Duveen to dine with them. Looking up, between courses, at the picture, H. E. became curious about it. In after years, Duveen enjoyed repeating the conversation that followed.

"Joe," said H. E., with the confidence of one who knows that he can get the answer to anything, "who's the boy in the blue suit?"

Duveen said, "That is a reproduction of the famous 'Blue Boy.' It is Gainsborough's finest and most famous painting."

"Where's the original?" Huntington went on, with even more confidence.

Duveen did not let his inquirer down. "It belongs to the Duke of Westminster and hangs in his collec-

tion at Grosvenor House, in London."

"How much is it?" asked H. E.

Duveen was discouraging. "It can probably not be had at any price," he said.

Huntington, impressed, looked up at the unattainable boy in the blue suit with fresh awe. "It must be a very great painting," he said.

Duveen seconded this venture into criticism, and went a step further. "Indeed," he said, "it is the greatest work of England's greatest master and would be the crown of any collection of English pictures."

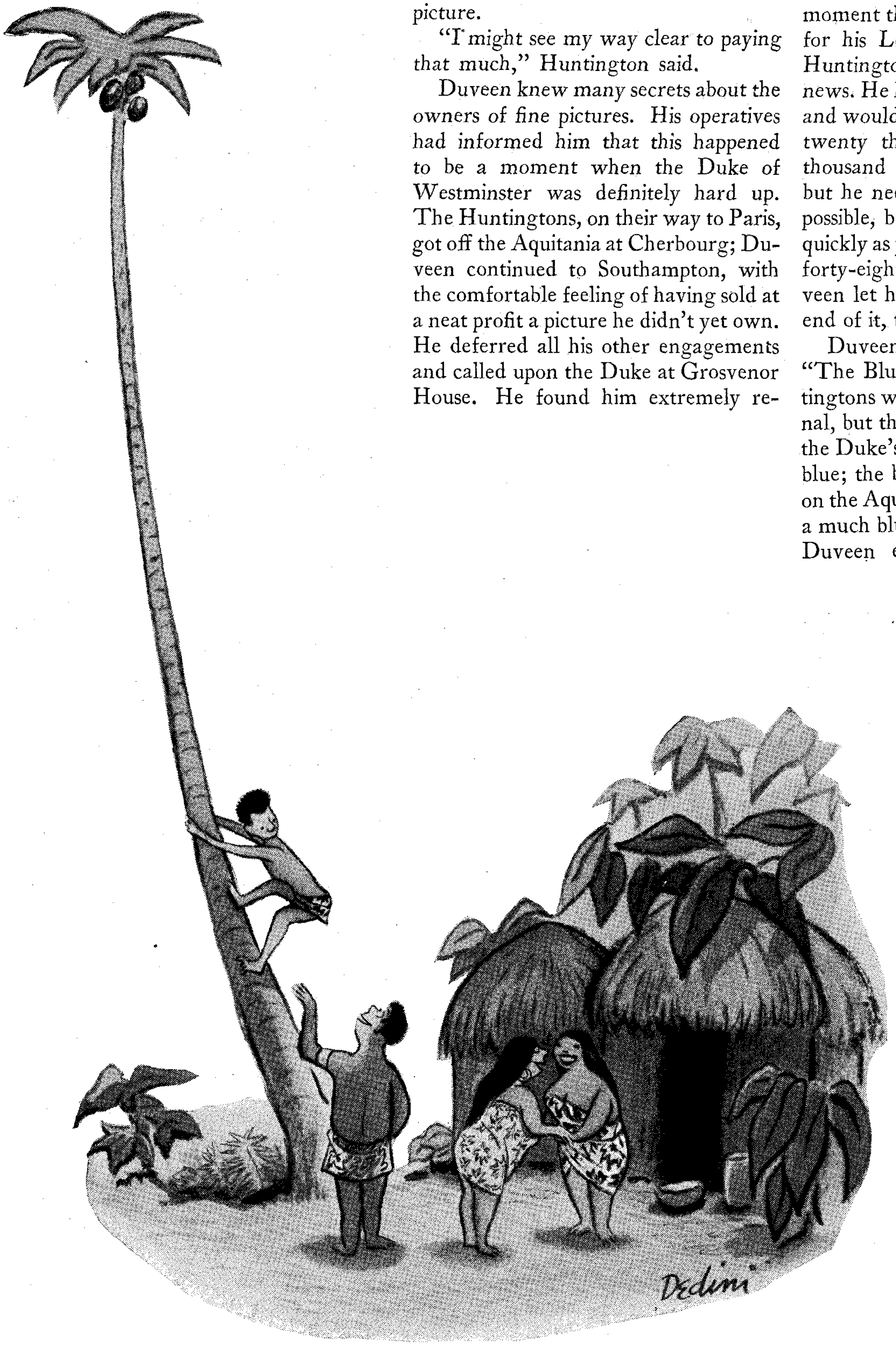
In Huntington, aesthetic appreciation was glazing into the enamel of covetousness. "What do you think would be the price if it ever *were* sold?" he asked.

After a calculated hesitation, Duveen said it would probably be about six hundred thousand dollars—far more than Huntington had ever before paid for a picture.

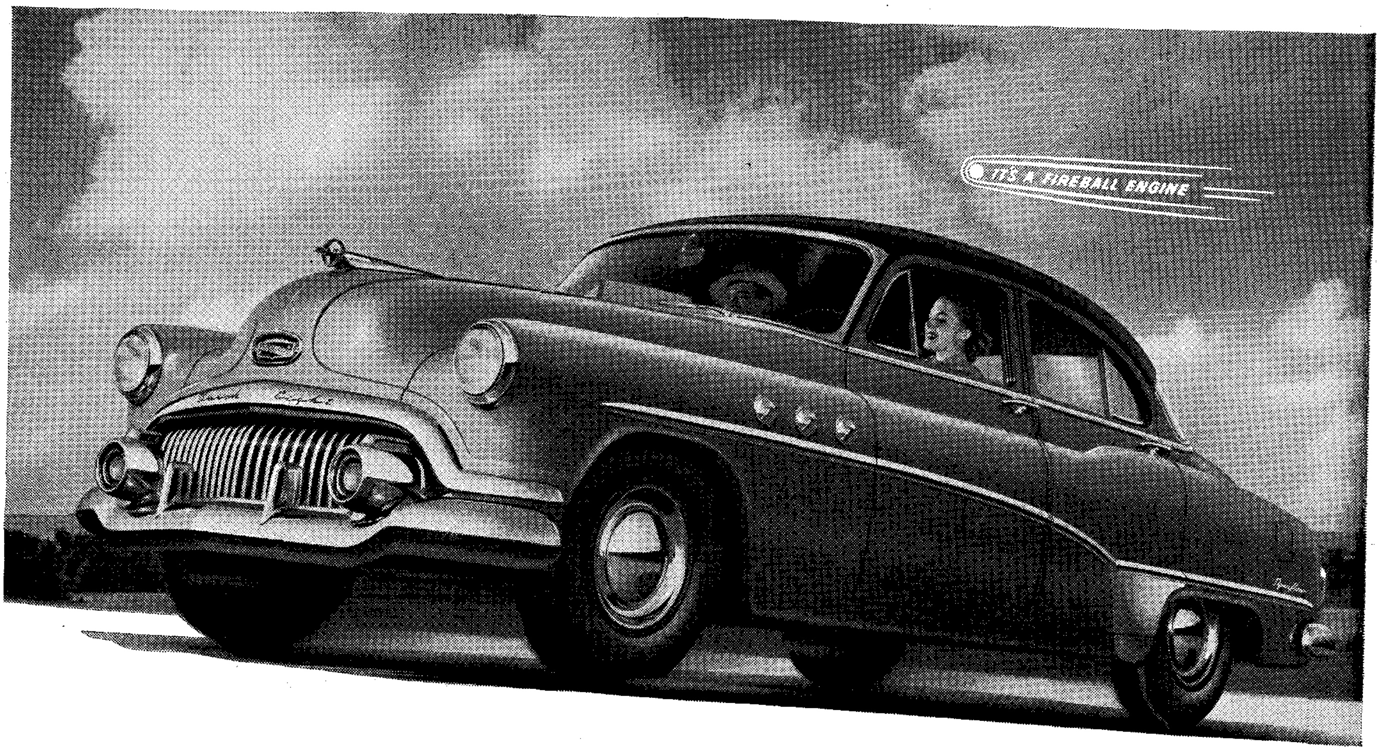
"I might see my way clear to paying that much," Huntington said.

Duveen knew many secrets about the owners of fine pictures. His operatives had informed him that this happened to be a moment when the Duke of Westminster was definitely hard up. The Huntingtons, on their way to Paris, got off the Aquitania at Cherbourg; Duveen continued to Southampton, with the comfortable feeling of having sold at a neat profit a picture he didn't yet own. He deferred all his other engagements and called upon the Duke at Grosvenor House. He found him extremely receptive to the idea of selling "The Blue Boy," and anything else in the place. Duveen asked to see what was in stock. Three pieces fixed his attention—"The Blue Boy," Reynolds' "Sarah Siddons as the Tragic Muse," and Gainsborough's "The Cottage Door." Duveen bought them all, agreeing to pay cash within a few days. The price for the three pictures was slightly more than the figure he had mentioned on the Aquitania for "The Blue Boy" alone. The moment the deal was set, Duveen made for his London office and telephoned Huntington in Paris to tell him the good news. He had acquired "The Blue Boy" and would deliver it for six hundred and twenty thousand dollars—the twenty thousand covered the telephone call—but he needed the money as quickly as possible, because the Duke needed it as quickly as possible. Huntington asked for forty-eight hours. Good-naturedly, Duveen let him have that interval. At the end of it, the Duke had his money.

Duveen went to Paris to deliver "The Blue Boy" in person. The Huntingtons were thrilled at seeing the original, but they were upset by the fact that the Duke's blue boy was more green than blue; the blue boy in their dining room on the Aquitania, they remembered, was a much bluer blue boy than the Duke's. Duveen explained that the greenish tinge of *their* blue boy was merely the result of a long accumulation of dust and grime. He promised to have that removed, so that the youth would be restored to his pristine azure, and the Huntingtons were appeased. Duveen congratulated them on being able to take to America this prime glory of English painting, and, when their jubilation had begun to subside, mentioned Reynolds' portrait of Mrs. Siddons, explaining that as "The Blue Boy" was Gainsborough's greatest, "Sarah Siddons" was Reynolds' greatest, and adding that he had brought the picture with him. He quoted a pronouncement by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Reynolds' admirer and protégé, upon being asked which portrait he considered the Master's finest. " 'Sarah Siddons as the Tragic Muse' is not only his finest portrait but it is also the finest portrait ever painted under the canopy of Heaven," Lawrence had



"Please don't go to any trouble. We can only stay a minute."



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said. Arabella inquired who Sarah Siddons was. She was, Duveen said, a member of the great Kemble family and the most famous actress in England during the latter half of the eighteenth century. The revelation of Sarah Siddons' profession was unfortunate. Duveen encountered that opposition, more severe than any other, of newly acquired social sensitiveness. Arabella, before her first Huntington marriage, had not only known poverty but had seen more than her share of the sordid aspects of life, yet now the idea of hanging in her house the portrait of an actress shocked her profoundly. Her objections were violent. Duveen was determined to get "Sarah Siddons" into the charmed circle of the Huntington Collection, even at the risk of treading upon a moral code. "You are not buying an actress," he said patiently. "You are buying a great artist and his finest example. You are ambitious to build a collection of English pictures that will be an honor to America and unique in the world. You cannot afford to exclude this masterpiece. The subject does not matter. It is the artist that matters. If you let this go to another collector, as it inevitably will, you will never forgive yourself for having let it go." That did it; pride won over moral sensibility. "Sarah Siddons" went to San Marino. Some months later, she was followed by "The Cottage Door."

In accordance with his promise, Duveen subjected "The Blue Boy" to a professional scrubbing. This started a rumpus—the British newspapers accused him of vandalism—but Duveen hugely enjoyed rumpuses. It was, as a matter of fact, his habit to have an Old Master cleaned the moment he bought it. He felt that a painting should look as nearly as possible the way it looked when it left the artist's studio; the years shouldn't be allowed to ravage and disfigure it. He was often accused of making Old Masters look like new masters. His answer was that they were new when they left the Old Master. An American lady once protested that the Renaissance painting of a girl he was trying to sell her had obviously been restored. "My dear Madam," he said, "if you were as old as this young girl, you would have to be restored, too." Duveen showed the newly resplendent "Blue Boy" to Sir Charles J. Holmes, then director of the National Gallery in London. Sir Charles publicly hailed him as "the savior of this monumental work," and went on, "For the first time in over a century, the world can really see this masterpiece as the master intended it to be seen."

Duveen emerged from that controversy with honors, but another one was brewing, over the propriety of selling one country's art treasures to the highest bidder in another country. In his autobiographical "Left Hand, Right Hand!" published in 1944, Sir Osbert Sitwell wrote:

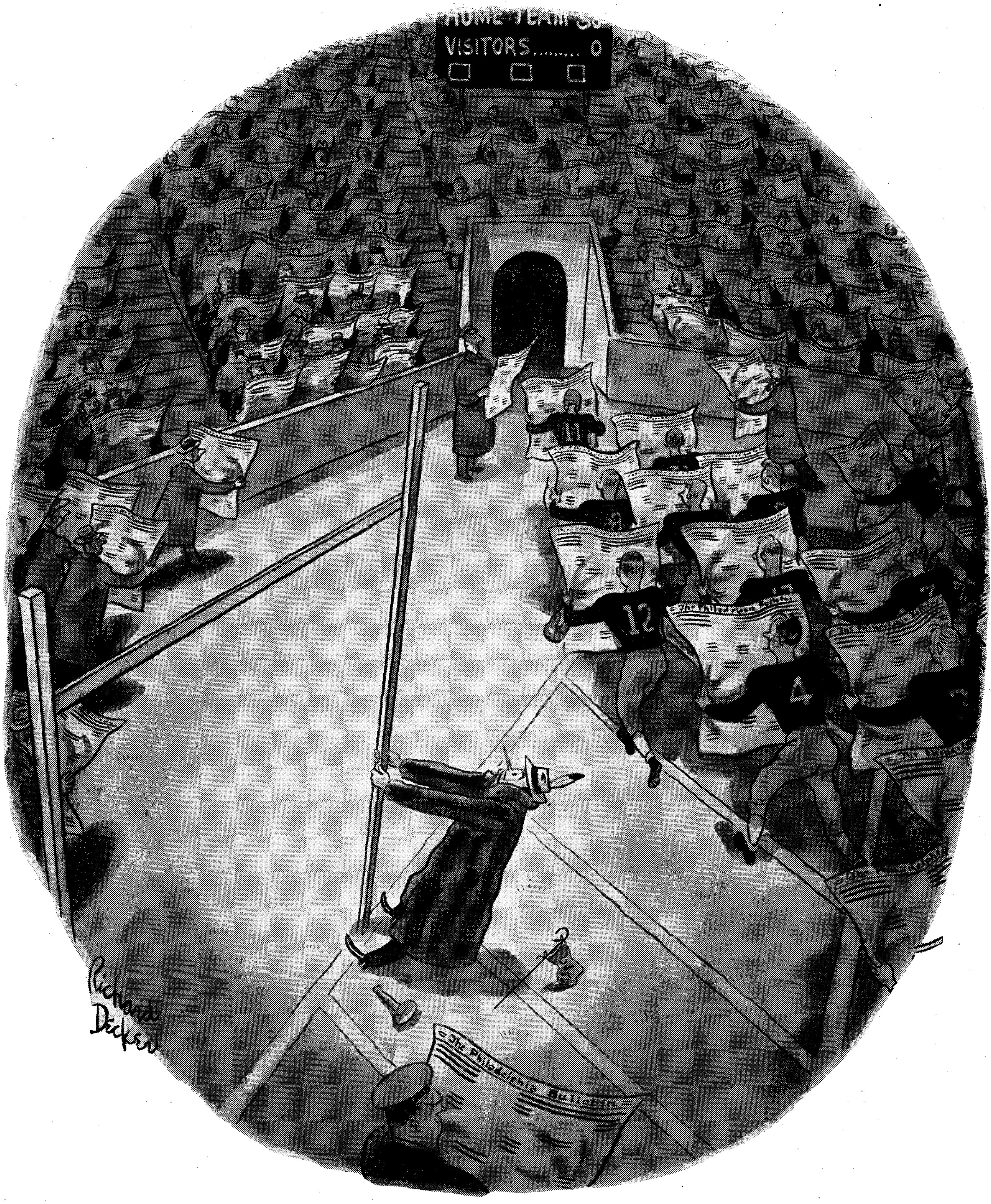
> It is an ironical reflection that while Lord Duveen's magnificent gifts to the nation stand as a memorial to his name, much of the money that paid for them was earned by the sale to the United States of the flower of the . . . eighteenth-century and early nineteenth-century English painting. We have the galleries now, but no pictures to hang in them. He was the greatest salesman of his time.

Duveen's admirers, when they exult over the immense additions he made to private and public collections in the United States, usually end up by pointing out that whereas, before Duveen, art-thirsty Americans had to cross the ocean to see the masterpieces of the world's art, they can now see them at home. That is, of course, an achievement that only chauvinists can take an undiluted pleasure in. Late in his career, Duveen seemingly became sensitive on this point. He acquired—by a stroke of Duveen luck—one of Hogarth's finest paintings, "The Graham Children." He had a ready customer in Mellon and he was itching to sell him the Hogarth, but for once he overcame his guiding impulse. He presented "The Graham Children" to the British National Gallery.

The departure from England of "The Blue Boy" gave Duveen an opportunity for advertisement that he did not waste. He permitted the British public a last look, at a public exhibition; it was a farewell to a national heirloom. The lamentation in England over "The Blue Boy" moved the American composer Cole Porter to elegy. For a Cochran review, "Mayfair and Montmartre," he wrote a song that showed that even an American could feel a twinge at the departure of the cerulean refugee. In the course of his threnody, Porter characteristically mentioned Duveen by name and began his chorus:

For I'm the Blue Boy, the beautiful Blue Boy
And I am forced to admit, I'm feeling a bit depressed
A silver dollar took me and my collar
To show the slow cowboys just how boys
In England used to be dressed. . . .

Duveen also permitted himself a sentimental indulgence; he was in New York at the time of the exhibition, and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he cabled an order to London that his aged mother should be the last person to see the picture before it was crated. This was in fulfillment of a vow made many years before. While he was serving his apprenticeship in his father's antique shop, on Oxford Street, young Duveen came in one day in a state of immense excitement. He had bought a canvas that he had been assured was a Gainsborough. This assurance, as his father was later only too happy to recall to him from time to time, turned out to be baseless. His mother, too, had chaffed him about his naïveté, and Duveen had pledged himself to show her a genuine Gainsborough, and one that belonged to him.

When "The Blue Boy" reached New York, escorted by two Duveen employees and triply encased—in a waterproof box, a steel box, and an iron-bound case—it was welcomed like an inheritance from an unknown uncle. The arrival was a headline story from coast to coast. The Metropolitan Museum begged Duveen for permission to exhibit it there for a while, but Duveen refused. He didn't think the Metropolitan Museum was safe enough; after all, the Gainsborough had become a Duveen, and he couldn't trust a Duveen to a fragile, jerry-built structure like the Metropolitan. For a few weeks, he exhibited the Boy at his Fifth Avenue gallery, which was solid, and then he personally escorted him to California and to the Huntingtons.

DUVEEN not only arranged weddings and obtained unobtainable paintings for his clients but he got them steamship reservations and invitations to the right places when they were difficult to get. He couldn't quite insinuate the Huntingtons into American society, but he did pretty well for them in England. In 1914, at the outbreak of the First World War, H. E. was marooned in London, unable to book passage home. In his distress, he appealed to Duveen, also in London, and Duveen got accommodations for him on a ship sailing in two weeks. Meanwhile, an operative had whispered to Duveen that Lord Spencer, of Althorp House, in Northampton, found himself in possession of an excessive number of ancestral portraits. It occurred to Duveen that an invitation to visit Althorp House might reduce the tedium of Huntington's enforced stay in London. Besides the sixth Earl, Althorp House housed the Spencer collection of English portraits, which had come down from the second Earl, a contemporary of George III, and

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which contained some magnificent eighteenth-century portraits. Duveen got Huntington the invitation and shortly thereafter conducted him through the gallery, thus introducing him not only to the contemporary peerage but to a vanished one. Duveen put him on particularly familiar terms with a three-quarter-length Reynolds portrait of Lavinia, the wife of the second Earl. Huntington fell in love with Lavinia at first sight, and Duveen promised to do what he could to further the romance. The gallery also contained a Reynolds portrait of Lavinia with her son, but H. E.'s infatuation with her was apparently so intense that, perhaps unconsciously, he couldn't endure the idea of her having a son by anyone else. Duveen, while he was about it, introduced Huntington to two other Reynolds girls—Georgianna, the Duchess of Devonshire, and Frances, the Marchioness Camden. Huntington carried on only a mild flirtation with them. They did not engender in him anything like the fierce adoration he felt for Lavinia-without-son. It turned out that the sonless Lavinia was the one ancestor Lord Spencer would not part with. Duveen could supply Huntington with Frances and Georgianna and Lavinia-with-son but not Lavinia-without-son. However, H. E. was stubborn, and he had a considerable record of conquest behind him. When he wanted a piece of Los Angeles real estate or a railroad, he was in the habit of getting it, and when he wanted Lavinia-without-son, he saw no reason that he shouldn't get that, too. Duveen, who understood this kind of bullheadedness, cast about for something to assuage the lover's disappointment. He told Huntington that Reynolds had done still another Lavinia, who was just as good and was, happily, sonless. This Lavinia was owned by the Earl of Bessborough, later Governor General of Canada, who had inherited her from the Spencer family. Huntington commissioned Duveen to get her. Duveen approached the Earl of Bessborough. There must have been something about a childless Lavinia that was infinitely appealing and full of solace; Lord Bessborough didn't want to be parted from his Lavinia, either. Duveen persisted as only he knew how to persist. After negotiations that went on for months, Bessborough agreed to sell, on the condition that Duveen would have an excellent copy made to insure His Lordship against loneliness. Duveen had the Lavinia copy made and hung, and sent the original to San Marino.

After Huntington's death, in 1927,

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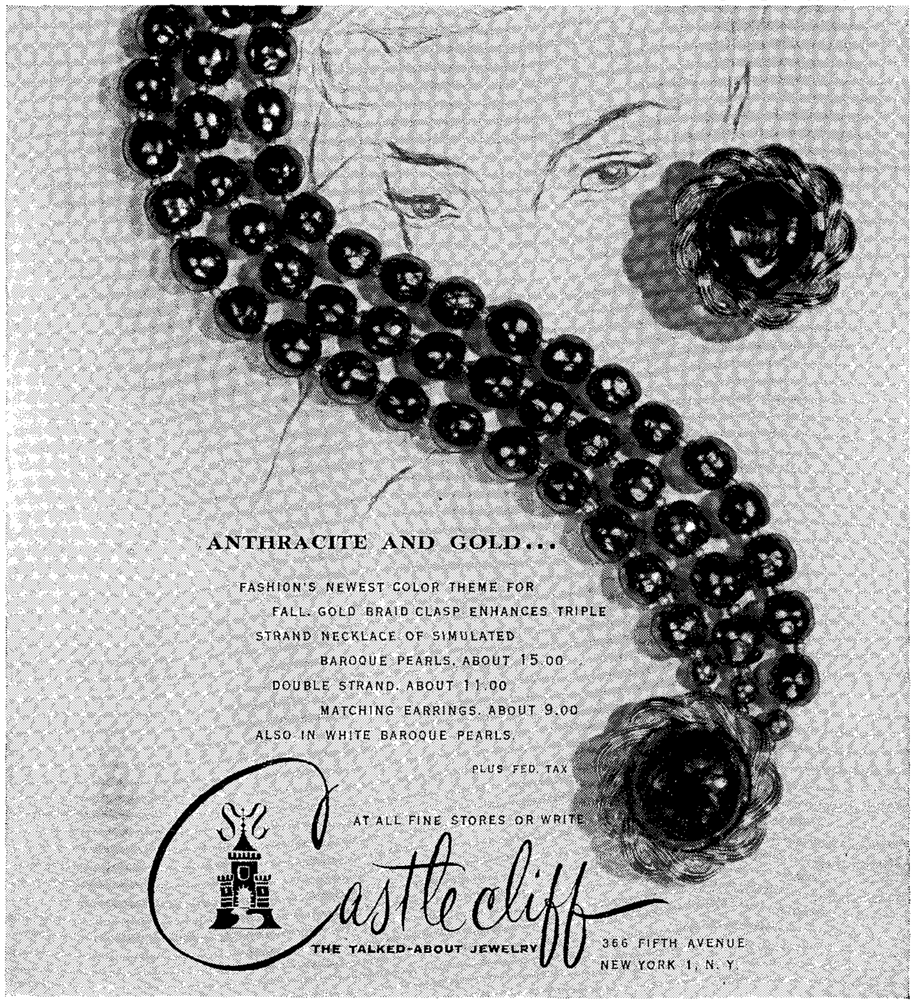

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Lord Bessborough's Lavinia was the cause of a complicated lawsuit. The trustees of H. E.'s estate hired an English expert to catalogue the great Huntington Collection. He pronounced Huntington's Lavinia a copy; the original, he said, was the painting hanging in Althorp House. He also said that certain parts of the Huntington picture were manifestly not Reynolds' work, notably parts of the costume and some areas in the background. Moreover, the Althorp Lavinia wore a white lawn, the Huntington a white dotted swiss. The expert did not know what Huntington, if he were alive, could have told him—that he had known perfectly well he was buying not the Althorp Lavinia but the Bessborough Lavinia. Unfortunately, there was no evidence for this beyond Duveen's word. The trustees demanded that Duveen buy back the Lavinia at what H. E. had paid for her plus interest. As Huntington had paid something like a quarter of a million dollars for the Lavinia twelve years before, the sum asked of Duveen came to nearly four hundred thousand dollars. The parties to the dispute agreed to submit it to arbitration, and put the matter up to Sir Charles J. Holmes, who had just retired as director of the National Gallery in London.

Sir Charles' first move was to requisition all the private papers of Sir Joshua Reynolds that were preserved in the British Museum. Among these were Reynolds' copybooks of his correspondence and bills, along with letters from his patrons, and a Sitter's Book, in which he had kept the names and dates of all his sitters. A letter was found from the second Earl Spencer, written shortly after his succession to the title in 1783, requesting that Reynolds paint a portrait of his wife, Lavinia. There was a copy of Reynolds' answer, accepting the commission and fixing the date for the first sitting. The Sitter's Book showed the dates of that sitting and subsequent ones, as well as Reynolds' charge for the portrait—a hundred guineas. There was also found in the correspondence an ecstatic letter from Earl Spencer acknowledging the receipt of the painting and asking Reynolds to do another portrait of Lavinia, for the Earl's mother, the Dowager Countess. Reynolds accepted the second commission, at the same price, and his Sitter's Book showed the dates Lavinia sat for the second portrait. For this one, Lavinia changed her dress, but otherwise the two portraits were almost identical. Such a duplication of a portrait by an artist is called in trade circles a replica. When the Dowager Countess died, the replica passed to her daughter, and eventually descended to Lord Bessborough. Sir Charles was so convinced by the documentation and by the similarity of style and composition in the two pictures that he pronounced the Huntington painting genuine after studying a photograph; he did not feel it necessary to see the original. As for the charge that parts of the portrait were not by Reynolds, Sir Charles said that it was a common practice of that busy artist to let lesser hands fill in what he considered unimportant details. Sir Charles cited a letter in which the Earl of Bath referred to the famous portrait of himself by Reynolds, now in the National Portrait Gallery in London. The Earl wrote a friend to the effect that he had just had his last sitting with the Master but did not expect the finished painting for a few days, owing to a practice that he had discovered and that he thought the artist would not be pleased to have him know about; namely, that when the sittings were finished, Reynolds turned the portraits over to assistants, who filled in details of landscape and costume he was too busy or too bored to do himself.

H. E. HUNTINGTON strayed from the Duveen fold only once, and Duveen, in his customary fashion, made him aware that heavy penalties attached to such a lapse. One day in 1913, while H. E., then living at the Metropolitan Club in New York, was taking an innocent stroll down Fifth Avenue, he was pulled off the street by an English art dealer who had a Fifth Avenue branch. He wanted H. E. to look at a painting of two ladies in filmy garments sauntering against a background of clouds, which was, he asserted, a wonderful Romney of Mrs. Siddons and her sister, Miss Kemble. H. E., who, unlike his wife, had no prejudice against actresses, succumbed to the two sisters on the spot. As Arabella was in California and couldn't bring her scruples to bear, he had the heavenly girls sent to the Metropolitan Club and paid the dealer a hundred thousand dollars for effecting the assignation. Proud of the coup he had achieved on his own, he invited Duveen to lunch to show off his new acquisition. Duveen, whose opinion of paintings he hadn't sold himself was always candid, gave the two tall, lovely, cloud-framed girls a penetrating look. "I don't think this is a Romney, H. E.," he said. "It looks like Romney, it is very like Romney, it is Romneyesque, but it is not a Romney."

Duveen's reflection on the legitimacy of the girls ruined Huntington's lunch.

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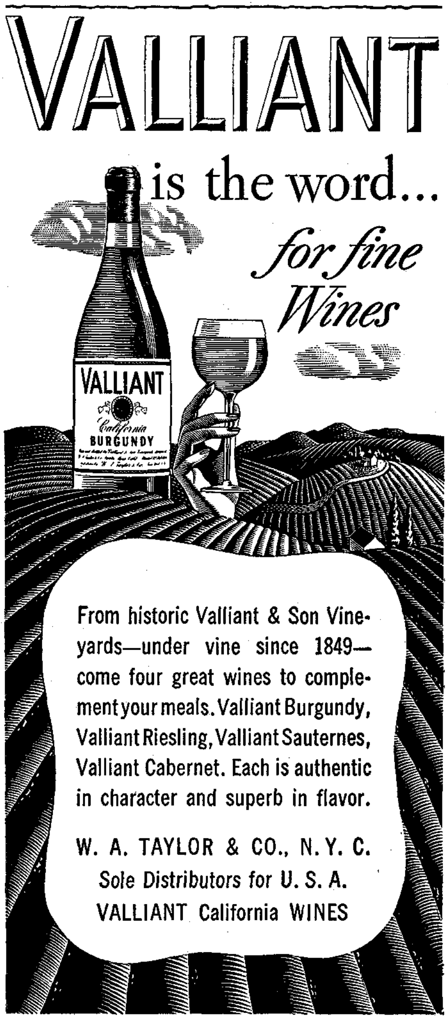
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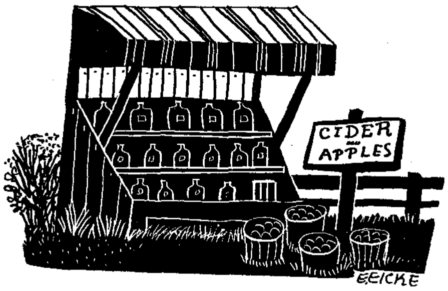
"It must be a Romney," he insisted. "Of course it's a Romney. It can't possibly *not* be a Romney." He told Duveen the name of the respectable firm from which he had bought it. Moreover, he said, the picture had been certified by T. Humphry Ward and William Roberts, two unimpeachable authorities. Ward had been the art editor of the London *Times* and was the husband of Mrs. Humphry Ward, than which unimpeachability could go no higher. Roberts, a distinguished British art critic, was a specialist on Romney and the co-author, with Ward, of a book about him. The elder J. P. Morgan had engaged Roberts to prepare a catalogue of his English pictures.

"Nevertheless, I do not think it is a Romney," Duveen said. "However, let us ask Stevenson Scott." Scott, a member of the art firm of Scott & Fowles, and a friend of Duveen's, had a little corner on unimpeachability himself.

By this time, Huntington was in a terrible state, and he waited breathlessly for the arrival of Scott. Scott was forced to back up Duveen's opinion. He knew Mrs. Siddons' face intimately, if not personally, he said, and he was convinced that neither of the ladies sauntering in front of the clouds was she. This observation only irritated H. E. He didn't care whether it was Mrs. Siddons or not. The point was: Was the picture a Romney? Duveen said he recalled that a picture very like it had, years before, been knocked down at Christie's auction rooms in London for a few hundred pounds. This also, cried the unhappy Huntington, was beside the point. *Was the picture a Romney?* Scott soothingly replied that whoever had painted the picture had at least turned out a fine work of art. This remark merely maddened H. E. further. He delivered himself of a summary statement. "If this picture is a Romney, I won't give it up at any price," he said. "If it is not a Romney, I won't have it at any price!"

Duveen was on a spot. Huntington was in no mood for evasion; he wanted his money back if he had been defrauded. The seller of the heavenly twins was so firm in his conviction that the picture was as he represented it that he was pre-



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pared to go to law about it. Should the courts sustain the dealer, Duveen's influence with his client would suffer an irreparable setback. But Duveen trusted his eye and Scott's corroboration. Huntington retained Sir John Simon to bring suit against the dealer in London, since his headquarters was there. A number of experts were retained by one side or the other in this *cause célèbre*. Duveen advised Huntington which experts he should hire. All the dealer's experts stated before the trial that the picture was by Romney; all Duveen's experts said that it was close—even hot—but that it was not a Romney. The experts who had certified the picture—the Messrs. Ward and Roberts—issued a second, and amplified, certification. In it they mentioned an entry in Romney's Sitter's Book noting an appointment with "two ladies sitting;" these two ladies, the Messrs. Ward and Roberts averred, were Miss Kemble and Mrs. Siddons.

It is hard to say how this case would have been decided if a Londoner named Vickers, who was then nearly eighty and who had spent his life working for art dealers, had not come forward. He remembered that when he was a young man, he had worked for a very old London picture dealer who had told him that in *his* youth, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, there had been a famous controversy between one Ozias Humphry (1742-1810), a miniature-painter, and Horace Walpole. Humphry had asked Walpole if he might paint Walpole's two grandnieces, the Misses Maria and Horatia Waldegrave. Walpole consented but didn't actually commission the picture. When it was finished and delivered, he didn't like it, and sent it back. Ozias threatened to sue for his money. Vickers suggested that it might pay Duveen's bloodhounds to look this case up in the files of the London *Times*. There they found a record of the controversy. Ozias Humphry proved to be a close friend of Romney's, so close that Romney once painted him for nothing—and there is no greater token of friendship between artists. The Duveen men, now off on what seemed a promising scent, came up with another helpful antiquarian. This was Algernon Graves, one more well-known authority on art, who recalled that he had once seen, in the archives of the Royal Academy, a drawing very much like the painting of the by-this-time-alleged Mrs. Siddons and the by-this-time-alleged Miss Kemble. The Duveen scouts found the drawing, and it turned out to be the sketch from which

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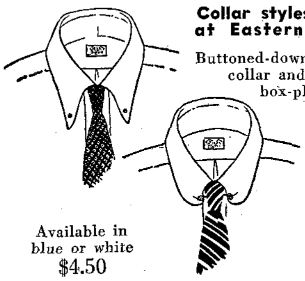

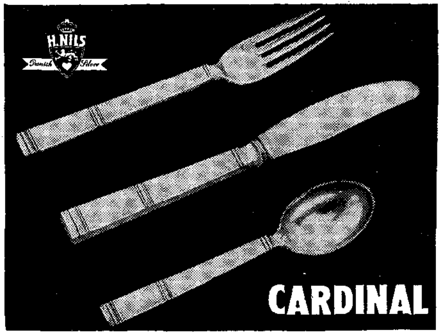

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Ozias Humphry had made his painting of the Misses Maria and Horatia Waldegrave. This drawing might equally well have served for the Huntington picture.

Duveen now moved in for the kill. His men got hold of Romney's Sitter's Book and found that on the day Romney had prepared for the "two ladies sitting," the entry triumphantly referred to by the Messrs. Ward and Roberts, Mrs. Siddons was playing in Birmingham; the sleuths dug up a playbill for the performance. As for Miss Kemble, she had taken it into her pretty head to go to France; they found a record of her passport visa. When the case came to trial, Sir John Simon opened for the plaintiff by stating these facts. A recess was instantly requested by the defense, which presently announced that it had decided not to make a fight; it consented to accept a judgment ordering the return of Huntington's money, plus interest, plus fifty thousand dollars costs. Counsel for the defense asked, and was granted, a moratorium on the payment until the war was over. In the end, the affair was too much for the firm involved; it went out of business. H. E. had learned his lesson. Duveen had no more trouble with him.

There are some who say that Duveen was a genius as a businessman and salesman but no great shakes as a connoisseur, and there are others who say that those who say he was no great shakes as a connoisseur are rivals whom he constantly outplayed; they claim that his ability to judge pictures was as nearly infallible as his ability to put over a deal. Some of those who take the first point of view are among the leading critical minds in the art world. The layman might wonder, then, how Duveen was able to spot the fake Romney so readily. There is no conclusive answer, since even the experts were fooled. It was the theory of Dr. George C. Williamson, who was one of Morgan's advisers on art, that a good part of the disputed picture actually was done by Romney in an effort to help his friend execute Horace Walpole's commission satisfactorily.

> It is quite likely [Williamson writes, in "Stories of an Expert"] that Romney himself said, "I would stretch the hand out. Let me show you how I would do it." Again, with regard to the drapery, I suggest that Romney pointed out to Humphry the awkwardness of the folds, how they hung from a kind of angle, and again, he perhaps suggested how he would like the draperies to fall, and that the greater part of the foot should be shown. It seems to me to be possible that Romney himself was responsible for parts of the picture; the outstretched arm has a close

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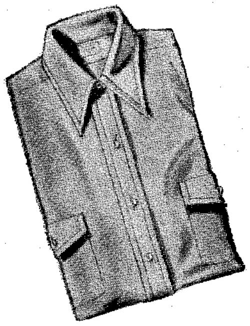

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> resemblance to Romney's work, in fact it was that arm which made me at first think the picture must be by Romney. The drapery also, especially that of the left figure, resembles the work of Romney, and I am inclined to believe that the better-known painter was really responsible for these two portions of the picture, and that it was his work that led the experts astray.

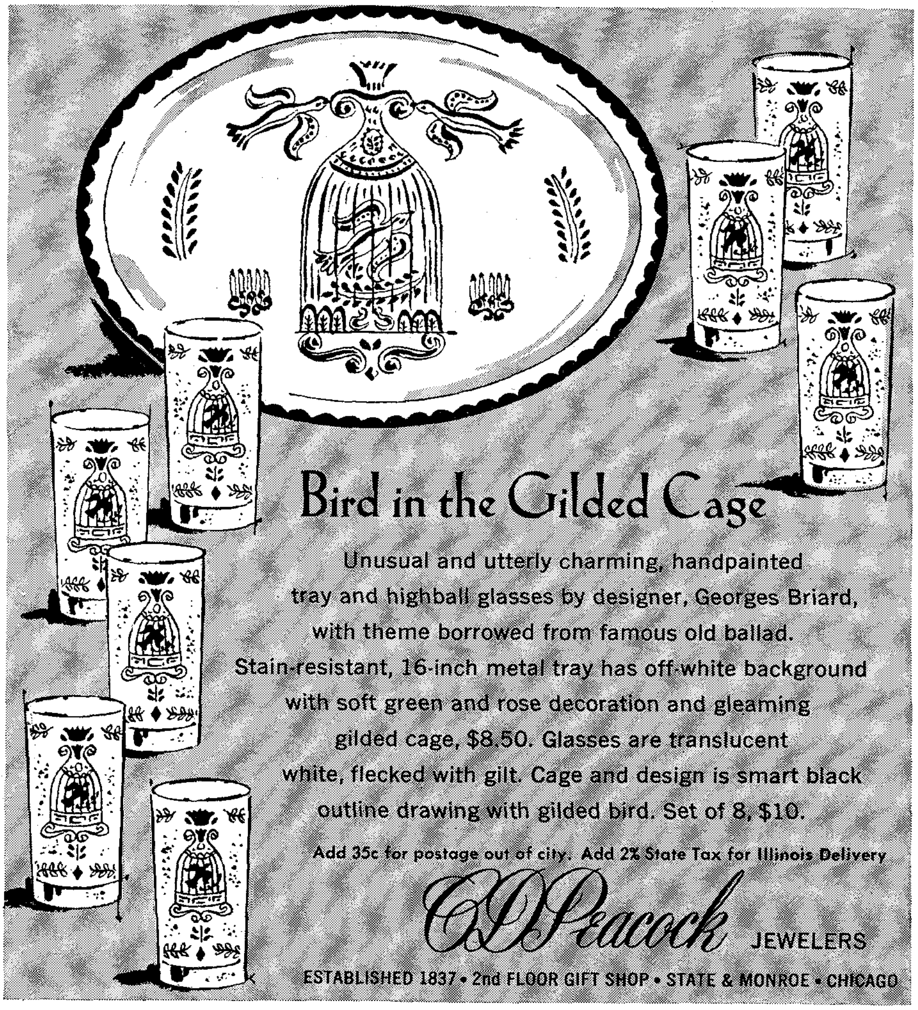
Dr. Williamson, himself a witness at the trial, was one of those led astray—possibly because of an excess of knowledge. Duveen, however, conceivably because he was not similarly burdened, guessed right. If Duveen's detractors are correct, there is still, of course, another possible explanation. Perhaps, with the passing of time, he had begun to have suspicions about the authenticity of any picture that was not his, and since there were still a lot of pictures in the world that were not his, he sometimes suspected with a gratifying accuracy.

IN his estimate of pictures that weren't his, Duveen occasionally made a costly mistake. One of the most painful occurred in the summer of 1911, when he was taking the cure at Carlsbad to recover from an intensive wooing of Henry Clay Frick and to gather strength to continue it. Frick was then the greatest prospect in the world, and Duveen was, in his own eyes, the greatest dealer. Duveen was willing to concede the first distinction to Frick, but Frick was still not willing to concede the second to Duveen. Frick had dealt with and liked Duveen's Uncle Henry, who founded the American branch of the Duveen business, but he had always been somewhat chary of the nephew. And Frick had close social and business connections with Knoedler's. He had bought many paintings of the Barbizon school from them. Duveen had gradually succeeded in displacing most of them with Old Masters, but Frick was so fond of some of the Barbizons that he held on to them to the end, an indulgence that Duveen, even when he got the upper hand, as he inevitably did, permitted him. For a long time, Frick played on the rivalry between Duveen and Knoedler's. He thought that it kept both firms on their toes, and that this was to his benefit.

While Duveen was in Carlsbad, a free-lance runner pursued him with a photograph of a three-quarter-length portrait of King Philip IV of Spain, by Velásquez, which he said was for sale. Duveen knew that Velásquez had painted many portraits of his sovereign. That very year, Duveen had sold one to Benjamin Altman, and he had earlier sold one to Mary M. Emery, of Cincinnati. "The original of this particular painting hangs in the Dulwich Museum, in London," he told the runner, "and, as that is the acknowledged authentic one, the Velásquez of your photograph must be a fake." Later, in the lounge of his hotel, Duveen saw the runner in conversation with Charles Williams, of the important London art firm of Agnew's. When a hotel clerk told him that Williams and the runner had booked reservations to London, his malaise became acute. Duveen knew that Agnew's was acting as the London agent of Knoedler's and he figured that the picture, if after all it was the original, would certainly go to Frick. Selling pictures to Frick when Frick liked somebody else better was not an occupation that allowed one to take it easy in Carlsbad. Duveen got on the train Williams and the runner were taking, and was no sooner aboard than he was assailed by an agonizing recollection. He remembered that Aureliano de Beruete y Moret, a Spanish expert on Velásquez, had for years clung to the notion, as persistently and obdurately as Galileo had clung to *his* notion, that the Velásquez in the Dulwich Museum was only a copy. Duveen tried to reopen the discussion with the runner, but the man told him he needn't bother; the picture had been sold. Could it be that the fanatical Beruete, like Galileo, would turn out to be right—that the Dulwich Velásquez, which had been raptly stared at by generations of art-loving English, was merely a copy? When it came to the point—that fine point where a collector was willing to pay four hundred thousand dollars for a painting, provided only that it was an original—Beruete delivered. He proved to the satisfaction of other experts that he *was* right, and Frick bought the Velásquez. Duveen had not simply lost a sale; he had lost a prime opportunity to demonstrate to Frick his theorem that if a great picture was to be had, it could be had only from Duveen.

A bold move was necessary to capture Frick's attention. In Paris, in 1913,

one of Duveen's runners reported to him that a Russian noblewoman, the wife of an important general, owned a painting she believed to be the work of Leonardo da Vinci. Getting wind of a new da Vinci was like discovering a new planet; Duveen was aquiver. But, as he had mistaken a genuine Velásquez for a false one, he could not risk mistaking a false Leonardo for a genuine one. He invited the Russian lady to come to Paris with her painting and bring it to his gallery in the Place Vendôme. Duveen took her and the painting upstairs to a room where there was sunlight and a small man with a magnifying glass. The man was Bernard Berenson, the great art expert—a fact Duveen did not mention to the lady. Berenson peered at the picture, then looked at it through a magnifying glass, then took it to the window. He finally put it down and gave Duveen the high sign. It was indeed a da Vinci. On the way down to Duveen's office, Berenson found an opportunity to tell him that it was a long-lost picture known as the "Benois Madonna." Duveen, tingling with the realization of what he could do to Frick and to Knoedler's with this painting, invited its owner to discuss a deal. She named the highest price ever asked for any picture in the history of art—one and a half million dollars. Duveen felt that Frick could afford it. He didn't see, in fact, how Frick could afford not to afford it. The lady asked that a million dollars be placed in escrow as a binder, then explained that, under Russian law, she could not sell the painting until she had offered it to the Czar at the price she had quoted Duveen. A contract of sale, subject to an option to the Czar for a certain period, was signed, and the million was placed in escrow. Duveen, who thought it unlikely the Czar would have the effrontery to compete with Frick, sailed for America in a joyful humor. He told Frick what he was going to get him. The two men went through the motions of their daily lives waiting for the moment when the option would expire. Duveen was an ebullient man and Frick was a cool one, yet Frick's excitement far exceeded Duveen's. The man who had taken it in his stride when the radical Alexander Berkman came into his office and shot him in the neck, who, with the country clamoring against him, had refused to negotiate with the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, who had calmly lost Benjamin Harrison the Presidency in the campaign of 1892 by his intractability toward the unions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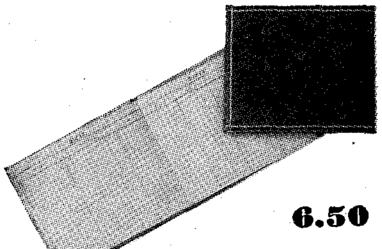

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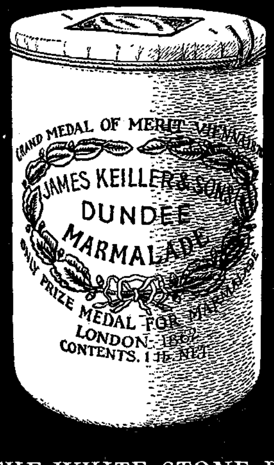

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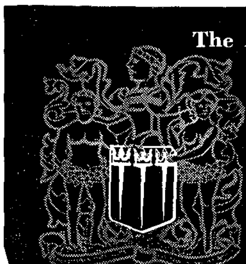
in the Homestead Strike—the man whom no one could stir and nothing could move—fumed while the Czar was making up his mind. Just before the option was to expire, a cable arrived from the owner of the picture saying that the Czar had met the quoted price. In the dawn of his bitter disappointment, Duveen realized that he had been used. The Russian lady had maneuvered him into providing a Berenson opinion for nothing. He and Berenson had got the da Vinci into the wrong gallery. It had bypassed Frick and landed in the Hermitage, in Leningrad. Still, the incident was not a total loss from Duveen's point of view, for he had learned how much Frick was willing to pay for what he wanted, or what Duveen could convince him he wanted.

DUVEEN had one advantage over other dealers, even those who were close friends of his major clients. His rivals offered only pictures, whereas he had other things to provide, too. He knew décor and architecture, and could be of great assistance to a man like Frick. Many a time, when a client was building or furnishing a house, Duveen had a hand in it. He had more than a hand in furnishing the Detroit and Palm Beach homes of Mrs. Horace E. Dodge, the Philadelphia and Palm Beach homes of Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury, and Mrs. A. Hamilton Rice's home on Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Dodge spent so much that her lawyer called her up to find out whether she had gone crazy. He was told no, that she just liked furniture—especially Duveen's. The Rice home Duveen furnished from top to bottom, including the beautiful eighteenth-century salon that Mrs. Rice later gave to the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The carpet of this room belonged to Louis XIV before Duveen got it. When, in 1913, Frick decided to build a town house at Fifth Avenue and Seventieth Street, Duveen chose Carrère & Hastings as the architects. Duveen worked with Hastings on the plans. Hastings was quite familiar with the exquisite collection of furniture and tapestries in Duveen's warehouses, and Duveen helped him out by indicating exactly where certain of these items would look their best in the projected mansion. When Hastings submitted the plans, Frick raised his eyebrows at their unconventional character, but Duveen's extravagant admiration for Hastings' work persuaded him to lower them. Included in the blueprints was a room for the famous set of eleven Fragonard panels Duveen had just bought for



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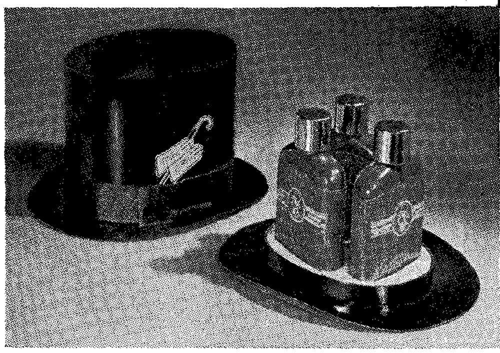
Frick. The four largest panels were commissioned by Louis XV in 1770, as a present for Mme. du Barry. Du Barry refused the present, because she considered one of the panels, "Storming the Citadel," too forthright a comment on her relations with the King. She didn't mind being a citadel, she didn't even mind being stormed, but she didn't want it suggested to posterity that the citadel had fallen. Fragonard had to take his panels back. He kept them for eighteen years and then sold them to a cousin, Alexandre Maubert, for the equivalent of seven hundred and twenty dollars. From M. Maubert, they descended to a grandson, M. Malvilan, and from M. Malvilan they went, by a more commercial route, to the Duveen firm, which, eventually, talked them into the possession of Morgan. While Duveen and Hastings were working on the Frick plans, Morgan died. As a matter of courtesy, the Morgan estate offered Duveen first chance to buy the panels, but they asked more than a million dollars; even Duveen hesitated. His position was ticklish; Frick, a close friend of the Morgans, would have no trouble finding out the difference between what Duveen paid the Morgan estate and what he was charging *him*. The estate told Duveen he must make up his mind quickly; if he didn't want them, it had another purchaser. He bought the panels and went to see Frick. "Mr. Frick," he said, "I have just made a marvellous purchase. I have bought the Fragonard panels from Mr. Morgan's estate. I paid a high price, but I had to have them for you. You shall have them at exactly what I paid for them." Frick bought the panels, and Duveen wrote off the lost profit as an investment in conditioning.

The eleven Fragonard panels were of various sizes and shapes. It was not easy to compose them into a harmonious pattern in a room. There was only one man to do the job, Duveen advised Frick and Hastings—Sir Charles Allom, of London, who had received his knighthood after harmonizing interiors for King George V. Frick and Hastings thought it was a wonderful idea, and called Allom in. When he arrived, Frick offered him the job of doing not only the Fragonard Room but most of the other rooms in the house. Allom, a prima donna, wanted all or nothing, and sailed back to England in a huff. Duveen had a harmonizing job of his own to do. He did it. Frick recalled Allom and put the whole job in his hands. The Fragonard Room was a trans-



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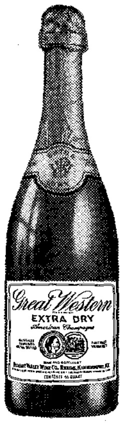

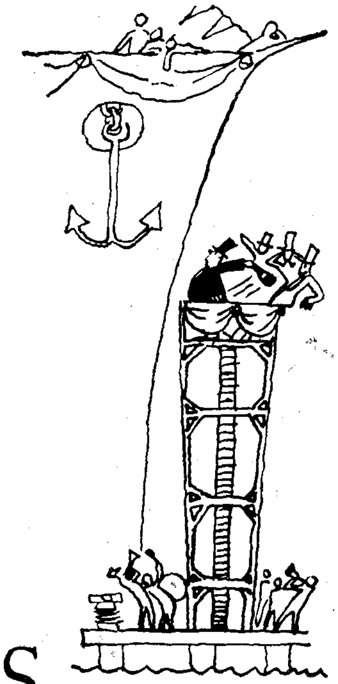

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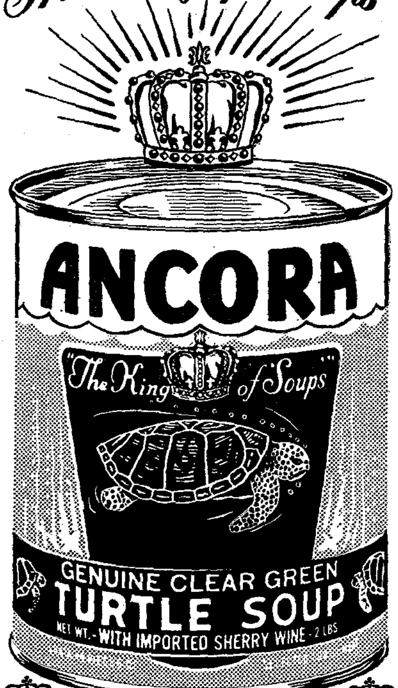

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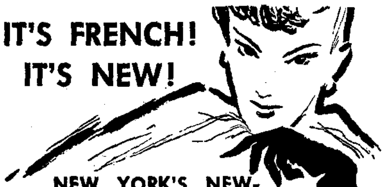

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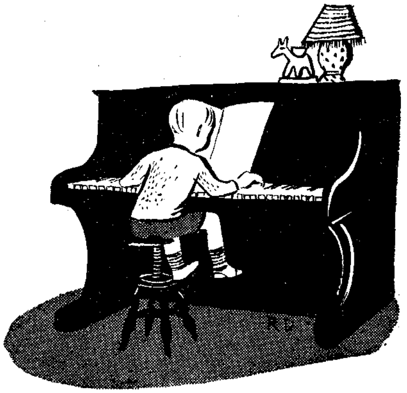
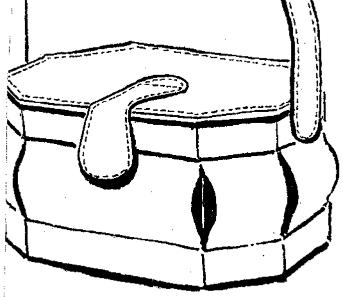
atlantic collaboration between Duveen and Allom, who had returned to England again, this time to work on the problem. Frick agreed that the chamber should be provided with a mantel, andirons, moldings, candelabra, and whatever else should go into harmonizing a Fragonard Room. Duveen sent full-size copies of the panels to Allom, and Allom built a full-size model room to contain them. For accoutrements, Duveen concentrated on the eighteenth century. He managed to acquire for it a marble fireplace that had once graced the Bagatelle, Marie Antoinette's little château built in 1777 in the Bois de Boulogne by the Comte d'Artois, who reigned as Charles X from 1824 to 1830. When Allom had arranged the fireplace and the panels to his satisfaction, Duveen went abroad to inspect the job, and passed it. Allom disassembled the room, accompanied it to New York, and set it up again in a warehouse. Hastings, Allom, and Duveen took Frick down to have a look. Duveen's enthusiasm for it was overflowing. Frick apparently thought it wasn't bad, but, as always, he didn't say much. There was still plenty to be done; when you decide on an eighteenth-century room, you can't just pick up the furnishings anywhere. But fortunately, if expensively for Frick, Duveen had just what the room needed: a Riesener commode, a Marie Antoinette writing table, some pieces of Clodion sculpture, chairs covered in Beauvais tapestry, and other tidbits. After it was finished, Frick was satisfied. Even Duveen seemed to feel satisfied. True, he had sold the Fragonard panels at cost, but when he moved in the other Duveens he was more equitable.

The Fragonard Room was only a start. The Frick house was a big one, and it needed paintings and sculptures as well as furniture. Duveen was able to supply them. In 1916, he built the Boucher Room around eight panels painted by Boucher for Mme. de Pompadour and entitled "The Arts and Sciences," and four Boucher "Seasons." In 1917, he sold Frick Gainsborough's "Mrs. Peter Baker" and the Hals "Portrait of a Man;" in 1918, van Dyck's "Sir John Suckling" and two Paters, "Village Orchestra" and "Procession of Italian Comedians;" and in 1919, Vermeer's "Mistress and Maid." Then, still outfitting the Frick establishment, Duveen got a break that partly made up for his bad luck with the Velásquez and the da Vinci. While he was in Paris, one of his runners brought him photographs of a set of tapestries in a château in the Loire District. He wasn't much impressed by the photographs, and, besides, he was about to sail for America, but the runner persuaded him to drive down to the château to look at the tapestries anyway. The château was unoccupied except for a caretaker. Duveen quickly decided he didn't want the tapestries, but, being there, he asked the caretaker if there was anything else in the place. He was invited to look around and see for himself. In a storeroom on the top floor stood a dilapidated bookcase, and on top of it a begrimed bust with a smashed nose. Duveen took the bust down, gave it a good inspection, and instructed the caretaker to tell the owner that he would buy the tapestries if the owner would throw in the bust. The deal went through. Duveen was sure the bust was by Francesco da Laurana, who had worked in Italy and southern France in the latter part of the fifteenth century and was famous for his elegant and imaginative work, and his quick judgment was confirmed. The smashed nose was no problem; Duveen had an expert restore it with marble taken from the base. Duveen's rating with Frick was boosted by this find; the Laurana became one of the most esteemed treasures of the Frick Collection.

Duveen's rating with Frick shot up even higher when he was able to pull two Houdons nonchalantly out of his hat. It was a fixed policy of Duveen's to establish a high market value for anything he had a lot of. One thing he had a lot of, early in the century, was Houdon busts. He had fifteen. There was a happy time when you could get a Houdon bust for twenty-five thousand dollars. After buying several at that price, Duveen began to feel sorry for Houdon. Twenty-five thousand dollars was a stodgy and humiliating figure, and if Houdon was worth collecting at all he was worth more than that. Duveen set about correcting what he now realized was a scandalous state of affairs. At a public auction, he paid seventy-five thousand dollars for a Houdon bust—an unprecedented figure. He then returned to his Fifth Avenue gallery and looked at his other Houdon busts more respectfully, and with a righteous feeling of having vindicated their honor. The world market in Houdons followed Duveen's lead; presently, you couldn't get one for less than a hundred and fifty thousand. "If you owned one that had cost twenty-five thousand dollars," an observer of Duveen's Houdon operation has said, "you had to apologize." In the steeply rising market, Duveen held on to his Houdons; he found their society restcotta Diana. When he exhibited it, Parisian moralists objected to this lovely nude as being too realistic; they forced him to withdraw it. In his hour of misery, Houdon would have been comforted to know that in spite of what eighteenth-century Paris was saying, he had nevertheless created a genuine Duveen; the terra-cotta Diana, along with the Comtesse du Cayla, ended up in the Duveen collection. Duveen may have done a good deal for Houdon, but Houdon did something for Duveen—and, incidentally, for Frick, too. When it came to deciding what to put on the mantel in the Fragonard Room, Frick's brain stopped functioning. Duveen's brain became active; the Comtesse du Cayla occurred to him. Also, the mansion's Oval Room needed something; it couldn't go on indefinitely just being oval. Duveen remembered Diana. No wonder it was hard for Frick to suppress an impulse of gratitude toward Duveen; he found himself being rescued from such acute dilemmas almost hourly, and not by frustrated, undervalued artists but by perfectly adjusted Duveens.

The technique Duveen had applied to adjusting Houdon he also applied to Rembrandt. He owned a lot of Rembrandts, and by paying tremendous prices for additional ones he raised the value of those he had acquired when Rembrandt was lowly. There are penalties even for large-scale beneficence, and the penalty Duveen had to





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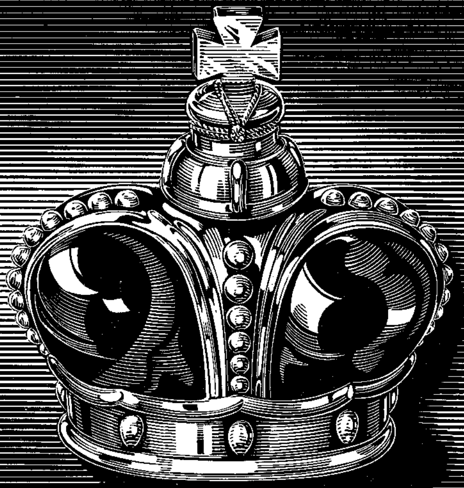

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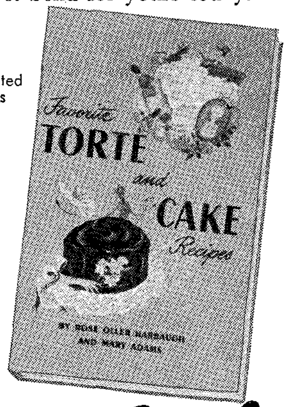

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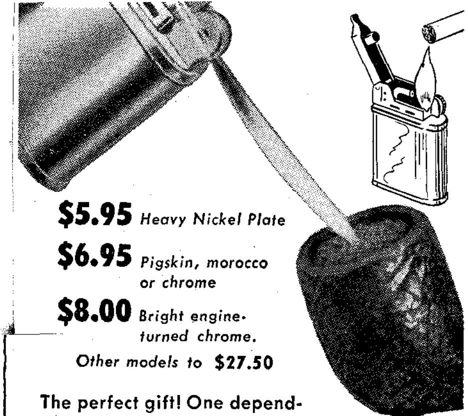
months in 1912. His campaign for Houdon had by then advanced so far that he paid ninety-six thousand dollars for it. He had sold it to Gary for a hundred and ten thousand dollars. The bidding for it was sharp, and Duveen participated in it. It narrowed down to a contest between Duveen and Knoedler's, which was acting for Edward S. Harkness. As the bids rose to new heights, Duveen, who had known Houdon when, became more and more impressed by what he himself had wrought. Finally, bemused, he allowed Knoedler's to buy the bust for Harkness, for two hundred and forty-five thousand dollars. Later, Duveen was a little rueful about having let his old friend go to somebody else, especially as that somebody else was Harkness, whom he considered sufficiently well bred to belong in the Duveen stable but who would never buy from him, being married to Knoedler's. Still, when Duveen went home from the sale, he must have looked back over the long history of his efforts on behalf of Houdon and remembered incredulously a time when you could actually buy a Houdon for twenty-five thousand dollars, and he may have reflected pleasantly that if Houdon had been alive he would surely have written him a grateful bread-and-butter letter. Rembrandt, also, might well have dropped him a line.

A FEW days before Frick died, in December, 1919, Duveen was startled to get back from him two million dollars' worth of paintings he had



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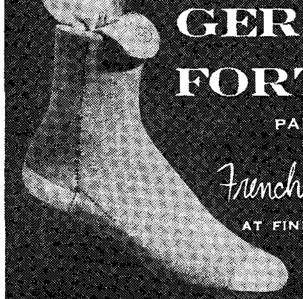

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had on approval. The explanation offered was that, in his poor physical condition, Frick could not swing the financing. Frick had always engaged in protracted, and enjoyable, haggles with Duveen—not over price but over methods of paying the price—and perhaps he felt that now he was deprived of them, he might as well be deprived of the pictures, too. But Frick was not deprived of a certain kind of immortality—an immortality he can be said to have sought in collecting his pictures. The art patrons of the Renaissance had themselves painted into the pictures they commissioned; because their American counterparts lived too late to have this service performed for them, they had to gain their immortality by buying collections and putting them in public museums. It is human and perhaps touching, this impulse to project oneself beyond one's mortal span. The article on Frick in the Encyclopædia Britannica runs to twenty-three lines. Ten are devoted to his career as an industrialist, and thirteen to his collecting of art. In these thirteen lines, he mingles freely with Titian and Vermeer, with El Greco and Goya, with Gainsborough and Velásquez. Steel strikes and Pinkerton guards vanish, and he basks in another, more felicitous aura. The old boys take him cozily under their wings; they carry him along. For the pleasure of their society on the golden shore, Duveen made Frick pay heavily, but they are earning their keep.

—S. N. Behrman

(This is the fifth of a series of six articles on Lord Duveen.)

•

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Rosen have cancelled their trip to Sweden in order to partake of the J. C. C. smorgasbord supper on Saturday evening, September 15th.—*Croton-Harmon (N.Y.) News.*

Think of the saving in fuss!

•

Also to be subpoenaed, it was reported, is Duces Tecum, who is to produce an instrument purported to be a personal ledger of Robert L. Knetzer.—*Alton (Ill.) Evening Telegraph.*

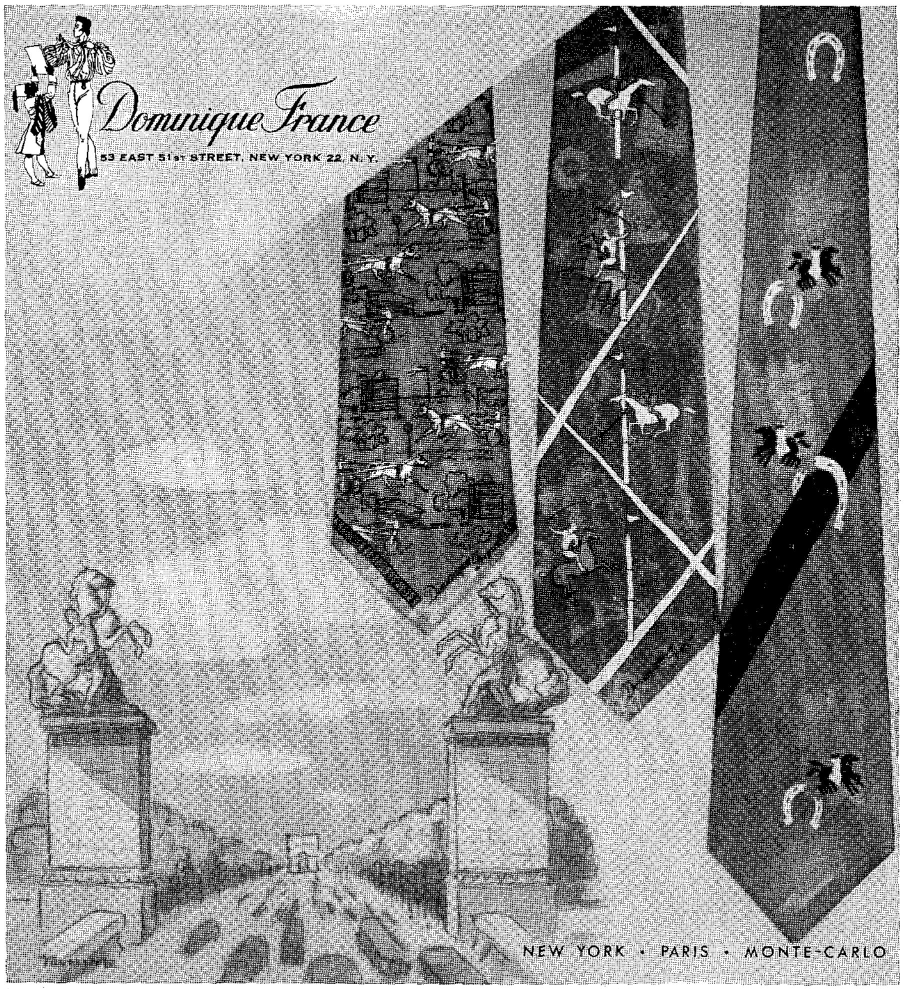
Last time we saw Tecum, he was in a saloon over in Absentia.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK!

[From the Oxford (Pa.) News]

On Wednesday of last week, two children of William Pass, near New London, fell into a 20-foot well accidentally. Fortunately the well was dry and the youngsters fell on top of one another so that their fall was broken.



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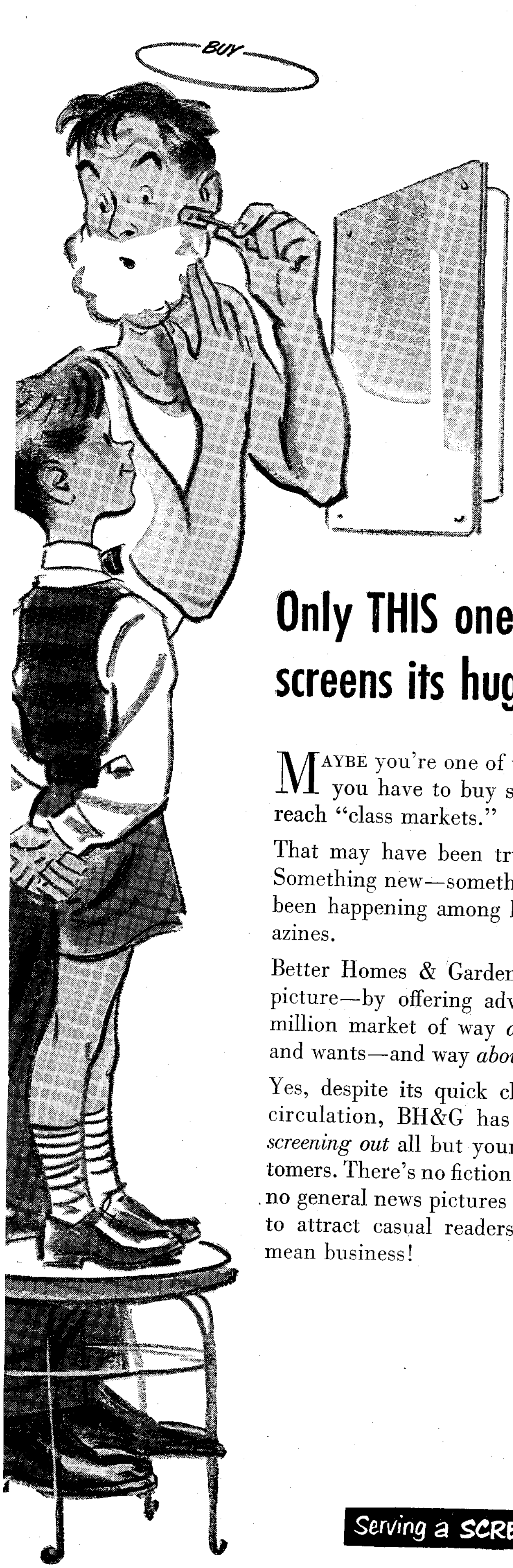

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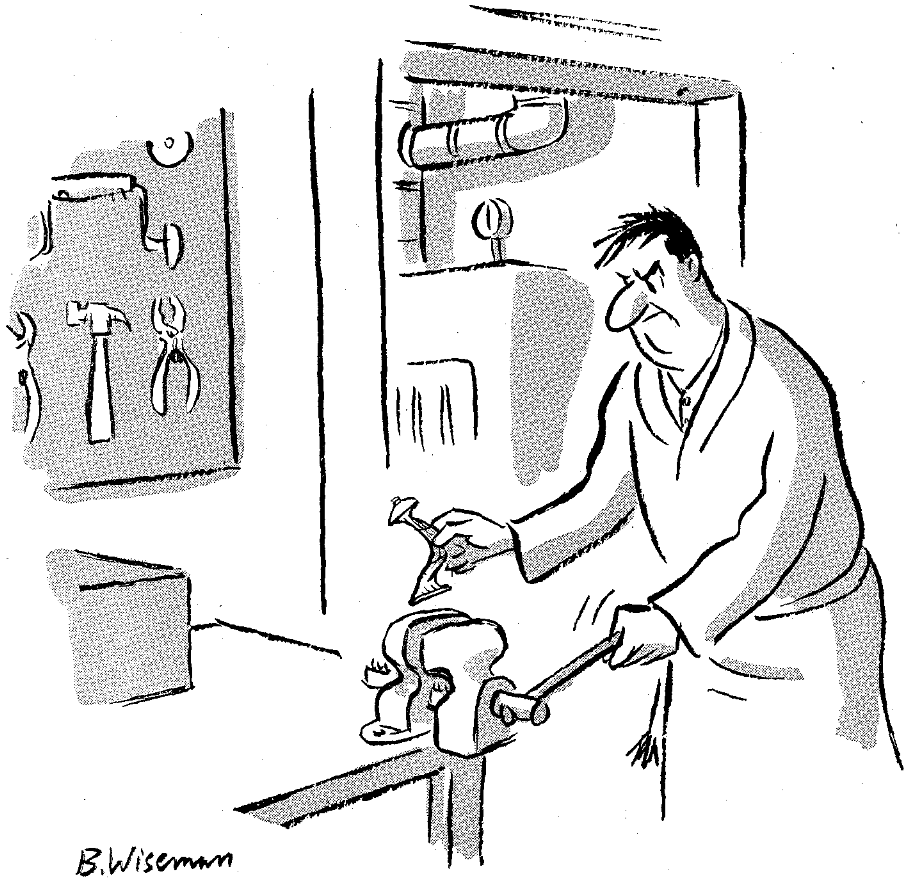
THE THEATRE

MR. FRY AND THREE OTHERS

Christopher Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners" opened last week in St. James' Church, at Madison Avenue and Seventy-first Street. This unusual milieu clearly disconcerted a good many of my fellow-reviewers, though perhaps not quite as much as the play, which they discussed with respect but without any very great unanimity of opinion about what was on the author's mind. Being similarly perplexed, I can't do much more than try to give you the facts of the case. There are four soldiers—three privates and a corporal—shut up in a prison camp in an unknown country and in the course of an unknown war. There are some conscious interludes, but most of the evening is devoted to the prisoners' dreams, which are taken from the Old Testament, and comprise poetic variations of the stories of Cain and Abel, David and Absalom, Abraham and Isaac, and Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. I gather that Mr. Fry wishes to say that the human race is its own prisoner, shut up in a jail created by an age-old suspicion and hatred, and that its only hope of survival lies in exchanging these qualities for universal love. This theory is based on the circumstance that while the first dreams are concerned with the violent destruction of men by their closest fellows, the last one affirms that all men, standing together, can hope to escape the consequences (the fiery furnace) of their own wickedness and folly. This is, of course, reducing "A Sleep of Prisoners" to far too simple terms (Mr. Fry has a lot to say about such things as the eternal conflict between the dreamer and the man of action, the solid citizen and the irresponsible visionary), but it is the best I can do with it.

The text alternates lines of admirable pertinence and felicity with such remarks as "From squid to eagle, we're all paying-tellers," which I can't believe are anything but pretentious nonsense. The cast is composed of Leonard White, Donald Harron, Stanley Baker, and Hugh Pryce, all of whom seemed excellent to me, my only complaint being that too often the lines are punctuated by such cries of ultimate desolation as Laurence Olivier reserved for his climactic scene in "Oedipus." The setting and the acoustics were not exactly like anything else in my experience, and I think I'll just withhold comment on them.



Jay Robinson, who produced and, in a manner of speaking, stars in an enterprise called "Buy Me Blue Ribbons," at the Empire, is unquestionably one of the most bizarre personalities now operating in the theatre. Mr. Robinson, who is twenty-one, has been grappling with the drama for fourteen years, usually undertaking roles of a rather psychopathic and highly ambitious nature. His unique celebrity, however, had its genesis last season, when he financed (he has, as it happens, a considerable fortune, derived from the sale of collars and shirts), and announced his intention of playing the leading role in, a revival of "The Green Bay Tree." For some reason or other, it was felt that he would add what might be called an extra dimension to the part, and he withdrew, amiably enough, in favor of another actor. Just the same, the memory of this experience persisted strongly in his mind, and he persuaded a dramatist named Sumner Locke Elliott to write a play about it. Mr. Elliott obligingly did so, and the result is, I think, just a little hard to describe.

You have, that is, Mr. Robinson giving an extremely convincing interpretation of a young man almost totally unequipped for the stage, who nevertheless dominates one for nearly two and a half hours. Very few people would even consider the idea of offering a public satire of themselves and their highest aspirations, and therefore, I guess, Mr. Robinson must be regarded as original and courageous. However, since no real satire exists—all that Mr. Robinson has done is transfer mannerisms that proved unacceptable in one play practically intact to another—the effect is, I'm afraid, just tiresome and embarrassing.

"Buy Me Blue Ribbons" is not altogether without its entertaining moments. Vicki Cummings, as Mr. Robinson's co-star of the play within the play, made me laugh from time to time, especially in a scene in which she finds herself forced to instruct him in the art of rape; Audrey Christie, whose connection with the plot is nebulous, all the same manages, by pure technique, to make a lot of flat lines sound moderately funny; Enid Markey is effective in a fluttery way as the boy's mother and the sole admirer of his genius; and there are brisk, sensible performances by Gavin Gordon, Jack Hartley, and Philippa Bevans. But on the whole it is a fairly grisly evening.

"FAITHFULLY YOURS," at the Coronet, is also a species of satire, dealing, this time, with psychoanalysis, a subject that ceased to interest me as comedy material about twenty years ago. The story, adapted by Ladislaus Bush-Fekete and Mary Helen Fay from an item in the French tongue, concerns a featherbrained matron who somehow gets the notion (you are going to get very few details out of me on this one) that there is something the matter with her husband's head. Unknown to him, she consults a fashionable practitioner, who, after exploring the possibility that he may have killed his father or else been in love with his sister, pronounces that the hero's fidelity to his wife is abnormal and that he ought to get off with some other girls. The motive behind this diagnosis apparently is that the doctor is something of an old goat and has ideas about spiriting his lovely client off to a little hideout that he has in the Poconos, to which, it seems, he is in the habit of taking all his appetizing female patients. This, however, is a minor theme. The main body of the play has to do with the hero's desperate struggle to repel the advances of a trio of canasta players whom his wife has egged on to seduce him. All this is attended by the kind of dialogue that occasionally makes me wonder if the French are really much more sprightly and carefree about sex than the inhabitants of, say, North Dakota.

The acting is chiefly in the hands of Robert Cummings and Ann Sothern, two Hollywood stars of the second magnitude. They are both agreeable to look at, but their performances are slightly too primitive and boisterous for what is—in intention, at least—high comedy. Philip Bourneuf, Victor Wood, and Florence Sundstrom are in the supporting company, and they treat the strangely old-fashioned text with a good deal more respect than it deserves. Of the mechanical aspects of the production, I would like to observe only that the use of a gauze curtain to denote a period in which the action is dimly visible but not yet audible has always struck me as an irritating device; that disembodied voices coming out of loudspeakers on the walls of a theatre never seem to sound like anything except announcements over the public-address system at a baseball park; and that there appears

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to be an increasing tendency these days to clutter up the stage with irrelevant and distracting objects, in the shape of elaborate furniture and theoretically humorous props, so that the actors frequently get lost in the luxuriance of the scenery.

BEING off on business elsewhere, I didn't see Louis Verneuil's "Affairs of State" when it opened here about a year ago. From published reports, however, I understood that it had something to do with a marriage of convenience. It seemed to me at the time that this was a quaint theme to engage a playwright in the middle of the twentieth century, and that the author must be a man who didn't ask for much in the way of ideas. This supposition was borne out last week when Mr. Verneuil's "Love and Let Love" was offered at the Plymouth and proved to be, as nearly as possible, a comedy about absolutely nothing. The three principal characters are an elderly diplomat, a somewhat younger doctor, and an actress, blond, beautiful, and reasonably accessible to her many admirers, though not, it develops, so much promiscuous as just frustrated emotionally. There are two dilemmas involved—first, to get the heroine out of her engagement to a man old enough to be her father and into a marriage with somebody of approximately her own vintage; second, to make this mossy old situation tolerable to modern audiences. Mr. Verneuil handles his triangular romance with the ease of a writer who has been dealing with such literary problems since the sinking of the Titanic, but the other assignment is too much for him, and the work is likely to go down as the most stupefying bore in a season that has provided some formidable competition.

The star is Ginger Rogers, like Miss Sothern and Mr. Cummings on vacation from the cinema, and, considering the coy and antiquated nature of her role (or roles, since she is also asked to portray a rather plain widow with three children), I thought she did very nicely. The two men currently mixed up in her life are Paul McGrath and Tom Helmore, and there are a couple of comics, a secretary and a butler, who are played by Helen Marcy and David Perkins. I got the impression that their opinion of "Love and Let Love" was very nearly as low as mine. The setting, by Ralph Alswang, can readily be distinguished from that used in "Faithfully Yours" by the fact that the shelf of fake books is on the left-hand side of the stage instead of on the right.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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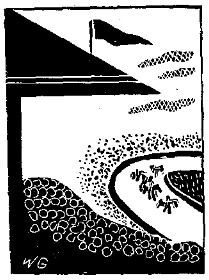

BLESS my soul, Counterpoint did it again! In fact, he beat Hill Prince more easily in the Empire City Gold Cup Handicap at Jamaica last weekend than in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont the previous Saturday. Breaking the ice, they say, is always hardest. Don't get me wrong—the Empire City race was Counterpoint's most notable achievement, for he ran the mile and five furlongs in 2:42⅘, equalling the track record, set by Stymie in the Gallant Fox Handicap five years ago. All in all, it was as gripping a performance as the one at Belmont. Besides, it irritated nobody, and disappointed only those—the writer, for one—who continue steadfast in their admiration of Hill Prince. In this connection, I'd like to say that I could not detect a single error in the handling of my old favorite, and I confess I tried. Arcaro kept Hill Prince nicely under restraint for nearly a mile, and then put everything into it when Counterpoint challenged in the last quarter. Oh, well, let's come right out and admit that Counterpoint was just too good for Hill Prince at the weights. Neither horse is likely to start in the Westchester Handicap at Jamaica this weekend, but the two may meet there again in the Butler on November 10th. By the way, Counterpoint had heel trouble early last week, but it cleared up a day or two before he went to the post for the Cup. Also, it was common talk in the paddock that he was not wearing shoes on his hind feet, but that wasn't indicated on Jamaica's gay new shoe board in the infield. (The board hadn't run up against a barefoot horse before, and had no provisions for dealing with one.) Who knows? Counterpoint may start a fad.

THERE is almost nothing to say about the United Hunts meeting, which lasted two days and wound up the long and pleasant autumn meeting at Belmont Park, except that the racing was lively and the crowds were eager. The best steeplechase was the Temple Gwathmey, won by Navy Gun; Palaja and Phiblant finished in a dead heat for second money. The most exciting race

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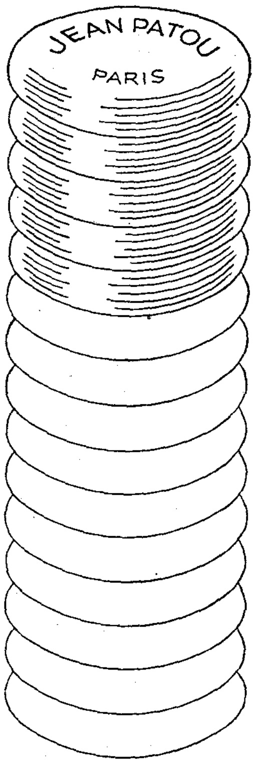

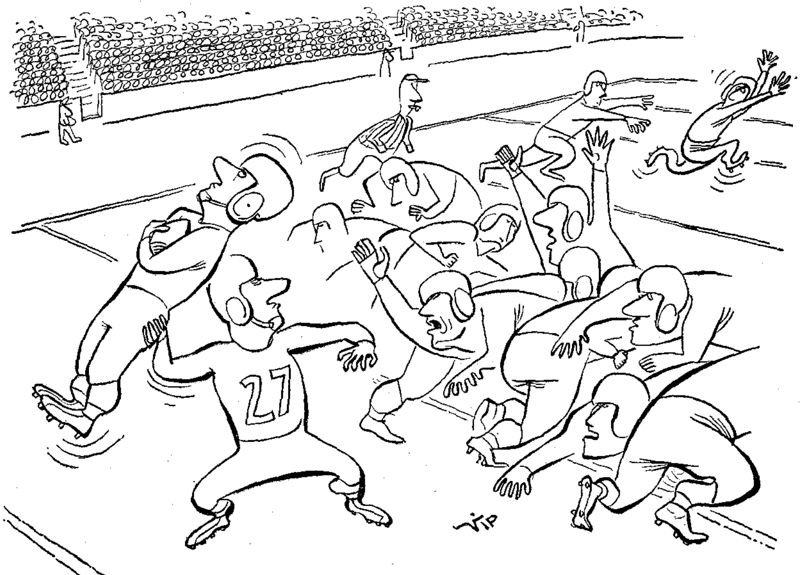

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on the flat was the Turf and Field Handicap, in which Miche, who usually doesn't begin to run until a race is nearly over, astonished everyone by leading most of the way. He was beaten in the last stride by Nullify. The placing judges had to use a micrometer to pick the winner.

IT must be recorded that last week's Champagne Stakes, won by Armageddon, was no great shakes. It took the runners (and I may be using the word loosely) twenty-seven seconds to travel the final quarter of the mile. However, I must give Armageddon high marks for courage. He was hit in the eye by a pebble, which put him off his stride for a furlong or two, but in the stretch he settled down and came on again. Incidentally, he's a son of Alsab, who won the Champagne in 1941, and he may be worth remembering for next season. On the other hand, I had thought Jet's Date, who was third in the Futurity, would go much better in the Champagne than he did. He finished fifth. It looks as though he's just a sprinter; so's Jet Master, who was sixth.

I AM enthusiastic about Windy City, an Irish colt I inspected at Belmont the other morning. Though he's a bit light in build, he has more quality in his conformation than I've seen in any other two-year-old all season. He has a pretty impressive record, too. He won all of his five starts in Ireland (where they say he reminds them of The Tetrarch) and the Gimcrack Stakes, one of England's minor classics. His only defeat was at Paris in the Prix d'Arenberg, in which he was beaten in a photo finish after much bad luck. Windy City is owned by Ray Bell, who once was a champion rodeo rider and not so long ago was a member of Louis B. Mayer's racing entourage. Bell bought Windy City when he was a yearling for approximately $2,100, and won more than $15,000 in purses with him last summer. Any day now, Bell will ship the colt to California, and the chances are he'll be sold before Santa Anita opens.

—Audax Minor

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Sydney (N.S.) Post-Record]

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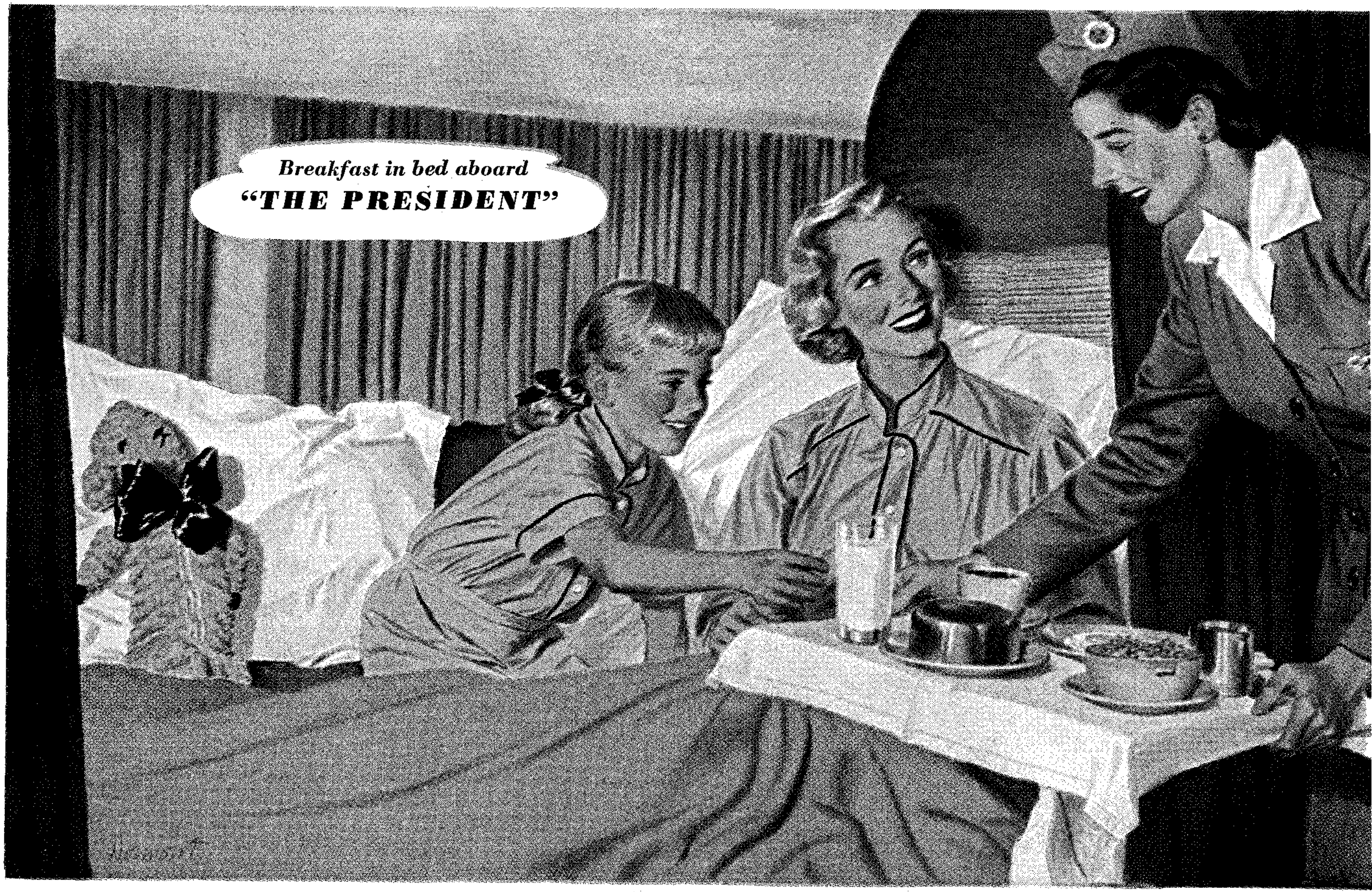

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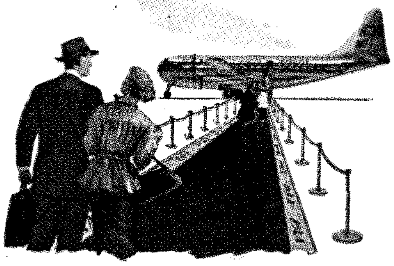

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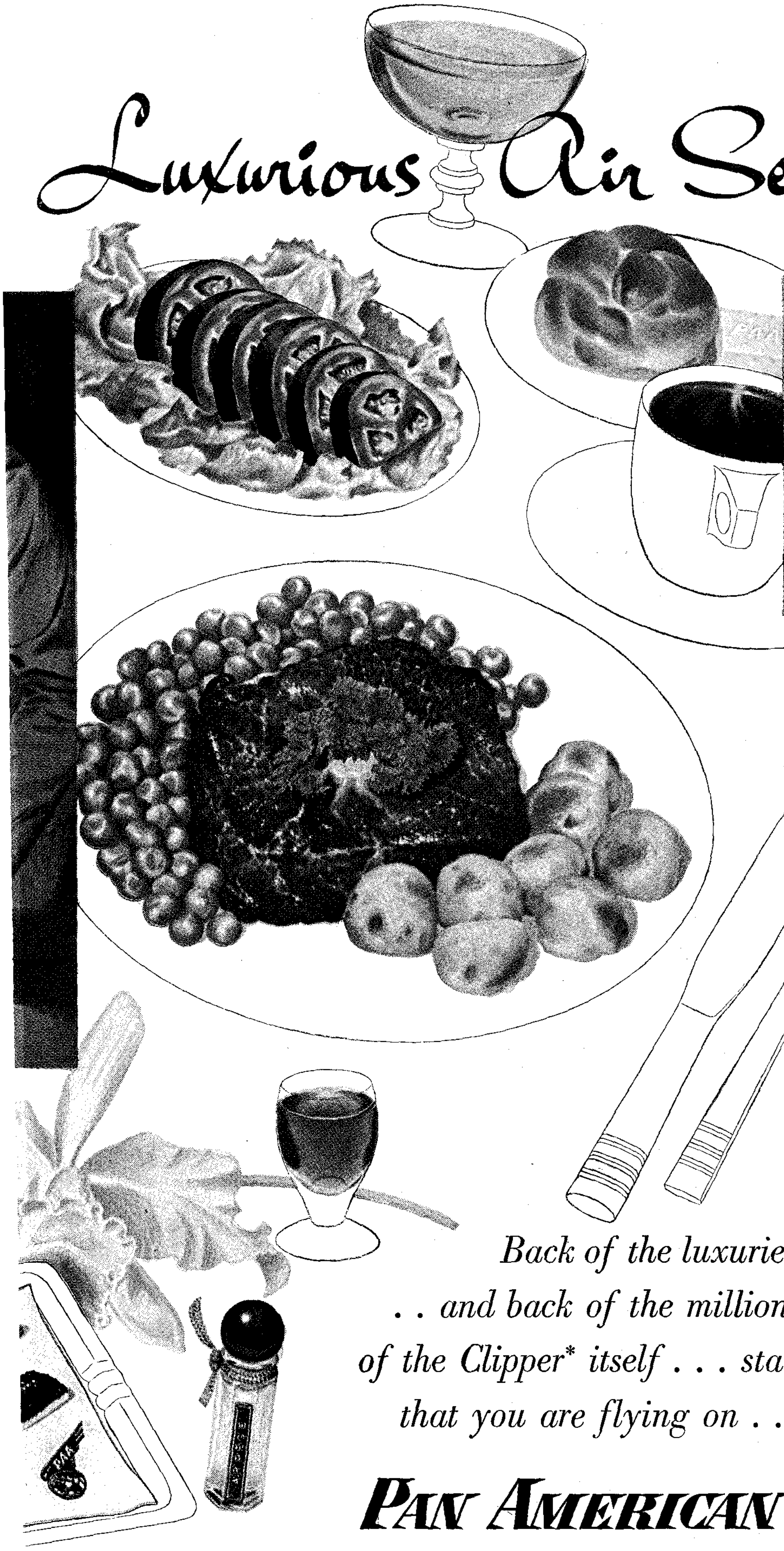

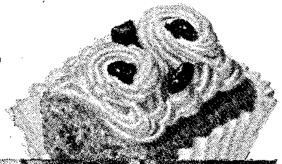

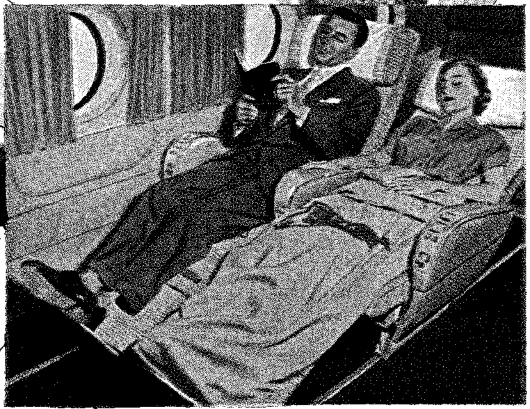

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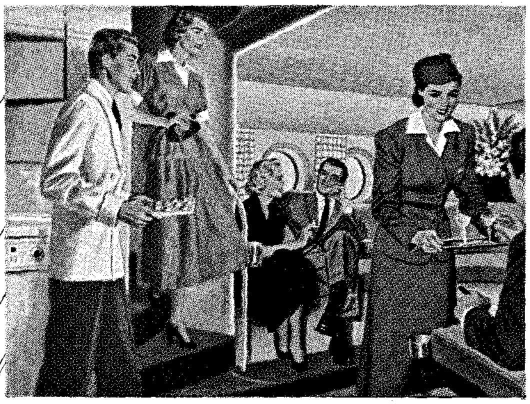

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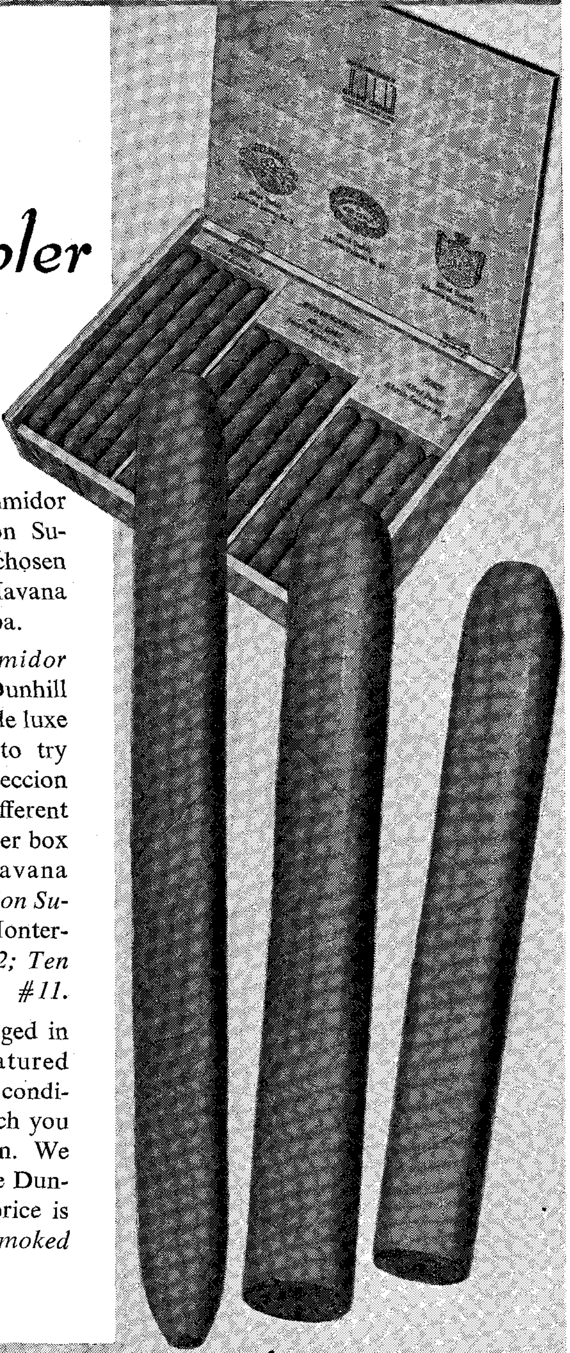
FOOTBALL

Davids and Goliaths

LAST weekend offered a splendid demonstration of what's happened to the balance of power between the football teams in this part of the world. Only one of the week's spate of foregone conclusions turned out to be faulty, and that particular conclusion—that Army couldn't help beating Harvard—was not really a Grade-A foregone one. Whatever may happen to Harvard the rest of this season, and the likelihood is that plenty will, this year's squad will be remembered as the one that finally knocked off Army, and that scored more points than any Harvard team had made against West Point in the past fifty years. The score was 22–21. Some statisticians may argue that Pennsylvania 28, Columbia 13 was not a foregone conclusion, but then Columbia's record (unbeaten, untied, unscored upon) looked so glossy only because its match with Princeton, which was to have been played early in the season, was cancelled. Columbia has a good little ball club, all right, and an excellent passer in Price, but its line doesn't have the size and weight of the good, big Penn line. That meant too great a reliance on Price's arm, and that inexorably led to interceptions of his passes, and that meant fewer Columbia touchdowns and more Penn touchdowns. Penn, though, isn't quite the menace it was when it had Adams, whose rough passage through the Princeton game of the week before removed him from view, possibly for the season.

THE shiniest of the foregone conclusions was Cornell 27, Yale 0, for Yale's patched-up varsity is just about on even terms with the second-string Cornell team. Yale hasn't a passer anywhere near as skillful as Columbia's Price, and only one really rugged runner, Spears, so its chances against Cornell were slimmer than Columbia's against Penn, and its great reliance on the passing attack led to far more troublesome interceptions than Columbia suffered. Cornell kicked off, and Senay, a useful Yale back when he's in condition, was damaged by a hard tackle as he started to run the ball back. On the next play, Molloy, a back who'd been hopefully brought up from the junior varsity because the varsity is so



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shorthanded, threw a pass. Dorrance, Cornell's defensive center, grabbed the ball and lugged it down to Yale's five-yard line. The game was already over. Cornell had the first of its four touchdowns a minute later, and though Yale caught fire a couple of times and began storming through Cornell, the team was always brought under control before it could cross the Cornell goal.

Cornell, which was making its first trip of the season to this neighborhood, is large, rangy, and fast. Some of its long gains against Yale came about because the ballcarrier could simply outrun anyone who tried to head him off. Calvo, its leading offensive quarterback and passer, looks much smarter than he did at difficult moments last year, and Jaeckel, who spells him, is no slouch. Seidenberg, the most reliable plunger, has tremendous drive—his thighs are like those of Army's celebrated Blanchard—and Scazzero, Merz, Hull, and Whelan are ranking ballcarriers in about the order named. Yale's line was as outmatched in size and weight as Columbia's was against Penn, yet it managed to keep Cornell's running attack down a good part of the afternoon. A Cornell variation of the mousetrap play, which this department will be glad to explain upon receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope and a certified blank check, gave Yale a lot of trouble and Scazzero some excellent opportunities, but Calvo's passing was, in retrospect, more impressive than Cornell's ground work.

PRINCETON kept its record intact by assassinating Lafayette, which played a fast brand of emphasized football back in the days when the Polo Grounds was occasionally its campus. Princeton used every man on the squad who could walk, and anyone watching the team gallop along to a 60–7 victory may have found it hard to believe there ever were such days. It won't be quite so easy against Cornell this Saturday.

—J. W. L.

•

Abruptly he tried to shut his eyes, but found that he couldn't. They were locked wide open. Staring. He threatened to leave them if they wouldn't come away. —*Page 30.*

Mark's eyes leaped out of his head and yelled for him to follow. —*Page 42.*

... his eyes bugging out like horse chestnuts.... —*Page 44.*

Mark's blue eyes had gone off by themselves.... —*Page 170.*

—*From "Midnight Boy," by George Agnew Chamberlain.*

To sulk, probably.

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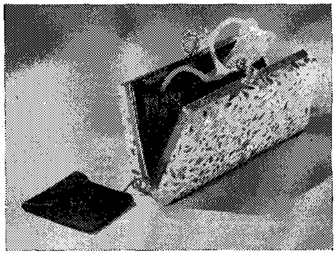

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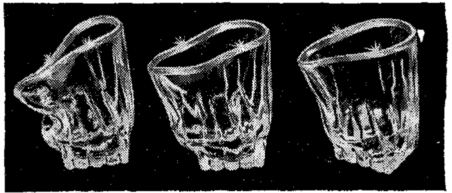

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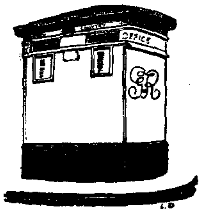
LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 18

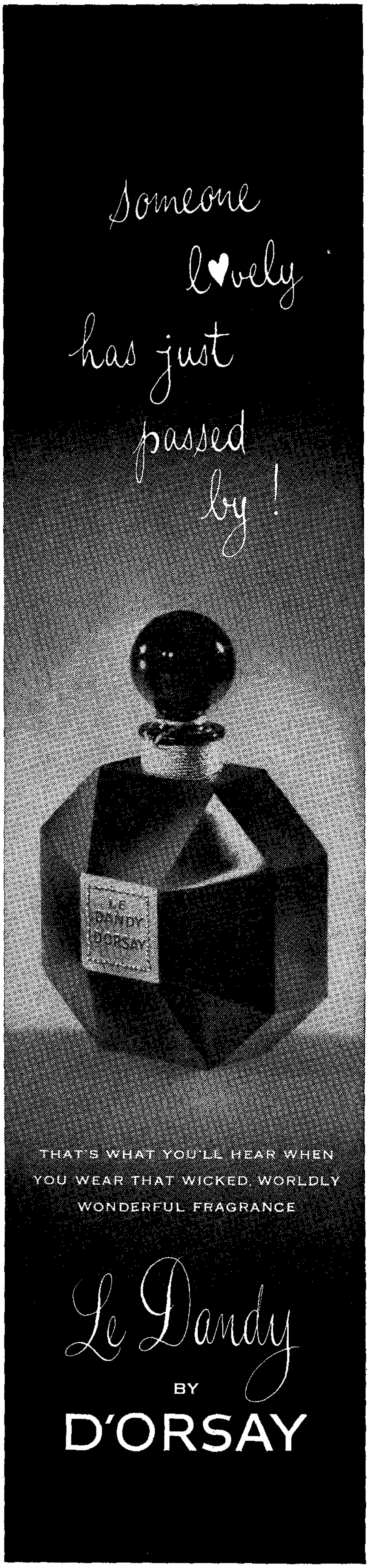


THE serious events in Egypt have provided people here with a brand-new sombre backdrop for their local problem drama of the general election. It appears to lots of anxious English that what they have long worried about has happened—that trouble from outside has overtaken a weak Government at the very moment when it is virtually nonexistent. The timing of the Egyptian move has caught this country awkwardly on the hop, with one eye on the hustings and one on Downing Street, now occupied, to all intents and purposes, by a large question mark. Up to this week, some political observers felt that foreign policy would not really be the deciding element in the election, in spite of the bewilderment over the Government's handling of Abadan. The cost of living, it was stated, would undoubtedly be the main vote-catcher, according to what each party said it was going to do about this gnawing, everyday preoccupation.

Many candidates feel despondently that a sort of time lag cushions the effect each new crisis has on the less informed members of their audiences, who find it hard to get as worked up as they might over, for instance, the probable loss of Britain's five-hundred-million-pound asset while gasoline is still flowing merrily, or over the grim arithmetic of the dollar gap while full employment reigns. To judge by today's worried talk, though, what is happening in the Middle East may turn out to be a live bit of the election landscape. For one thing, it has thrown slightly out of whack the warmongering charge that Labour had been bringing, as a major issue, against Winston Churchill and his party. Many Labour candidates had been enthusiastically plugging the theme "A vote for the Tories is a vote for war," but since the Egyptian news, the Conservatives have been following up with the tart rejoinder that a vote for a feeble government of any color is not likely to preserve the peace very successfully. It seems likely that the war-or-peace issue, which started as an attack and is now being forced back into an uneasy position of defense, will be gradually eased out of the Labour line of argument as the big day draws nearer.

CONSIDERING how extremely critical next week's fight is felt to be, the campaign is being conducted with misleading serenity—on the surface, that is. The Churchill supporter who hailed a fellow-Conservative with "What do you think we'll do on the twenty-sixth—celebrate or emigrate?" was probably only half joking, and Labour anxieties in private are also grave, whatever Labour platform speakers may buoyantly say in public. Maybe the good humor and comparative politeness at some of the meetings in and around London can be accounted for by the fact that many people have already quietly made up their minds which way they are going to mark their ballots. These settled citizens have far less fascination for the various party headquarters right now than the good old wobbling voter who has said "Don't know" to all the public-opinion-poll researchers but who will mysteriously receive a smart emotional shove next Thursday to tip him over to one side or the other. Which side he will eventually fetch up on is a teasing question, but all the signs at the moment seem to show that the Conservatives are keeping their lead. They are further encouraged by their belief that this time many more of the young who are casting their first vote will go their way, which, if it turns out to be true, will be a sharp reaction to the frequently held belief that to be Left Wing is the only worth-while—and, indeed, decent—thing for a serious youth. Certainly the students of Manchester University wrote an interesting footnote to this recently when the enrollments in their university Conservative organization outdid those in the three other political societies put together by more than two hundred. The *Times* noted this event with the dry comment, "To be a Conservative is once more respectable among the educated young."

Conservatives of all ages have been speculating about Mr. Churchill's recent remark that, if given the chance to do so by next week's voters, he will form his Government on the broadest possible basis. This started some people wondering if he meant a coalition, which a small body of opinion considers, with life-size earnestness, to be the best way of coping with Britain's troubles in a truly national spirit. The hint was generally taken to mean, however, that he might bring in nonpolitical figures to stiffen his team, and also to be a little bit of coaxing to induce the Liberal bird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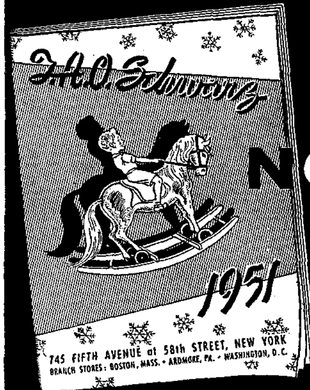
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to drop its ballot into the right nest. The Liberals, who have not a hope of returning a Government, have sternly announced that they are not interested in sugar proffered from either Left or Right.

The Liberals' position in this election is queer. Last time, they put up four hundred and seventy-five candidates and were mowed down in swaths, returning but nine survivors to Westminster. This time, they have only a hundred and eight candidates standing, which means that thousands of Liberals are finding themselves orphaned and out in the cold with a nice little dilemma of conscience over how to cast their vote, if they cast one at all. Both Labour and the Conservatives are making a great play for their assistance. After the last election, the widely scattered two and a half million or so people who had voted Liberal, and who, it appears, obstinately continue to feel freer in the air of Liberalism, were berated rather than wooed—by the Conservatives for not coming across and joining them on their often identical ground, and by the Socialists, who consider that the old radical party of reform should realize that modern English political life is cut, clean as a whistle, in two parts, and should quit fooling around and splitting the Labour vote. Now the Conservatives, in their concern for Liberal support, have gallantly backed down in two or three constituencies to leave the Liberal man with a straight fight, and Mr. Churchill, an old Liberal Party man himself, added to the current amiabilities by appearing as a supporting feature on the election platform of his old friend Lady Violet Bonham Carter, the brilliant Liberal daughter of a great Liberal father, Lord Oxford and Asquith. Since many Liberal leaders have loudly voiced their dislike of the Government's handling of foreign policy and of the rise of Aneurin Bevan's influence in the Labour Party, the way their followers vote next week may tip the balance.

The Communist Party, which also suffered a crushing defeat last time, is also conducting its present campaign more economically. Then it had a hundred men in the fight, but now it has divided itself by ten and has evidently distributed its handful of candidates for nuisance value, including putting up the editor of the *Daily Worker* to oppose Mr. Churchill at Woodford. In addition, there are a few independents, with forlorn, fantastic aspirations, and they, too, will operate only as harassers: the sporting farmer in Cumberland, for in-

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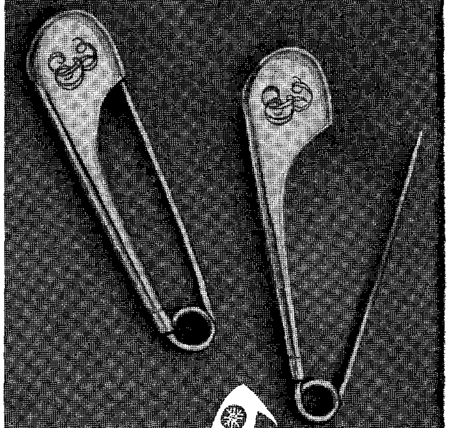

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stance, among whose election proposals is the legalizing of cockfighting, and a genial gentleman in a Glasgow division whose program specifically aims at sending the electors into fits—of hilarity this time, which makes a change.

As a matter of fact, laughter has been short in this election. The B.B.C. has followed its usual custom of impartially censoring all political jokes in its variety programs and of keeping all mention of politics off the national air, except that portion of it allotted to the major parties for short election broadcasts—in strict rotation, of course. Lots of people think that the B.B.C. has bent so far over backward in its efforts to be fair that it has ended up at an absurd angle. It cancelled a religious-service broadcast because the church was connected with Charles Kingsley, who, as the electorate might remember, was a Christian Socialist, and to square things up it has just cancelled the broadcast of the Alamein Reunion dinner because one of the guests will be that walking political implication, Mr. Churchill.

To judge by its speakers now going all out at campaign meetings everywhere, Labour will probably concentrate at the finish mostly on the reliable old question "Who will take care of you better—Labour or the Tories?" At meeting after meeting, audiences are asked to look thoughtfully at their healthy, handsome children and to remember their holidays with pay, the cheap subsidized food the Socialists have put in their shopping baskets, and all the rest of the benefits that they are assured the Conservatives intend to remove. A really impressive election line, incidentally, has just been given the Government in the findings of the newly published "Poverty and the Welfare State," by Seebohm Rowntree and G. R. Lavers, who took the City of York as their guinea pig and found that in 1936 nearly two citizens out of every eleven there were below the extreme-poverty line, while in 1950 the figure was two in every hundred and eighteen. It is this enormously simplified argument—that the Socialist idea has in single combat slain the dragon who kept the poor in misery—that might turn the public-opinion polls upside down at the last moment. If Labour gets back, it won't be so much a victory for sober reasoning as for the emotional loyalty of those who still fear that the dragon has a brother.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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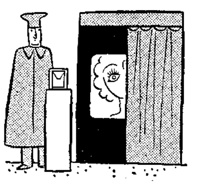
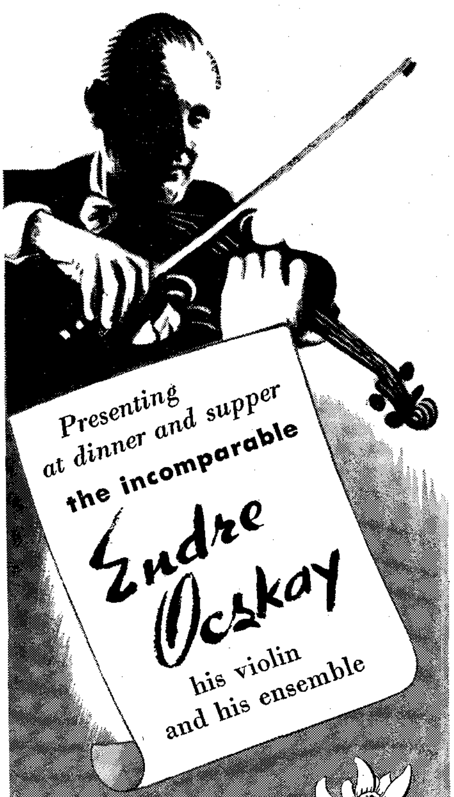


"The Red Badge of Courage," adapted from the Stephen Crane story about a youth's coming of age during a Civil War battle, is a movie that should please anyone with a mind sufficiently uncomplicated to believe that a brief exhibition of valor can provide an adolescent with a passport to maturity. As directed and produced by John Huston, the picture is as simple and as forthright as the nursery rhyme about the King of France and his twenty thousand men who went up a hill and then came down again. In this case, the progress up and down is interrupted by the flight of the hero and some of his Union colleagues, who are fleetingly convinced that arguing with shot and shell is no way to achieve a rounded personality. However, after a spot of innocent soul-searching, all hands, and our boy in particular, resolve to do or die, and presently, with Stars and Stripes held high, they charge into the Rebels, who, you may be sure, take to their heels in the face of the loyal onslaught. Mr. Huston has provided some reproductions of Civil War scenes that look authentic, and his panoramas of battle are certainly exciting to observe. Nevertheless, the characters who populate "The Red Badge of Courage" don't seem to have much more depth than a bunch of juveniles in a Beaver Patrol, and their dialogue, which centers around the problem of whether they are "skeered" or not, clashes awkwardly with an intermittent commentary that consists of readings from Stephen Crane's prose. As the hero of the film, Audie Murphy behaves with the soldierly competence that might be expected from the most decorated figure of the United States Army in the Second World War, and as his sidekick, Bill Mauldin reveals quite a gift for acting.

There's another military film on view, which can't be as charitably regarded as "The Red Badge of Courage." It's called "The Desert Fox," and purports to be the story of Field Marshal Rommel. Without much more than a passing glance at Rommel in action on the battlefield, the picture undertakes to show that he was inherently a decent



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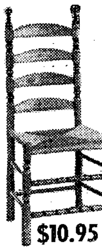

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man, and makes much of the circumstance that he turned against Hitler. The facts here may not be violently distorted, but they are distorted enough to make careless spectators forget that Rommel was Hitler's favorite military figure, that he condoned the Nazi atrocities, and that he didn't go against the Führer until the German cause looked hopeless. In the role of Rommel, James Mason conducts himself with stern kindliness, and as von Rundstedt, Leo G. Carroll is quite the gelid German Army career man. The Hitler of the thing is Luther Adler, who played the same part in "The Magic Face." I think Mr. Adler's interpretation of the dictator is even sillier this time than it was then.

"ANGELS IN THE OUTFIELD" tells how the manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates is given heavenly assistance in his bid for a pennant in exchange for eschewing blasphemy and being co-operative with his fellow-man. Paul Douglas plays the manager, and he looks uneasy, as well he might, wading around in this sort of treacle. . . . "Thunder on the Hill" is a mystery film in which a nun replaces the usual raspy private eye. Apart from that, there isn't much to the picture. Claudette Colbert, Ann Blyth, and Robert Douglas are the principals. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

WELCOME, WINTER

Mute is the cricket, mute the katy,
Stilled are the chirps from branch and sod;
Summer hushes her Jubilate,
And I, for one, say, "Oh, thank God!"

Gleeful glance from my bedroom casement
Shows me my neighbor's back-yard grot;
Stored are the deck chairs in the basement,
Serenity rules the garden plot.

Stilled are the voices, ginful, hearty,
Mute the records that Como cut;
Forced inside is the garden party,
In till June—with the windows shut!

Strike, O storms, with your icy sabres,
Blow, O blizzards, from arctic hinter;
Goodbye, summer, and good night, neighbors—
Ah, for a long, cold, restful winter!
—BARBARA ABEL

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

RINGNECKS FOR THE SPORTS

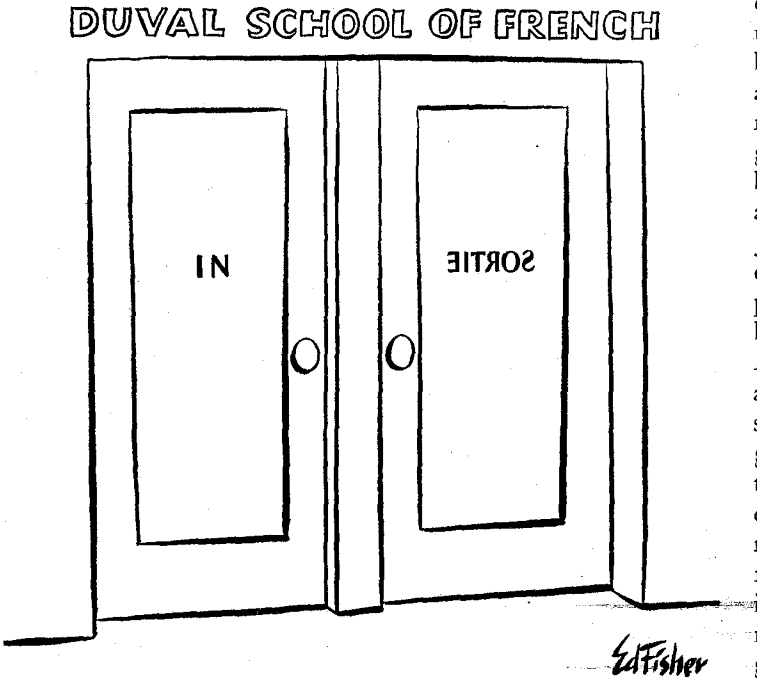
POSSIBLY ten per cent of the fifteen million ringneck pheasants that are bagged in the United States every autumn spend all but the last few hours of their lives in captivity. They are conceived by captive parents, hatched in incubators, and reared to maturity in covered pens. None of the birds raised this way are ever released much in advance of the season, and many are put out only on the eve of a shoot. Some are tumbled into freedom mere minutes ahead of the dogs and the guns. Tame pheasants, however, are rare. Unlike the wild duck, the wild goose, and the wild turkey, the ringneck seldom succumbs to the seductions of domesticity. It is inherently and incorrigibly wild.

At least half the pheasants raised for game are grown on farms maintained by the fish-and-wildlife services of the various states. Practically all the rest are bred on private preserves. In recent years, hundreds of pheasantries have been established by clubs and individuals in the East, the Middle West, and along the Pacific Coast. The biggest in this part of the country, and perhaps the biggest of all, is in upstate New York. This is a breeding farm and commercial shooting preserve called the Berkshire Game Farm. It is situated deep in the Columbia County highlands, some twelve miles southeast of the old river town of Hudson, and it covers a thousand or more splendidly unkempt acres of woods and swale and hardhack-covered hills. Last year, it produced almost eighteen thousand pheasants. Nearly four thousand were liberated on the preserve. There, in the course of the season—which in private pheasantries can run from September 1st to March 1st, but is often shortened at the owner's discretion—a succession of visiting gunners, who paid six dollars a shot for the privilege, flushed and killed the majority. Another five thousand were sold in adolescence to other preserves. The rest were butchered on the place and sold (canned or fresh or frozen in the feather) to Charles & Co., Hammacher Schlemmer, Maison Glass, Vendôme, and other such purveyors to gastronomes. The farm also produced around four thousand wild-strain mallards, three thousand bobwhite quail, and a few hundred chukar partridge, about three-quarters of which were sold for meat or restocking, the others being released on the premises to vary the sport of the clients. The owner of the establishment is a Madison Avenue advertising executive, Don Spencer, who acquired the property in 1944, but he has never been directly concerned, other than in a business way, with its operation. That is the responsibility of a big, relaxed Down East Yankee gamekeeper named MacNeil Brown. Mr. Brown, who is married and has two teen-age sons, lives on the place, and, except for some help from his family, he runs it entirely alone.

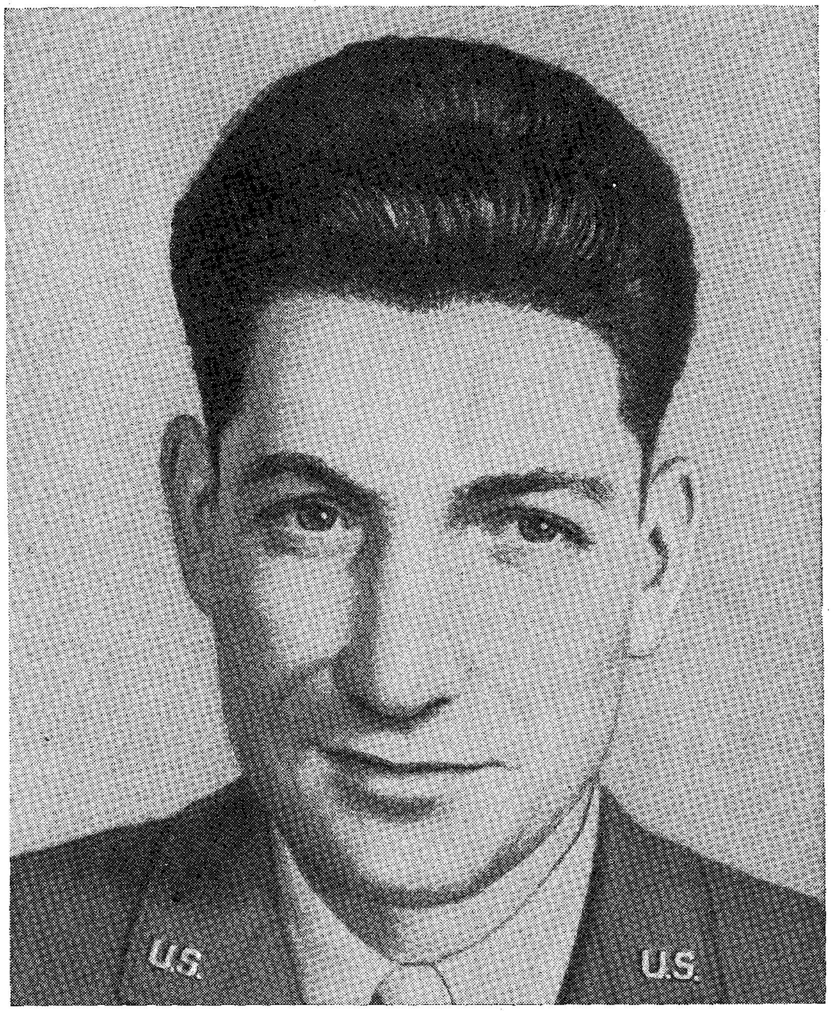
I had heard about the Berkshire Game Farm from a sporting friend, and when I found myself in the vicinity of the preserve not long ago, I called Mr. Brown on the telephone. He invited me to drop around for a look at his pheasants. "Tomorrow morning is as good a time as any," he told me. "The birds are mostly ready, our season's still a week or so off, and I haven't got much of anything to do but start working the fat off the dogs. Don't bother about breakfast. Get here by seven-thirty and you can eat with us." I told him that would suit me fine. "Good," he said. "I'll guarantee you won't be sorry. My wife will give you a treat."

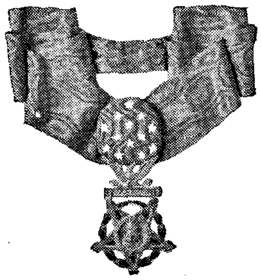
THE next morning was cool but hazy, with a promise of heat toward noon. I made an early start, and it was not quite seven when I swung my car off the highway at the gap in a chokecherry hedge that forms the entrance to the preserve. I scraped through the hedge and onto a tilted, stony, brush-banked lane. Crowding the banks were deep woods full of damp glens and lingering pockets of mist. Posted on a stump near the summit of the first rise was a sign: "Slow. Hunting dogs." Just beyond the sign, on the downward slope, was a rabbit, sprawled like a hound in a sunny patch of dust. It rose without haste at the sight of the car, and hopped into the brush and away. A moment later, I encountered another. A little farther on, I thought I caught a glimpse of a deer. Then the lane turned steeply down out of the woods, and, skirting a marsh and a creek and a field of dying corn, sank into an avenue of maples. Beyond them was the farm—a long white house with a lawn in front, two high white barns, and a scatter of shacks and sheds trailing over the brow of a broad green hill. I drew up in front of one of the barns and got out. At almost the same instant, from somewhere out of sight behind the house, came the crack and whine of a rifle shot.

I stood where I was. A long minute passed. Then Mr. Brown, a tall, leathery man of thirty-eight, with a bony jaw, a hooked nose, and a tousle of prematurely white hair, came briskly around a corner of the house. He had on a pair of battered moccasins, tan duck trousers, and a faded khaki shirt, and he was heading purposefully toward a shaggy white pine at the edge of the lawn. Slung under his arm was a stubby .22 rifle. I hailed him, and at the sound of my voice he looked up, grinned, and waved a beckoning hand. I cut across the lawn and joined him in the shadow of the tree. He was probing the weeds at its base with a cautious toe. As I came up, he uttered a sudden, triumphant snort. I followed his glance. Flattened out in the weeds, with a dribble of drying blood at its mouth, lay a foot-long rat. "Ugly-looking devil, isn't he?" Mr. Brown remarked. "Fat, too. I guess he's been getting



Medal of Honor





Lieutenant Frederick Henry of Clinton, Oklahoma—Medal of Honor for sacrificing himself to save his platoon in combat near Am-Dong, Korea, September 1, 1950. When the platoon could no longer hold its position, Lieutenant Henry ordered the men to pull back. But someone had to stay behind to provide covering fire. He chose to be that man, and was lost.

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his share of feed and pheasant. Well, he's had it now." He turned away. "That's the bane of the game farm. Vermin."

"Rats, mostly?" I asked.

Mr. Brown shook his head. "We get all sorts," he said. "Rats, cats, foxes, mink, owls—it's a long list. They're all vermin to us. I don't know which are the worst. Probably the cats. Next to rats, they're the most numerous, and they can do a whale of a lot more harm. A rat will usually settle for feed. Cats want meat. Which means birds. Game birds and songbirds and everything else. Even poultry. They're a menace. The trouble is you can't altogether blame the cats. Most of the ones you find running wild in the woods had owners once. They're man-made vermin. They didn't run away from home. They were dumped. We get a good many summer people up here. They arrive in June and most of them have children and the first thing they do is get a little kitten. Everybody loves a kitten. They feed it and play with it and watch it grow. Then pretty soon it's Labor Day and time to go back to the city. And they don't know what to do about the cat. There isn't any room for it in the apartment. They wouldn't think of drowning it or giving it to a vet to destroy. They're too softhearted for that. Nine times out of ten, they drive around until they come to a farm with some cows in the pasture. Cows mean milk. So out goes the cat. But the farmer already has a couple of cats. He doesn't want another one. Neither do his cats." Mr. Brown shrugged. "That's the story. A few days later, there's another piece of vermin prowling through the woods. Not these woods, though. Not very often. My boys and I manage to see to that. I don't enjoy pulling trigger on a cat. It would be a strange kind of man who would. But I look at it this way—every time I shoot a cat, I figure I've saved the lives of a couple of dozen birds."

"MAC!" It was a woman's voice and it came from the house. Mr. Brown flung up his head. "Sounds like breakfast," he told me. "Suppose we go see." I said I was ready. He grinned, caught me by the arm, and struck rapidly off toward the back door. Mrs. Brown, an attractive woman in her middle thirties, with wide gray eyes and a pleasant smile, appeared on the doorstep as we approached. Mr. Brown introduced us, and she held out a tanned, hospitable hand. "You got quite a welcome, didn't you?" she said. "The in-

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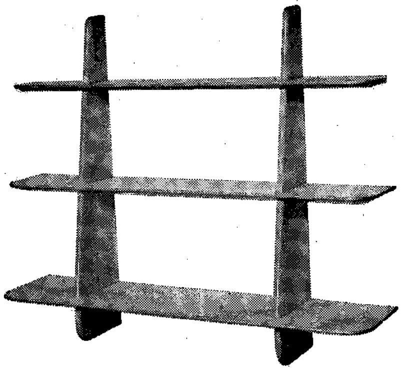

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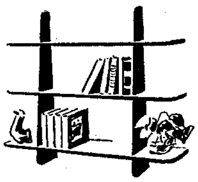

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stant you drove in—bang! I happened to be looking out the window." She turned to her husband. "What was it?"

"Just a rat," he said.

"Ugh," she said cheerfully. "Well, let's go in. Breakfast is practically on the table. As a matter of fact, the boys have already started. They've still got some chores to do before it's time for school."

We followed her through a dim vestibule, where Mr. Brown, thrusting aside a cascade of raincoats and windbreakers and other rough-weather gear, dropped his gun in a corner. Just above a push button on the frame of the door leading to the kitchen was a small wooden plaque. Inscribed on it, in gnarled Gothic letters, was a sociable exhortation in verse:

Knock gently, Friend,
What e'er betide,
The kettle's on,
So come inside.

"That's for the sports," Mr. Brown explained, ushering me into a large red-and-white kitchen hung with pots and pans and hunting prints. "The idea is to make them feel welcome—you know, at home. When the season is on, we operate what amounts to a club." Two boys in blue jeans were sitting at a long table in the middle of the room, eating toast and jelly. They gave me a covert look. Mr. Brown sank into a chair at the head of the table, waved me to another, and picked up a tumbler of tomato juice. "Actually," he went on, "this house is two houses. That door to the right of the sink goes into a big lounge. We call it the lodge. I keep my gun collection in there and some of the trophies I've won at shoots and field trials, and it's got a big, old-fashioned fireplace and a lot of easy chairs and a piano and a dandy poker table—everything a real sport could ask for. There's even a little bar. Up above it is a dormitory that sleeps twelve, and a shower and bath. That's all men only, of course. The women put up at one of the inns in the neighborhood. We get a good many women here. Quite a few. Liz Whitney had a few days a couple of seasons ago."

"She was wonderful," Mrs. Brown said from the stove. "I liked her very much."

"She's a good sport," Mr. Brown said. "And an excellent shot. A darn sight better than most men. Nobody has to wipe her eye. In other words, she can get her own bird." He took a gulp of tomato juice. "Our part of the house is through that door just opposite. Not

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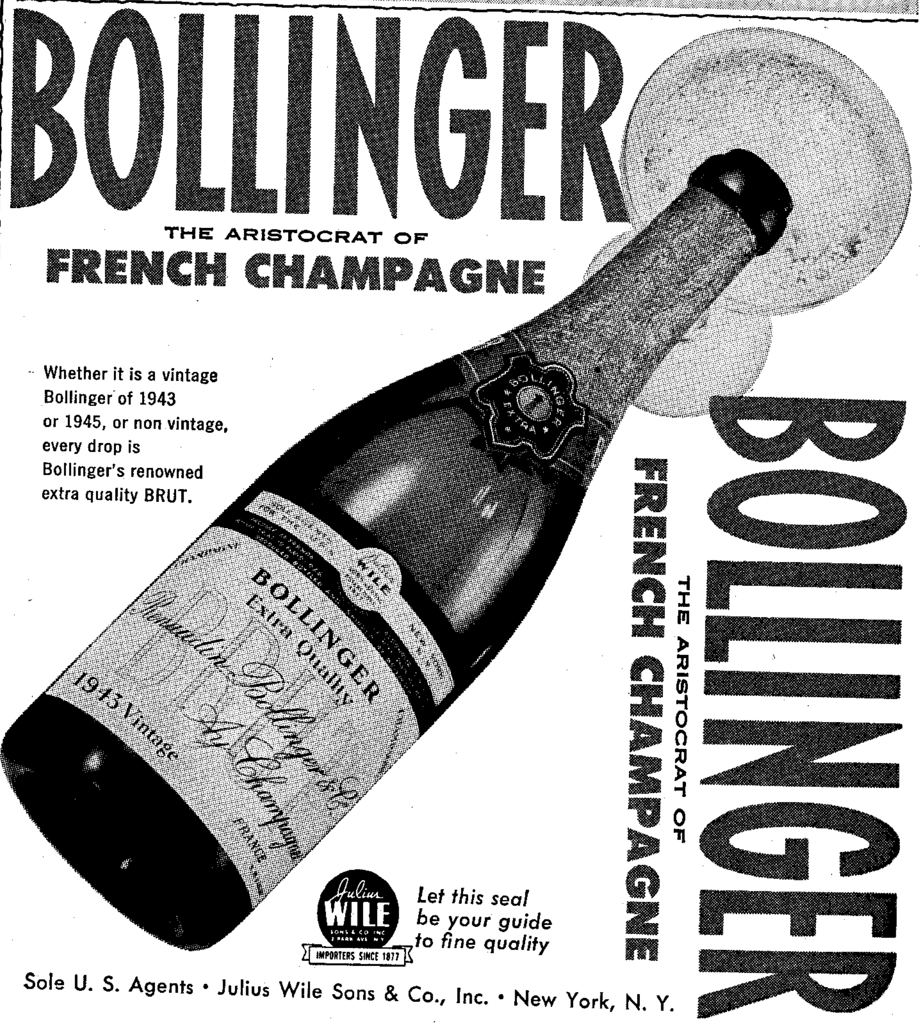
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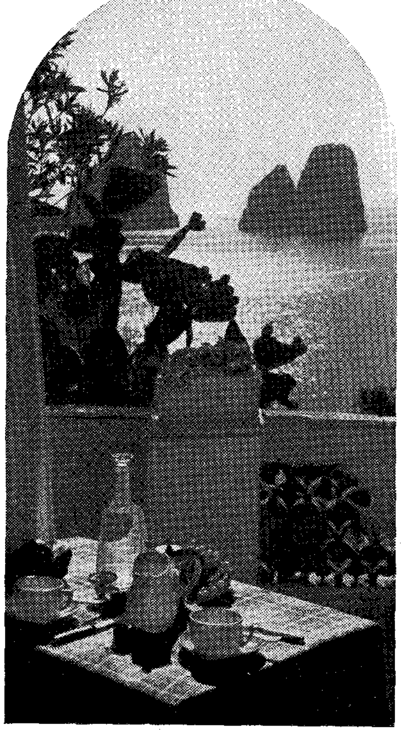

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that we don't live all over the place. Especially the boys. Which reminds me—you haven't met yet. This little fellow here is Bobby. He's fifteen. And that's Neil. Neil is going on eighteen. I don't know which I'm prouder of. Bobby is almost as good a gunner as I was at his age, and Neil's a better athlete." The two boys grinned and Mr. Brown laughed. Then he twisted around in his chair. "Hey," he said to his wife, "I thought you said breakfast was ready."

"It is," Mrs. Brown said. She came across the room and deposited in front of him a platter of fried potatoes and rosy ham and golden scrambled eggs. While he was heaping our plates, she returned to the stove. She came back with a pot of coffee and a small cord of toast. Neil helped her into her place. The ham was rich and smoky, the eggs were perfection, and the coffee was hot and strong and black as patent leather.

We ate in a comfortable silence. Mr. Brown was the first to finish. He sat back, groaned, and lighted a cigarette. As I put down my fork, he cleared his throat. "Well, sir," he said. "How did you like your eggs?"

"I don't know that I've ever tasted better," I said.

Mr. Brown and his wife exchanged a peaceful glance. "I know you haven't," he said. "You've just had a plate of the sweetest, meatiest, most delicately flavored eggs in the world. They were pheasant eggs. I told you we'd give you a treat."

"They're the only kind I like," Bobby remarked.

"I don't mind hens' eggs," Neil said. "Not if they're cooked right."

"There's nothing wrong with hens' eggs," Mr. Brown said. "Or with chicken. Or turkey or duck or anything else. Except you can't compare them to pheasant. Pheasant is a class by itself. It's the king of birds. You couldn't ask for better eating or sportier shooting, and when it comes to beauty . . ." He crushed out his cigarette and stood up. "Well, you'll see for yourself when we get up to the holding pens."

WHEN we emerged from the house, the haze had burned away. Except for a tumble of cottony cloud on the horizon, the sky was a blaze of blue, and the morning already was almost hot. Mr. Brown rolled up his sleeves. In the distance, high above a cornfield, hung a foraging hawk. "Looks like a redtail," he said, shading his eyes. "And a walloper. I wonder

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what he's got on his mind. Probably a cooney. If so, he's more than welcome. This place is crawling with rabbits. There's nothing much to keep them down. Usually, when I'm out looking around, I've got one of the dogs with me—there's ten of them out in the kennel that the sports can use if they want—and you can't shoot a rabbit in front of a bird dog. Not unless you want to turn him into a worthless, helly-de-hoop rabbit chaser. As a matter of fact, this place is crawling with everything. It's a wildlife paradise, Only last winter, in those pinewoods over yonder, I walked into a bobcat. He's in the lodge now, stuffed. And if I didn't care to abide, I could kill a deer here any day in the year. The same goes for ringnecks. I mean wild-living birds. Not all the pheasant we release during the season get got. Your average sport is a good fellow, but he's no Daniel Boone. At least ten per cent of the birds come through, and I'm not the kind to go around in the spring and trap them up. It isn't sporting. I figure they belong to the land. They enrich it. When you consider one cock can service six or seven hens, and the average brood runs close to a dozen, that adds up through the years to quite a reservoir of game. That's why our gunners keep coming back—they can count on flushing a good many more birds than the number they order put out. Maybe I haven't explained that part of it to you. We release a minimum of ten birds for parties of one to three gunners. That means ten shots for a total of sixty dollars. In other words, we guarantee a man a good shot at as many birds as he orders released, and he pays for his shots, whether he hits or misses. Most gunners want to get their own birds, but some like to be sure of taking home a bag, whatever happens. In that case, if he

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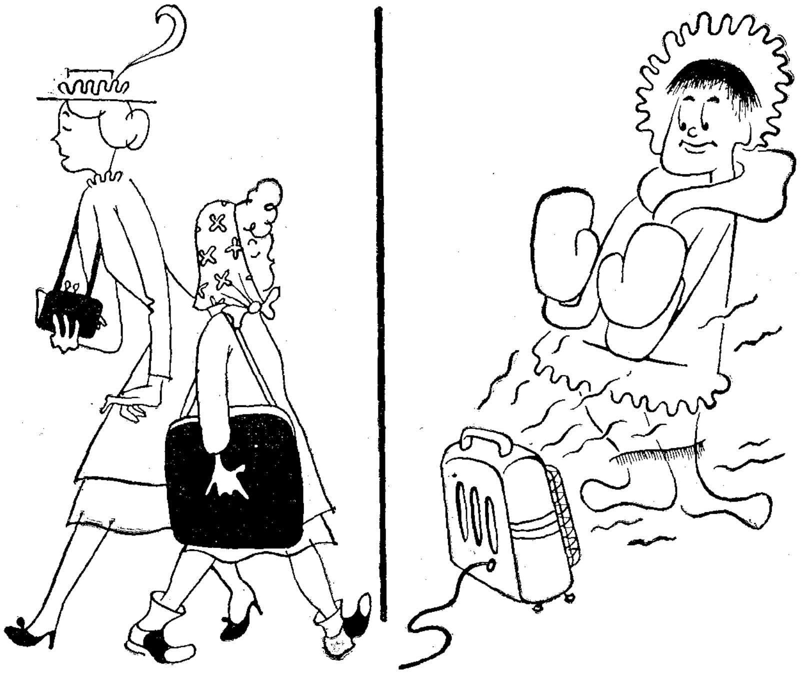

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misses a shot, I'll try to bring down the bird for him."

The hawk still hung over the cornfield. Mr. Brown was silent for a moment, watching it. Then he shifted his gaze to me. "You hear a certain amount of talk about places like this," he said as we moved on down the lawn. "The idea is they're not much more than shooting galleries. Don't believe it. There may be a few commercial preserves that like to make things easy for the customers. It's possible. You get all kinds in any business. But this isn't one of them. Only about two-thirds of our gunners manage to bring down all the birds they sign for. This is rugged country. In my opinion, it's the best bird country going. It isn't a cow pasture, like some I've seen, where a bird can't find a foot of food or cover. On the other hand, it isn't a hellhole of thickets. It's what I call stark shooting. I can give a man a day of gunning here that would make Minnesota and the Dakotas look like a picnic. Unless he's a beginner just breaking in, that's what he generally gets. We don't cater to playboys. If you want to know the one real difference between preserve shooting and shooting on your own in the wild, it's this—on a preserve, you're bound to sooner or later flush some birds. Once they're off the ground and streaking away, it's entirely up to you. And they're better birds, too. Stronger fliers. It stands to reason. They've had the proper food and care. Not only that. They're fully mature. Just roaming the countryside, there's no telling what you'll find. I've seen pheasant jumped that hardly had their flight feathers yet. I'll admit I've got my own ideas about maturity. Even the state disagrees with me. They set the minimum age for release at eight weeks. Mine is double that. In fact, I prefer eighteen. That means extra trouble, of course, and extra worry and expense. But what the hell." He gave a cheerful grunt. "Raising pheasant is practically all trouble anyway. I figure the least I can do is grow the kind I like."

"What sort of trouble?" I asked.

"Oh, Lord!" Mr. Brown said. "Every kind there is. If you can bring through eighty-five per cent of your flock, you're doing good. I mean a mortality rate of fifteen per cent is what you aim for. That compares to five per cent for ordinary poultry, or even less." We turned up the lane toward the barnyard. "I mentioned vermin," he went on. "Then, there's disease. Pheasant are unique in that respect. They're susceptible to every known poultry disease. Of

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course, we're not as helpless as we used to be. We've got terramycin now, and Vitamin B12, and so on, but it's still a problem. Accidents are another. Pheasant have more ways of killing themselves than anything else in creation. The chicks are the worst. They don't seem to have any instinct to guide them. They can't tell hot from cold or dry from wet—nothing. I've seen them drown in the middle of taking a drink of water. They just fell asleep. With the older birds, it's the other way around. A full-grown pheasant is as smart as they come. They can make a fool out of the average dog. But their instincts can kill them in captivity. Flying is the main thing. They get the urge and off they go—smack into the wire. The most you can do is keep your fences and ceiling slack. If there's plenty of give, there's no great harm done. The wire won't bounce them back and likely break their necks. Taut wire is something else. I've lost a good many birds that way. Not here, though. Down in Maine. And through no fault of my own. The first job I had when I got out of Rutgers—that's where I learned the academic side of game-farm management—was with the Inland Fish and Game Department back home. I was superintendent of the State Game Farm at Gray. As a matter of fact, I laid it out. It was a model farm, if I do say so, in every way but one. The exception was the fences around the pheasant pens. They were the tautest fences man could make. They cost us hundreds of birds. There were broken necks all over the place. But the politicians that mostly ran the Department didn't seem to mind that. All they really wanted was for everything to look nice. They were afraid of what the visitors might say. I don't know if they still are. The Army took me in 1943, and after the war I never went back. I didn't have to. I got an offer from an estate in Connecticut. Then I had the good fortune to meet Don Spencer. I do things my own way now. We see eye to eye."

MR. BROWN stopped and raked his fingers through his faded hair. We had passed my car and the first of the barns, and were deep in the dust of the barnyard. "Before we go any farther," he said, "maybe I ought to give you some idea how we function here. This is the heart of the farm. It's where they all start and where a good many of them end." He cocked a thumb. "That barn back there where you parked is the processing plant and freezer. We dress the pheasants there and ship them out—

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to market or to a couple of canning factories that put them up the way we want. The plant's idle now, of course. We don't start killing till November. You want a little fleshier bird for meat than you do for shooting. Anything much over three pounds in a cock, or two and a half in a hen, is apt to be a little sluggish in the field. The barn up ahead is the hatchery. Pheasant usually pip on the twenty-fifth day. That means twenty-one days in the incubators and anywhere from three to five in the hatchers. Next, they go into electrically heated cages—a floor battery, it's called—for another ten days or two weeks. Then we put them in brooder houses out in the rearing field. That's what those sheds are, going over the top of the rise—brooders. A month to a month and a half later, depending on the weather, we let them out of the brooders and into the field. And about that stage is when the vermin begin to come into the picture. The rearing field is fenced, but it isn't covered. About all you can do in the way of protection is rig up a few pole traps around the field for owls and hawks, and some ground traps for rats, and keep it well planted with natural cover. You can't raise fliers under wire. A pheasant is a bird that goes fifteen feet in the air before he straightens out. You've got to give him headroom. If he starts in by hitting wire every time he feels like flying, he'll never learn to take off right. He'll always hunch at six feet up—that's the usual ceiling height. Rob a pheasant of his free and natural flush and you haven't got much left in the way of a game bird. You might as well just wring his neck and throw him in the stewpot."

"Don't they fly away?" I asked.

"They would if they could," Mr. Brown said. "I'd say that was about their main ambition in life. But when they begin to get that good, we go through the flock and pull the flight feathers on one wing. The primaries. That tips them off balance. After a couple of beats, they cartwheel back to the ground. By the time they've got a full set again, they're twelve to fourteen weeks old and ready for the covered holding pens. The ceilings there don't seem to bother them. Once they've had a taste of space, they never forget. Their habits are fixed. Which is why your only salvation is the slackest wire you can hang. I sometimes wish I'd gone in for cattle. Or chickens. Anything, just so it didn't fly. I'm joking, but . . ." He shook himself, and moved abruptly on down the barnyard. "You can't help but worry at this time of year. Every bird

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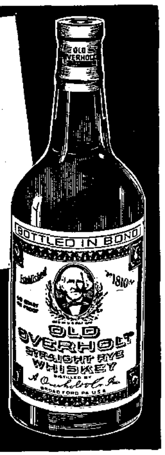

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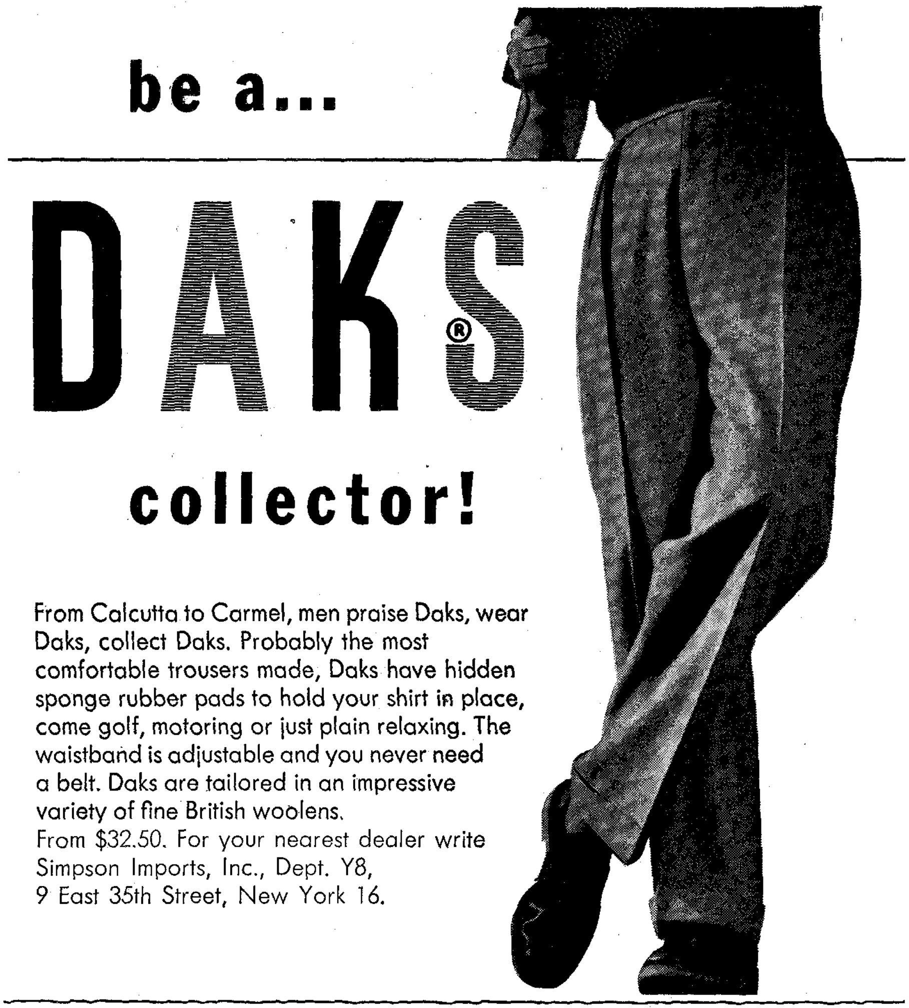
we own is up in the holding pens right now. Even the breeders. I guess I could have shown you the breeding yard—it's down in that old apple orchard—but there wouldn't be much point in it. As I say, the birds are gone. I moved the last bunch out a couple of months ago. One season is as long as I care to breed a pheasant. I pick a new flock of breeders every fall from the best of the year's hatch. The number varies, but it's usually in the neighborhood of seventy-five to a hundred cocks and around six hundred hens. Not every raiser in the world shares my ideas on breeding. Quite a few favor two-year-olds. It's my belief, though, that a pheasant tends to lose a little vigor after his first year."

Mr. Brown dug a wad of handkerchief from his pants pocket and mopped his brow. "Damn this weather," he said. "If it keeps on like this, nobody is going to ever feel like gunning. What we want is a couple of cool days and maybe a touch of frost to turn the cover. Then the phone will start ringing." He laughed. "But about breeding. Breeding isn't much of a problem. I mean the actual mating. We do have a short season. The end of April, then May and June, and a week or two in July is about the size of it. But it doesn't take a whole lot of urging to get your birds in the proper frame of mind, and when it comes to fertility, they're hard to beat. At least ninety per cent of the May and June eggs are fertile. In fact, I've had them run as high as ninety-five. Then, all of a sudden, it drops to practically nil. Hardly one in five is fertile in July. They're what we call table eggs. We eat what we want, and the rest we separate and freeze. In other words, those were July eggs we had for breakfast this morning. I know that's hard to believe. But you've never

34
I. Spiegel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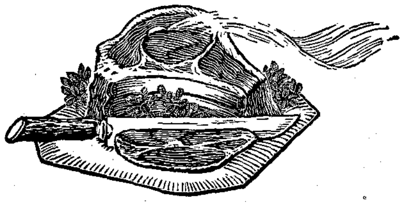

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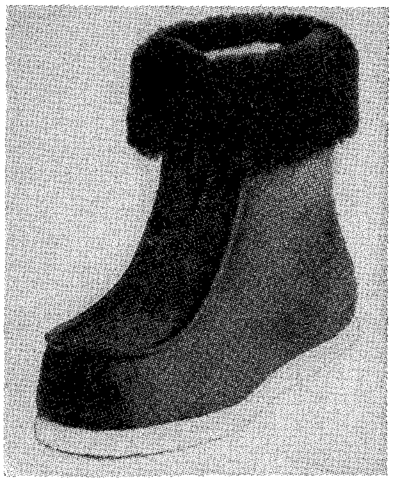
tasted fresh. A fresh-laid pheasant egg is almost too good to be true. Unfortunately, the average pheasant feels pretty much the same way about them. That's where the trouble comes in. They'll eat you out of business if you give them half a chance. The hens are as bad as the cocks. Worse, if anything. There isn't much mother in a pheasant hen. Not in captivity. An incubator is no mere convenience in this business. It's a necessity. A broody pheasant is a real curiosity. In the old days, before the incubator and such came along, the best a raiser could do was hatch his eggs under some other kind of bird—usually a bantam. Also, the pheasants fight among themselves. I've seen one cock light into another and pluck him close to bare. There are two or three ways to handle egg-eating. One is to grab the first few eggs laid in each pen and inoculate them with something nasty, like turpentine or red pepper. Another way is to scatter a few iron eggs around. And I've heard of paring down the upper mandible till it's too tender to peck with. But most of us favor prevention over cure. We put our birds in specs. Specs are blinders. They look exactly like little old-fashioned nose glasses, only the lenses are aluminum discs and instead of a nosepiece they're held in place by a cotter pin that fastens through the nostril. A bird in specs isn't blind. If he holds his head right, he can see to the side or straight ahead. He doesn't have any trouble finding the feed trough or the water or anything big. At a distance, he can even see an egg. But when he gets up close enough to take a peck, it's gone. I don't know the cause of egg-eating. Or the reason for feather-pulling, either. A pheasant is a wild bird, though. So my guess is the reason is just captivity. It's confinement that makes him ugly. In which case, I can't say I blame him. I'm that way myself. I want all the elbowroom I can get."

WE had rounded the flank of the hatchery and were now in the open again, moving up a long, sloping meadow. The lane had shrivelled to a rutty track with a hump of weeds in the middle. Soon the slope steepened, and for a moment the horizon dropped to the shaggy crest of the rise. Then, as we mounted, it lifted away to some far-off piny hills. Below the hills, a tawny pasture climbed slowly into view. Then a wood appeared, and a glint of road or water, and then we were over the rise. Dead ahead, enclosed, roofed, and quartered by a limp convulsion of chicken wire, was an immense, sun-dazzled field



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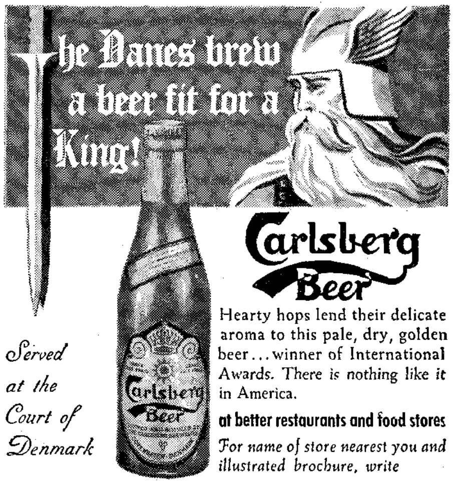
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of scrubby brush and hip-high grass. Here and there in the further reaches of the enclosure, as though touched by a breeze, the tall grass was gently swaying, but for thirty yards or more from where we stood nothing stirred. I looked at Mr. Brown. He was slumped at ease, with his thumbs hooked in his belt, gazing through the fence. He turned his head and smiled. "Oh, they're there," he said. "They don't broadcast it, like a duck or a chicken, but they're there. Right around five thousand of them. The rest are in another group of pens on up the way. Just keep looking. I won't guarantee we'll see any hens. Not and know it. You can look right at one and swear it was a drift of leaves or a stone. But—" He stiffened. "There! Just to your left, in that clump of rape."

I glanced around. Fixing me from behind a screen of greenery was a red-masked eye in a sleek green head. The bird was a cock. I had a glimpse of a collar of white and a pink-brown breast and a shimmer of gray and orange and turquoise blue—then nothing. Where the pheasant had been there was only waving grass. "A beauty, wasn't he?" Mr. Brown said. "Keep your eyes peeled. There'll be another peeking out in a minute. You can have your peacocks and your birds of paradise. They don't come any prettier than that. I don't mind telling you when you flush one of those big fellows, you feel something. You get a real jump."

Mr. Brown plucked a cigarette from a crumpled pack. He kneaded it thoughtfully between his fingers, stuck it in his mouth, and began searching in his pockets for a match. I handed him my lighter. "Thanks," he said. "You know . . ." There was a pause. "You know," he said again, "if I had my way, we'd raise all our birds for release. It wouldn't be practical, of course. We'd have to either cut production or triple the size of the preserve. So I'm only wishing. But I hate to kill a pheasant. I mean, cut their throats. I'm not a butcher. I'm a hunter. There's a difference. A man and a gun and a bird—I don't know. And watching a good dog work. It's got nothing to do with killing. I can't describe it. It's the most wonderful thing in the world. As far as I'm concerned, it's about all there is. That's probably why I'm in this business. It's the closest I could get to spending my life in the field. I could have been a soldier. My father was an Army man—they retired him with a colonelcy a few years ago—and he wanted me to follow in his steps. He even talked about getting me an appointment to the Academy. But I turned it down. I couldn't see that the Army would be much of an improvement over an office. The way I felt was as much Dad's fault as mine. He was quite a sport in his day. He started me shooting at four. All the time I was growing up, down in Rockland, he took me out every chance he got. By the time I was six, I was picking off rabbits running. That's when I began to take it seriously. But it didn't really hit me till I got into high school. I remember the day. I'd been playing a little football in the neighborhood, and the coach heard about it. He asked me to come out for the team. Well, I did. He started us out that first afternoon with some calisthenics. It was that exercise where you lie on your back and work your legs like you're pumping a bicycle. I was lying there, going at it good, when all of a sudden a V of ducks came over. They were black ducks. For a minute I just lay there and watched. And then I thought, What in the deuce am I doing here? I got up and turned in my suit and went home and got my gun. I ran all the way. That coach was so mad he shook." Mr. Brown smiled faintly at the end of his cigarette. "He even called me yellow," he said.

—Berton Roueché

IN AN OLD HOUSE

In an old house with many fireplaces
That my father took me long ago to visit,
A stairway from the first floor to the third
Slanted, dark, inwalled without a landing.
Nothing else charmed me like that climbable closet
Built, I thought, for one who would have explored
The shuddery penetralia of caves.
"For servants," they told me, after all my guesses,
Who crept between the scrubbing and the mending
And had a story left out of their lives.

—Spencer Brown

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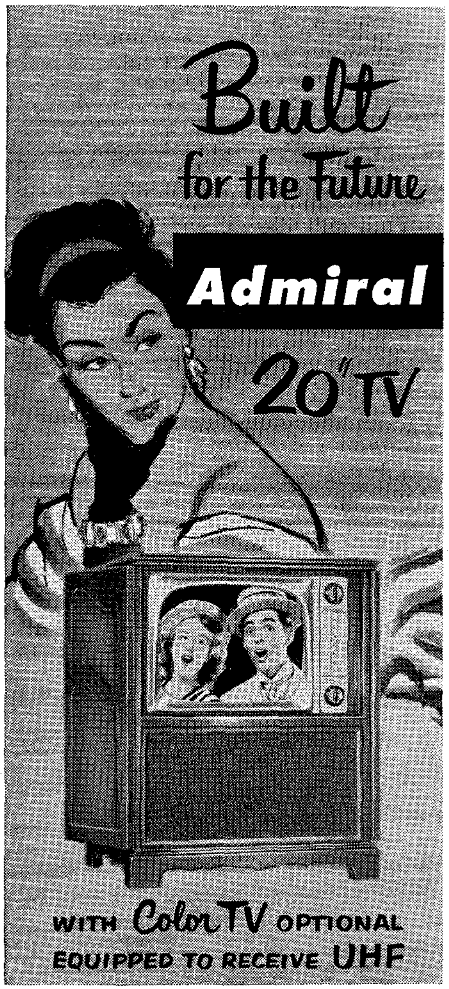

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TEA AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

UPRIGHT and ladylike, my friend Katie and I sat in the taxi on our way to the Wilmott-Powells'. It was not at all a bad day for summertime in India, if one moved slowly enough. Gloves, even, were not too oppressive. We were visiting the capital of one of the states in the south, and had been invited to have tea at Government House. Mrs. Wilmott-Powell, wife of the city's longest-established English resident, was to introduce us.

"This must seem like old times to you," I said to Katie. She is married to a British diplomat, now retired, whose job once took him regularly to all the large cities of India.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I must have stayed in nearly every Government House in the country. Frankly, I can't quite remember what this particular one is like. It was a long time ago, and there are so many. In any case, it must look different now."

"Perhaps it doesn't," I said. "Indians like the same sort of furnishings we do, don't they?"

"I'm sure I don't know *what* they like," said Katie, smoothing her gloves over her wrists. Her manner was abrupt, and I remained tactfully silent—after all, India was never an American colony—until the taxi deposited us at the foot of the well-swept driveway that led to the home of the Wilmott-Powells.

We walked slowly up the driveway. A large, shiny car attended by a chauffeur in livery who saluted as we walked past him, stood in the shade of a tree near the veranda. A couple of bright-green parakeets flew low over our heads and perched in the tree's feathery branches, where they bobbed up and down, watching us. The still air smelled of spice and flowers. I said, "Didn't you tell me the Wilmott-Powells were going home soon? I'll bet they hate to give up all this."

"Yes," Katie said. "It's such a pity. But the future is too uncertain out here, and naturally they feel that life as they've always known it is ended." Her tone was brisk and cheerful again. "The new order is very hard on people like the Wilmott-Powells, I often think," she went on. "They've done so much to build up the country. After all, both their families have been here for several generations, putting everything they had into India—the true colonizing spirit. And now, because of these changes—though one tries to realize changes are inevitable . . ."

We had reached the door, and, still talking, Katie rang the bell. I broke in to ask if the Wilmott-Powells were returning to England poor, and Katie said it wasn't quite that bad. In fact, she told me, they owned an estate in Surrey that they'd always intended to live on one day.

Our gossiping was interrupted by Mrs. Wilmott-Powell, who opened the door herself, ready to go. She was tall and fragile, and, in flowered silk and wide hat, far more elegant than we were. Her blue eyes were only slightly darker than her blue-washed white hair, she carried a long, ivory-handled cane, and, looking at her, I forgot the raucous parakeets and the tropic sun, and thought of Surrey—of trimmed lawns and oaks.

"It's good of you to take all this time, Margery," Katie said to her. "I do hope we aren't shamefully late, but the service at the hotel—"

"We're in excellent time, my dear," said Mrs. Wilmott-Powell as we went out to the limousine. "One's never too punctual here."

"You're sure it won't be a large party?" Katie asked, after we had got into the car and started away.

"Quite sure," said Mrs. Wilmott-Powell. "When Her Excellency and I talked about my bringing you, I explained that you don't care for elaborate functions. By the way, she recalled your name and wondered if she hadn't met you in the old days."

Katie said it was possible. "But one meets so many people," she added. "I suppose if I had known, years ago, that she would be a Governor's wife one day, I might have taken more careful note of her."

Both of them laughed. "I told her that you are interested above all in seeing her lovely garden," said Mrs. Wilmott-Powell. "That pleased her. She likes guests who appreciate it."

"Really?" Katie said. "That's surprising in one of these people, isn't it?"

"It is, rather," Mrs. Wilmott-Powell said. "It's gratifying as well. It would have been a pity to let that garden go."

"You used to do a tremendous lot for the Government House garden, didn't you?" Katie said commiseratingly. "The unofficial caretaker of the flowers, weren't you?"

Mrs. Wilmott-Powell's face remained expressionless. "That's only my husband's little joke," she said. "I never had that much to do with the garden—and besides one mustn't take the personal point of view about such things. I'm sure the change is all for the best, ultimately."

Katie looked doubtful.

"Still, after so many years," continued Mrs. Wilmott-Powell, "I suppose it's natural to feel— well, *twinges* now and then."

"And I daresay it's less painful to go than to stay on, watching," Katie said.

Mrs. Wilmott-Powell replied that many aspects of life in India were not as changed as one might think, but before either Katie or I could ask her to elucidate, the car slowed down and we looked out to see what was happening.

WE were approaching a beautifully designed iron gate, which stood open under the guard of a turbaned, khaki-clad soldier. He presented arms smartly as we drove through. Two smooth red clay roads diverged before us now. One swooped uphill, a twisting ribbon, and disappeared among thick bushes. Our chauffeur turned in to the other—a level road that ran through an exceedingly well-barbered woods, curving around the foot of a sloping bank on which stood rare trees and shrubs. A bluff dropped from the outer edge of the road to a stretch of flat land that also had been planted with carefully selected trees and bushes. I could see, as we drove along, that nearly every one of them bore a little metal identification tag. "I told him to take the lower road," said Mrs. Wilmott-Powell. "It's what I particularly wanted you to see."

Silently the wheels rolled along the soft red clay. In the shade, on either side of us, the strange plants, lush and green, gleamed with drops of water. We saw a gardener on the bank hosing the shrubs. The air was actually cool.

"I never drive through here without remembering the first time I saw it," said Mrs. Wilmott-Powell. "It's always the same, and I shall always love it. I was an eighteen-year-old girl, just back from school, going to the Governor's reception with my parents. Of course, India's spoiled now. But whenever I drive along this lower road, I think of what it was like then."

We came out of the woods and swung part way around the foot of the hill on which the Governor's house stood. The British architect had placed it well. It was graceful—not too splendid, not too tall. We went up the drive.

"They *have* kept it up, it seems," said Katie, her tone giving credit where credit was due.

As we drove up to the house, we saw a small, stocky woman standing before the front entrance, talking vigorously

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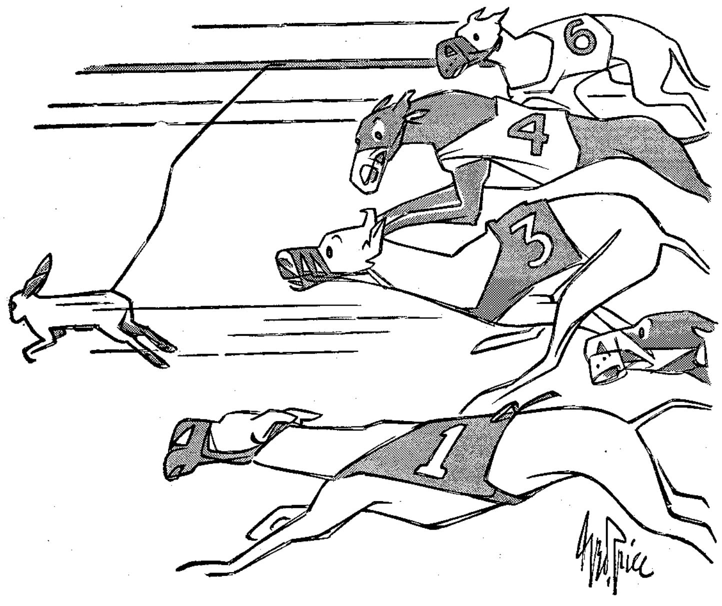

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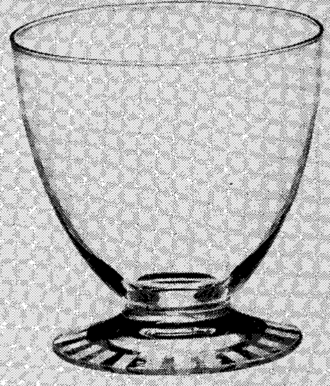

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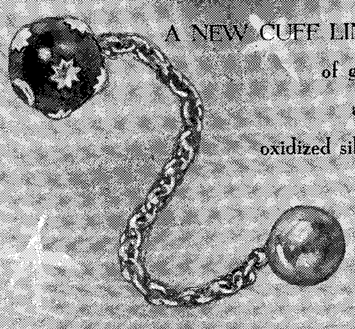

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over her shoulder to a servant in the veranda. She was wearing a white sari, and her hair was encircled with a wreath of white jasmine buds. "There's Her Excellency now," said Mrs. Wilmott-Powell. "And there's the Governor, over on the lawn, with the croquet mallet."

Katie and I turned to stare at him—an elderly man in a white Gandhi cap, practicing shots with a mallet. He did not raise his head as the car drove up.

Her Excellency walked toward us with quick, short steps as we got out of the car. Katie and I were introduced, and she nodded unsmilingly to each of us, then turned to Mrs. Wilmott-Powell. "You came by the lower road," Her Excellency said accusingly. "That was naughty of you, Margery."

"Oh, shouldn't we have?" Mrs. Wilmott-Powell said. "I'm awfully sorry."

"Didn't they tell you at the gate?" asked Her Excellency. "That guard! I'm always having the same trouble. People *will* come by the lower road, though if I've said it once, I'm sure I've said it twenty times—"

"I'm so awfully sorry," Mrs. Wilmott-Powell said again. "If only I'd known—"

"The lower road," said Her Excellency, who talked rapidly, and seldom, it seemed, listened to anyone else, "is reserved for the Governor and myself. We take our walks there in the evening and observe the birds. It is a private drive. Yet every Tom, Dick, and Harry seems to think— Well, well, come in, come in. My husband never takes tea. You'll have to excuse him." The Governor still had not raised his head.

Subdued, we followed her into the house and through two well-proportioned rooms to a third. Her Excellency walked, as do many small women, with immense dignity. Conscious of our bigger bones and of having sinned in using the lower road, we three went on tiptoe, my two companions scanning the furniture and paintings and sculpture of the first two rooms in a way that nagged at my mind, evoking some comparison that at first I could not identify. Then I realized what it was. Both of them were acting like anxious landladies calling at a house they had let to tenants they were not quite sure of.

"They haven't removed any of the pictures," murmured Mrs. Wilmott-Powell, dropping well behind Her Excellency.

"Rather a pity," Katie answered. "They're not very good, are they?"

In the third room, a table set for tea

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stood between a pleasantly large window, flanked by great jars of flowers, and a white grand piano. Two ladies who looked like, and indeed turned out to be, American missionaries were waiting for us. Both of them had healthy complexions and clear eyes, and wore sensible shoes. They greeted me, their compatriot, with enthusiasm, and for the next few minutes we happily asked those questions about one another's native states and cities that always seem to amuse the British, who cannot understand or share our preoccupation with geography as a topic of conversation, any more than we can appreciate their obsession with weather. While this was going on, Katie and Mrs. Wilmott-Powell talked to each other in low tones about flowers and Her Excellency listened to the missionaries and me, examining me with a sharp but not unkindly gaze and interjecting an occasional remark. The missionaries, I discovered, had an affectionate, almost familiar attitude toward her, which seemed to me extremely daring until I recalled having heard that she was fond of missions.

At last, it was all settled. Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri had been properly discussed, and the tea was drawn. We sat down to it. "What beautiful Crown Derby!" I said as Her Excellency handed me my cup.

"Is that what you call it?" she asked. "I knew it was something like that, but I've never troubled to find out the exact name. Would you believe that when we first moved in, there wasn't one cup in the house that wasn't cracked?" She paused in the pouring of the tea and regarded me, inviting me to share her amazement. For some years, I've lived in England, where replacing good china is impossible, so the situation didn't seem surprising to me. However, I agreed politely that entertaining must have been difficult for her at first.

"Difficult?" said Her Excellency. "It was impossible. I said to them"—she meant, I assumed, the Indian government, which had taken over all Government Houses, with their equipment, from the British—"I told them plainly, 'I won't live in this house until we have some presentable cups.' So they found me these. Crown Derby, you call them." She turned to Katie. "Wasn't it extraordinary? Not a sound cup in the whole place. I say it's disgraceful."

Katie bristled. "There was a war, you know," she said.

Seemingly quite unaware of Katie's

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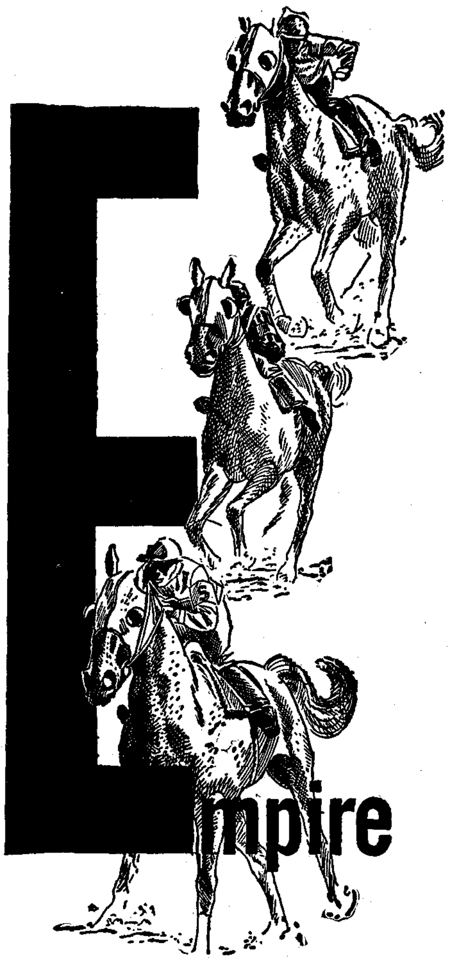

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disgruntlement, Her Excellency turned back to me. "You are interested in china? You understand it?" she asked.

"Oh, no," I said. "I only recognize the more obvious kinds. But your table really does look lovely."

"Look at this one," said Her Excellency, impulsively tipping a few biscuits off a white plate and handing it to me. "What would you call that?" she demanded.

"I think it's Limoges," I said. "Katie, wouldn't you say this is Limoges?"

"Whatever it is," said Her Excellency, taking back the plate and not waiting to hear from Katie, "it had a crown on it here, right in the middle. A gilt crown. They all did, this whole set. It took the servants more than a week to get them off."

"To get them off?" I repeated in a faint voice, avoiding the eyes of the English ladies. "How ever did they do it?"

"Rubbing." Her Excellency illustrated with a vigorous gesture. "Rubbing with pumice powder. It was very difficult. As for the crystal, we couldn't get that cleaned up at all. Look at this!" She picked up the sugar bowl, which was of etched glass, and showed me a crown deeply engraved in it. "They tried hard, but it simply *will not* come off," said Her Excellency.

"Ah, Excellency," said one of the Americans in arch tones, "it's never easy to get rid of a king once you've got him."

Her Excellency and the missionaries laughed heartily; Mrs. Wilmott-Powell and Katie didn't laugh at all.

AFTER tea, Her Excellency took us down the sacred lower road to observe the layout of the garden and rockeries. Like Mrs. Wilmott-Powell, she carried a cane, but, unlike the English lady, she flourished it energetically to punctuate her talk and to point things out. She also waved it at one of the gardeners we passed, scolding him at great length in the vernacular.

When we had gone a fair distance, a car came rolling along at a brisk clip from the direction of the house. It was moving so fast that we scarcely had time to get out of its way. Even Her Excellency had to move too quickly for dignity. The car swished past—had the road not been dampened, we would have been showered with dust—and I caught a glimpse of several passengers in white Gandhi caps.

Her Excellency stared after the car, craning her neck. "Who was that?" she

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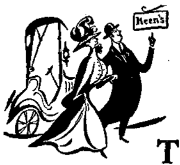

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asked angrily. "Margery, could you see who it was?"

Mrs. Wilmott-Powell said she hadn't been able to make anyone out.

"Someone who has been to visit my husband," said Her Excellency, muttering as if to herself. "But who? And who, I should like to know," she went on, in louder tones, "gave them permission to use this road? I *must* do something to stop everybody using it." She pounded the ground with her stick. "Besides," she added, "they were going much too fast."

"Yes, they were," said one of the missionaries. "They were going too fast for you to see who it was. That's what really makes you so cross, isn't it, Excellency?"

Somewhat to my surprise, Her Excellency stopped frowning. In fact, she very nearly smiled. Then, with a wave of her cane, she said cheerfully that it was time to return to the house, and, like marching soldiers, we wheeled and started back.

As we strolled uphill in the evening light, Her Excellency talked about the old days, and the great cities of India. In particular, she spoke of a Viceroy's wife who had been famous throughout the country for her highhanded ways. "She was a frightful woman. An appalling woman," said Her Excellency, and with one of the swift sidelong turns that I had begun to realize were not unplanned, she said to Katie, "I do hope you'll excuse my saying so. She wasn't a friend of yours, was she?"

Katie's eyes were fixed on a spot ahead of us, halfway up the hill. "A friend?" she repeated. Her words were like waterdrops falling from icicles. "Of course," she said. "We *always* stayed with the Vicereine."

ON the way back to town, there was silence in the car for nearly half the trip. Then, when Katie broke it, all she said was "*Really*, Margery!"

There was another long silence, and again it was Katie who broke it. "As a matter of fact," she said reflectively, "she's not unlike the Vicereine herself."

"I told you things really hadn't changed so much after all," said Mrs. Wilmott-Powell.

—EMILY HAHN

•

The Tasmanian wolf is striped like a tiger, has a tail like a rat, is a relative of opossums, and is the youngest man ever to be president of the United States.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Telegram.*

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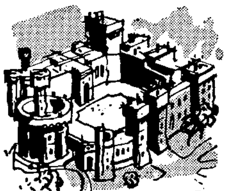
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THE ART GALLERIES

Sculpture Week

THE Curt Valentin Gallery, formerly the Buchholz, which started its season with a lively and penetrating survey of early German modernist paintings and sculpture called "Lehmbruck and His Contemporaries" (Macke, Barlach, Klee, Marc, Nolde, and Beckmann were among those represented), is continuing its researches on the subject with a showing of some forty sculptures, plus a number of drawings and woodcuts, by another and at least equally important figure of the same period, Gerhard Marcks. It was an oddly fated group, the loosely organized school of artists that came into flower in the Germany of the early nineteen-hundreds. Time seemed to be against it, for it had hardly got well under way before it crashed head-on into World War I, and the effect of this and of the upsetting years that followed was disastrous. Franz Marc was killed in the war, and Lehmbruck committed suicide soon after it, while a less violent result was the isolation of the group throughout the war years and even after, which thus for a long time denied it its proper position and influence in the international field of art. It was, however, a remarkably healthy and powerful movement that these men founded; though the Expressionist style they developed in their painting may have owed a good deal to the Fauves, it had far greater boldness and vigor, while their sculpture—based largely, for all its modern exaggerations, on native Gothic patterns—showed a similar solidity and strength. For these reasons, perhaps, though recognition of the individual members has lagged, the importance of the group has never been denied, and the influence of the school has been increasing steadily in recent years.

Gerhard Marcks, who, now sixty-two, is one of the few members of the group still alive, is the most Gothic in spirit of them all, with the possible exception of the slightly earlier Ernst Barlach. But Marcks' Gothicism is robbed of any harshness and rigor by a constant, wry urbanity and is colored as well by some suaver influences, notably the Greek. Thus, his study called "Melusine I," a girl standing, hands primly clasped, in a long, straight gown, though it has a number of details that suggest the strict stylizations of medieval statuary, has, too, a tender winningness about the characterization that gives it warmth and life and immediacy. The same thing is true of his equally charming, though less fully realized, "Girl with Hat," while in the larger "Girl with Braids," though again there's a suggestion of the Gothic in the angularities of the pose, the treatment as a whole has a fluency that is essentially Greek in its inspiration.

It may be that the mingling of two such different styles gives Marcks' sculpture its piquancy; at any rate, there's an odd, quirkily alert, yet wholly humane observation in his work that is constantly engaging. The new exhibition—the first of this size, I believe, ever to have been given him in this country—doesn't cover the whole of his career. The range is from 1935, when he was in his forty-sixth year, to the present, and it therefore deals only with his mature production. This reveals him to be, if not one of the great contemporary masters of his medium, at least one of the minor ones. He rarely tries for the massive or monumental, and indeed, when he does attempt such ambitious subjects—the large nudes called "Eva" and "Freya," for example—his approach is likely to become heavy-handed. But his technical command is almost unfailing, and he has a gift for investing even the most unusual pose with a feeling of lightness, ease, and inevitability that is truly amazing.

This last quality shines forth most clearly in such pieces as "Boy Playing with Toe," the stooping "Adonis," and the extraordinarily buoyant "Orion"—any one of which, considering the oddness of the pose, might in other hands have been awkward and unconvincing. But this quality appears in his more conventional efforts, too, underlining the sound sculptural sense he brings to his subjects, and it does a good deal to give his work gracefulness and charm.

THERE are a couple of other sculpture shows that should be mentioned. At Contemporary Arts, there's an exhibition of new works by Winslow Eaves. These are abstract pieces, in the geometric manner, and distinguished primarily by an emphasis on smoothly polished surfaces and machinelike precision of execution. Mr. Eaves' basic approach, however, is more romantic than is customary in this genre, and though this at times (as in "Onyx Figure" and "Red Angel") leads him close to the slickly curlicued indefiniteness of *art nouveau,* he for the most part avoids such excesses, and I found his work in general controlled, thoughtful, and well organized architecturally. I liked especially his "Conversation," with its three figures grouped in an intricately stylized circular arrangement; the rather totemic "Two Forms;" "Kneeling Figure," with its precise yet voluptuous design; and the compactly patterned "Man, Plaster."

Amar Nath Sehgal, a young Indian artist now showing his sculptures at the Arthur U. Newton Galleries, is also non-representational, but his forms tend more to the organic, and his effort is obviously more to symbolize ideas than to illustrate, even abstractly, the physical appearance of things. Such a task—to embody a philosophic concept in three-dimensional form—is always a difficult one, and the result may be complicated for most of us, even if only slightly, by the fact that while Mr. Sehgal has been trained in Western techniques, his point of view must still be affected by his Eastern background. His attitude, though, is always profoundly serious and his attack resourceful, and if some of the pieces appeared to my eyes inchoate and incomprehensible, there were more that were instantly and powerfully effective. Thus, if "The Downtrodden" seemed to me only a wormy confusion of forms, its companion piece, "The Rise," with its slow, almost painfully striving upward suggestion, expresses its purpose with remarkable evocativeness. And if "Whispers" and "Hate" also seemed obscure, there were more than enough others, like the lacy and delicate "Woman and the Moon," "Aggression and Submission" (with its complex yet balanced design), the coiled, snakelike "Green Woman," and the tenderly conceived "Clinging Forms," to make the show an interesting and provocative one.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

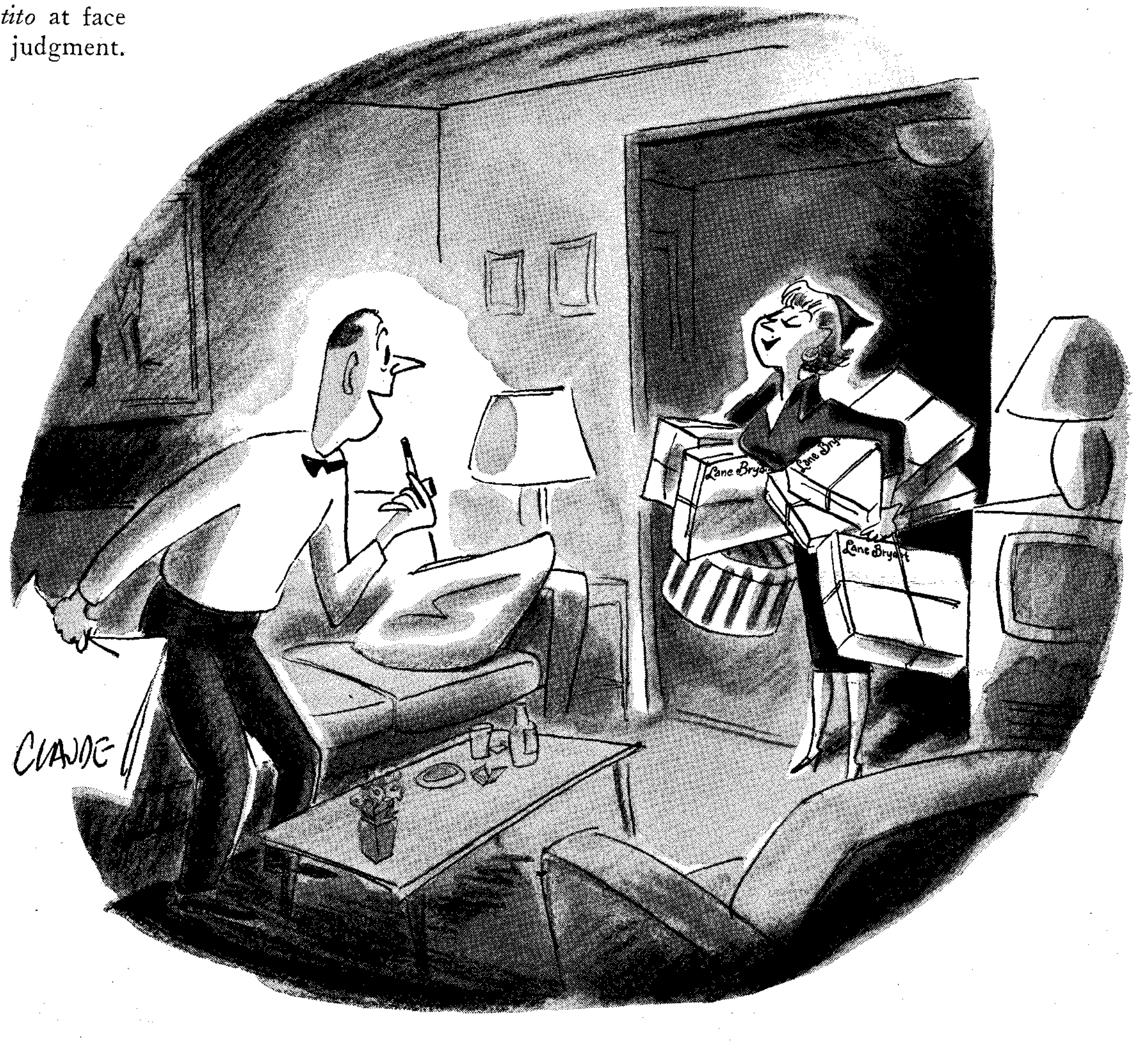
MADRID, OCT. 15

IT is an accepted rule hereabouts that anyone who spends all of thirty-six hours in Madrid becomes an expert on Spanish affairs; a slightly longer stay gives him the right to publish articles on fairly special subjects, such as the relation of politics to folk music or the changing psychology of the masses. As for me, I've been here a couple of weeks, which is not sufficiently long for me to resist presuming a knowledge of certain phases of Spanish life, and I can now claim to be an authority on a couple of popular Spanish words, both of which reveal a bit of what that life is like. These two words are *blusón*, which refers to the several varieties of blouse or shirt worn throughout Spain, and *momentito*, which, but only in the dictionaries, means "a small moment." Taking *momentito* at face value is a grave error in judgment.

These words are not unrelated to each other, for to have a *blusón* to put on your back you almost invariably have to have it made, which leads to your having to wait a *momentito*, or practically forever. By the time your *blusón* is declared finished, it is quite possible that you will discover there has been a slight misunderstanding somewhere along the line of communication, and that you are acquiring not a *blusón* but a *montera*, which is the hat a bullfighter wears during business hours. Well, there are laws about appearing in public minus a *blusón*, even when wearing a very handsome *montera*. There can be additional complications. Gaining possession of your *blusón* may require several calls at the shop or the home of whoever is making it up, each visit resulting in no more than the assurance that the next time everything will be fine. This is given you against an obbligato of offstage gypsy singing and guitar music. The performance is also accompanied by a flood of warm smiles, flashing eyes, pats on the arm, and torrents of trilling speech, all suggesting a violent eagerness to put the blouse into your hands this very instant (except that it is not quite, *quite* finished). Your misgivings are dispelled and you agree to just one more visit—possibly this evening, say around ten? The *blusón* most certainly will be ready by then, and it's a pity that at the start you hadn't made them realize you were in such a hurry. Nothing, it is clear, fails to impress a Spanish tradesman so much as a customer who doesn't say precisely what he means. The net effect of this sort of thing on the foreigner can be a nightmare in which one feels oneself sinking in a morass of delay and deception, or a sense of wonder and admiration at the verve and vitality with which the Spaniards are endowed.

More than a *momentito* ago, I should have gone into the reasons for wanting a *blusón* and for taking all this trouble to get it. The surge of interest in Spanish clothes and travel in Spain, which is bringing in a flourishing trade from both Americans and Europeans, is really a matter of cold, hard pesetas. Recently, the dollar has bought about forty pesetas (legally, that is). At this rate of exchange, a pair of shoes costs around four dollars and handmade gloves a dollar-fifty, a "little" dressmaker charges six dollars to run up an evening gown, and seventy-five dollars will accomplish plenty in the most grandiose of the *alta costura* houses, including those where Paris models are accurately duplicated, as well as the ones where the designer works out ideas of his own.

MOST fashionable Parisians haughtily consider a well-designed dress a work of art, and hang the expense, but an increasing number of



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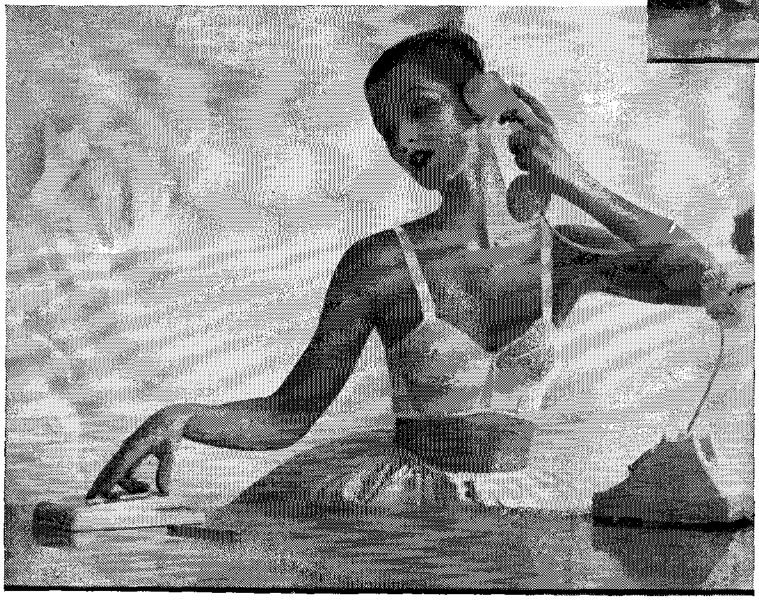

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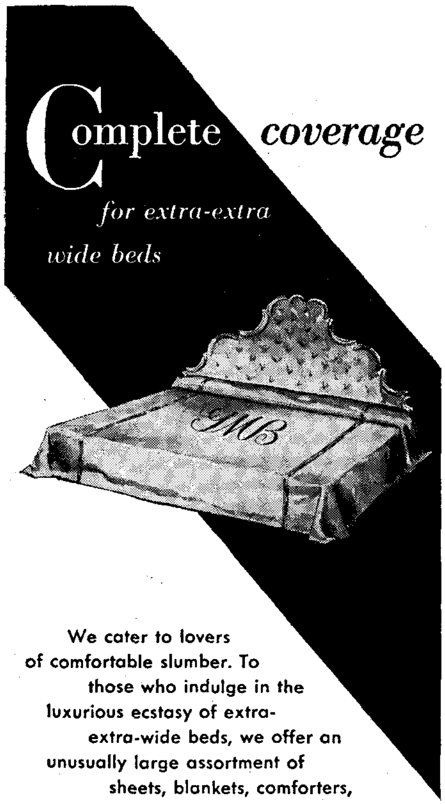

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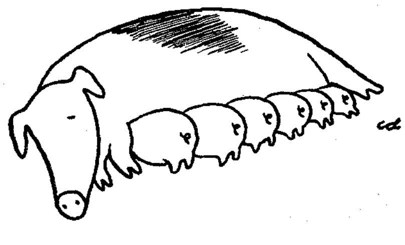
Frenchwomen are paying for a plane ticket and a couple of weeks at a hotel here out of the money saved by buying three or four Paris-type gowns on the Avenida de José Antonio instead of the Champs-Elysées, and more than a few European men who once would not have admitted to shopping anywhere except Savile Row are now telling their friends about tailors in Madrid, Barcelona, and San Sebastián who do a creditable job for a price that hovers around fifteen guineas, or forty dollars. (The Madrileños, though, are saying that this situation can't last and that prices are crawling up gradually but determinedly. And besides, every hotel in town is booked solid for weeks.)

Then there are the diehard international travellers who have found that Madrid is a place to live comfortably without using up all their pocket money. So it was only a matter of time before the foreign visitors who like to go shopping (are there any others?) discovered, as many of the more alert New York and Paris designers had already done, that the "native" clothes—the farm blouses and workmen's smocks and aprons, the trappings of the bullfighter and the ubiquitous judo devotee—are by no means low-level stuff, even by the very best standards. The voluminous costume of the Spanish peasant woman—a solid mass of black cloth unrelieved by a single spot of color except the flesh tones of hands and face—was probably the first of the Spanish styles to be taken up by outsiders both in and out of the fashion business; what has been called, by the fashion magazines at home, "the Spanish influence" has mainly to do with an urbanized version of this costume, labelled, in our store windows, the "covered-up look"—dresses that are very full around the hem but carefully outline the torso, the throat, and the arms.

The Spanish peasant woman's dress is hardly as dowdy as the French farm woman's costume, which is usually worn over layers of sweaters and woollen underwear. Even the Spanish charwoman takes pride in her figure and posture, and at an advanced age she still holds her shoulders and neck sufficiently erect to carry packages on the top of her head. I have seen farm women walking along country roads here loaded down with armfuls of packages, sacks, and baskets, but always with something, perhaps a parcel no bigger than a tube of toothpaste, poised on their heads. This interest in posture, which makes for smooth lines around the throat and shoulders, influences all Spanish fashions for women, with one exception. A costume with a low neckline, whether a ball dress or a nightgown, usually points up the shape and the depth of the neckline with an outlining ruffle three to five inches deep, the kind of thing that at one time was called a bertha. This ruffle is almost a classic formula. It even appears on the dresses that little girls of from three to twelve wear when they go promenading with their parents. (Probably no small girls anywhere else are as obviously dressed to the nines as the young Spanish.) These dresses are all of what might be called the First Communion variety—white, crisp, lavish with laces and embroideries and ruffles, embellished with a wide sash of colored ribbon ending in a bow at the back and skirts considerably longer than the ones little girls wear in the rest of Western Europe. The girls under three are much more profusely bedecked with laces and ribbons, and wear starched bonnets that have immense sunbursts of ruffles framing the small faces.

THIS distinction between clothes for the routine of everyday living and working and those for special occasions is as sharp as the difference between Spanish fashions and those of nearby countries, where clothes have had a tendency to become more international in design. The limited landscape the Spanish were examining during the years when travel abroad was denied them seems to have resulted in fewer changes in the line and fabric of their clothes, which now have a cachet that has caught the attention of the international world of fashion. However, the trade here doesn't understand foreign ways, and the artisan who can quickly put together the crisp, heavy, flamboyantly embroidered satin vest that is part of every matador's uniform has trouble pleasing the lady from London who wants him to turn out a crisp, heavy, flamboyantly embroidered satin bolero like that vest to wear with a black cocktail dress. Some of the tourists who get their clothes here stick to the fashionable shops on the Carrera de San Jerónimo, the Alcalá, or the Plaza de la Independencia, but the majority eventually find their way to the places that cater to the average Madrileño. The embroidery—elaborate, rich, and handsome, and mostly in black or in bright, raw colors—would be staggeringly expensive in Paris or New York, but it is done here at reasonable cost by artisans who have for years been embroidering the standard patterns of bullfighters' uniforms or painstakingly tracing the patterns in the van der Weyden costume paintings in the Flamenco Room at the Prado. Another local fashion that is being translated, for both men and women, is the *blusón de campesino* (literally, a farmer's blouse, but also a jacket that is practically a uniform for men who work in towns throughout the northern districts of Spain and in the French Basque country). It is full and loose and approximately fingertip length; it is gathered on a yoke lined to provide warmth around the shoulders, and it has full sleeves ending in cuffs like the ones on a man's shirt and a neckline with no lapels—the kind of thing that is easy to launder and press, can be worn over a sweater without changing its line much, and looks good on stocky, lanky, short, tall, fat, or thin figures. It's difficult to find ready-made in Madrid, but it's in most of the small-town shops that sell work clothes, and, like other work clothes, is built to wear for years and therefore is not cheap. It is being taken up by both men and women as a housecoat of heavy checked cotton or a golf jacket of heavy black sateen, and by women as the top of a woollen town suit, to be worn with a narrow skirt. To look its best, a *blusón de campesino* should be made of a thick, firmly woven material, so that it will fall in the stiff folds that give the peasant jacket its excellent silhouette. Adaptations of the *blusón de judo*, the straight, long-sleeved, collarless, fingertip-length jacket worn by the innumerable teen-agers who, like their counterparts all over Europe, are now studying judo, require less fabric and cost less, but they are not regarded with favor by anyone much over school age.

ASIDE from the classic native costumes and uniforms, the ready-made clothes in Madrid shops are in general a sorry lot, which helps explain the Spanish woman's loyalty to the dressmaker system. Most Spanish fabrics are unusually good even on the lower price levels, and practically every store larger than a hole in the wall manages to tuck in a department that sells materials by the yard. Dressmakers, as a rule, work in their homes. There are many annoyances—the time involved in plan-



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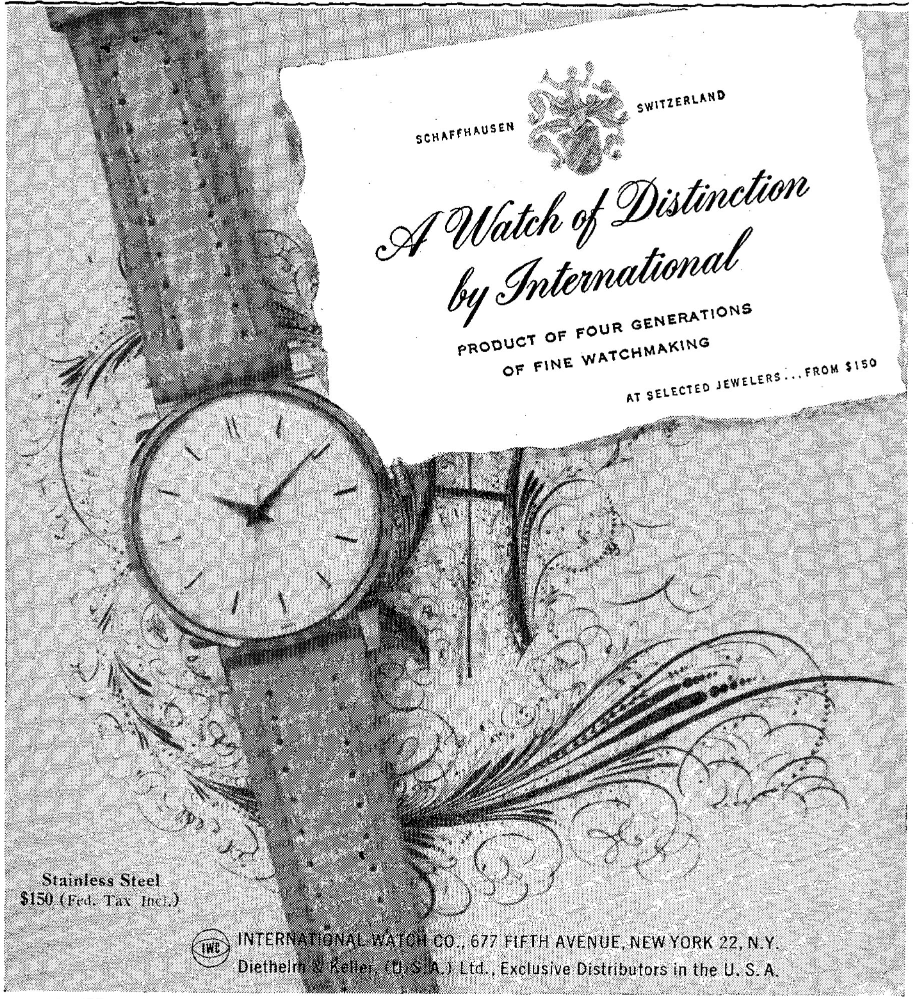

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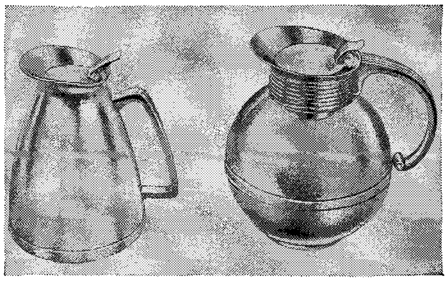

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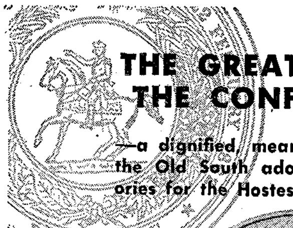
ning a frock, the fittings, the frequent changes in appointments for them, and the air of lassitude about the entire procedure that infests everyone concerned—but the cost of the labor is small, about a third the cost of the garment, and the result is quite satisfactory, for the money. Even in the case of the top-rank salons, the less said about the fittings the better; skilled fitters come very high, and the workmanship is therefore almost invariably inferior.

WOMEN who find sitting through collection after collection of clothes in Paris a dreary business consider a trip to Madrid worth the bother, for at a five-to-seven-o'clock opening at, say, Natalio's custom house, they can see a hundred dresses, about seventy-five of which will be the pick of the Paris shows, at one swoop. Here, the pace of the openings is slower than in Paris, London, or New York, for seldom are more than three mannequins involved in showing the clothes. Many women look on a fashion opening as really just another *merienda*—the gossip, tea, and cakes portion of their daily schedule—for the show is the same sort of leisurely proceeding, with time for talk between the appearances of the mannequins. At Pedro Rodríguez, there are not only clothes but bags, hats, umbrellas, and fashionable doodads of all sorts. His salon is upstairs, in the European tradition, but Rango, who has copies of clothes from Paris *boutiques* as well as clothes designed in Madrid, runs a street-floor shop, where practically everything, from shoes to hats, can be bought ready-made or ordered custom-made. Most of the best places carry Balenciaga dresses and coats. (Balenciaga operates, under the trade name of Eisa, a dressmaking establishment of his own in Madrid, but he frequently holds his openings in San Sebastián, at the tail end of the season there.) The small accessory shops that specialize in bags, belts, and gloves are among the finest in Europe, and have a seemingly unlimited stock of the handsomely finished and brilliant pink and green and purple leathers that are found only in the one-of-a-kind *boutiques* in other European metropolises. Outside Madrid, the shops are cluttered and crowded; goods fill the windows and counters, and sometimes are suspended from hooks along the walls. Customers wander about, fingering things and keeping up a running commentary on them, the weather, and whatnot; this chatter is considered the very minimum of good manners. In Madrid, sometimes nothing at all is dis-



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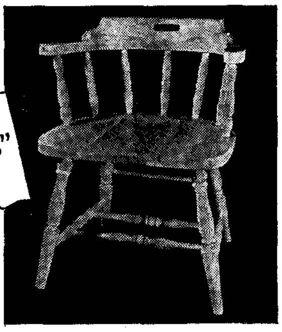

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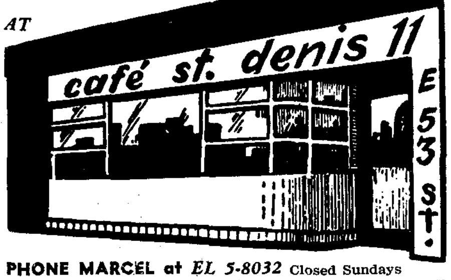
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played, and one can fairly well judge the standing of an establishment by the amount of stuff that is kept off the display shelves.

This happens not to be true of the shoe stores, which means almost every third shop on any street anywhere. The most superficial tour of Madrid makes it plain that the Spanish motto about going without food but never without shoes is not an idle phrase. Protocol demands low heels without a hat, high heels with. There is a vast variety of styles, none of them fanciful and many of them only slight variations on the simple opera pump or the straight, flat, unadorned slipper, or *zapatilla*, worn by the men in the bull rings all over Spain and by ballet dancers all over the world. There are many glossy leathers. Sharp black predominates, but there are also bright olive greens and brilliant blues, and fewer red shoes are in evidence here than along Fifth Avenue. This passion for glossiness, in fabric as well as in leather, is a dominant aspect of Spanish fashions of all sorts. In this respect, it could be said that the Spanish are basically a patent-leather people.

—B. MATHIEU

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Going, Going . . .

UNTIL quite recently, I was under the impression that the Parke-Bernet Galleries functioned exclusively for serious collectors, and that any modest householder looking for a desk or a dining-room table not only risked making a monkey of himself in the auction room there but might very well emerge from it bearing some objet d'art totally different from what he had in mind. There must be others who are just as unfamiliar with the conventions of a really high-toned auction gallery, so I propose to recount for their benefit what I have learned lately about the chances the ordinary customer has on these elegant premises of getting what he wants without undue loss of time or cash.

Although the sale I looked in on one afternoon a few weeks ago was of first-rate specimens of Georgian furniture and decoration, assembled from English collections and other sources by a well-known Philadelphia antique dealer, there were hardly more than two hundred people present. The majority of them were youngish matrons who seemed to be out hunting bargains in household furniture; they didn't have at all the air of connoisseurs or collectors. And the audience's method of bidding

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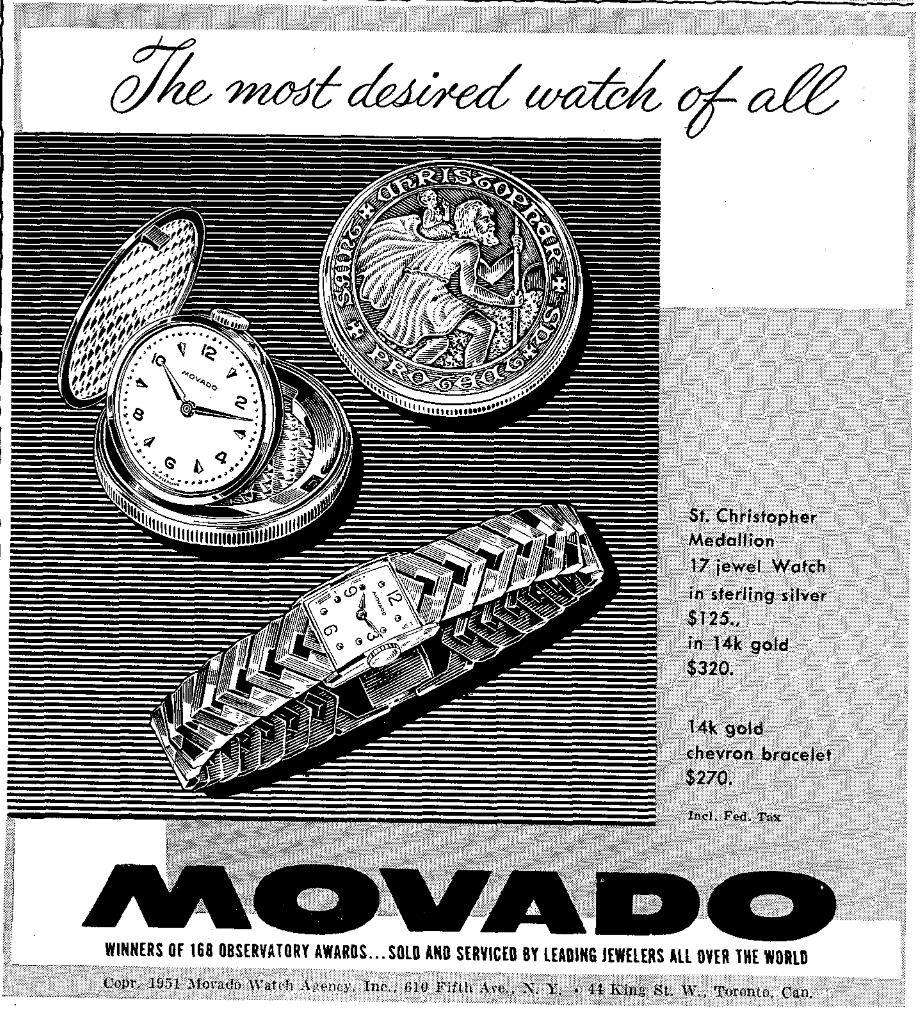

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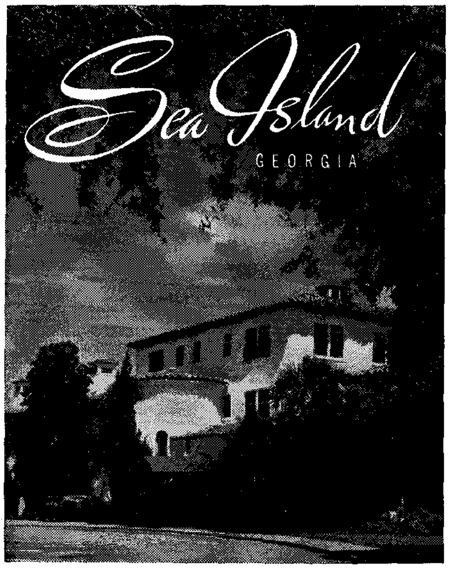

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turned out to be considerably less esoteric than I had been led to believe was customary with hard-bitten auction habitués. I was able to detect no code bidding—no significant twitching of an eyelid or fumbling with a watch chain—but there was much use of the forthright nod for raising a bid, and occasionally, even, a hand was held up in the old-fashioned way, betraying, I suppose, the amateur status of the bidder. No matter how a bid is made, there is very little chance of its being overlooked, for in addition to the auctioneer and his assistant, who are ever on the lookout for signals from the customers, three uniformed attendants are stationed at strategic points around the hall to transmit offers from the audience to the auctioneer. Let it be understood, though, that these functionaries know their business well enough not to misinterpret some unconscious movement for a bid, and that one can polish one's spectacles without fear of buying a canopied bed by doing so.

Clients who are unable or just disinclined to attend a sale can leave written bids with the galleries; forms for this purpose can be picked up there. The customer who wants an idea of the size his bid should be to justify a reasonable hope of acquiring an item under consideration can learn from the Parke-Bernet office, or from either of two ladies who have charge of the exhibition rooms, just what the firm's experts estimate that the piece will bring. Perhaps I should mention that the experts' guesses are frequently above what the item actually fetches, or at least they were at the sale I attended. I sat with a member of the Parke-Bernet staff, who had scribbled in his catalogue figures indicating the price the galleries expected, and they often exceeded what the pieces brought. Thus, a magnificent Chippendale mahogany armchair, upholstered in satin damask, that had been counted on to bring $325 was sold for $90; a George III barometer, in an exquisitely inlaid frame, went for $70 instead of the estimated price of $140; a pair of Regency shell-carved hall chairs brought only $40 each, as against the $90 each the management had told itself to expect; and so on. Even when the bids were not at such variance with the estimates, most of the pieces went at prices from a quarter to a half of what comparable antiques would cost in Fifty-seventh Street shops. Written bids, the management tells me, are handled by a house man, who looks out for the customer's interests and bids no more than is necessary to get an

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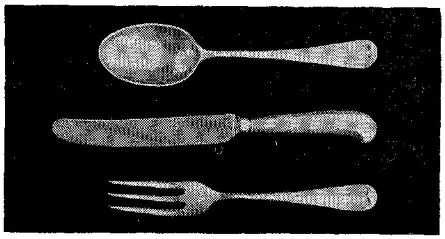

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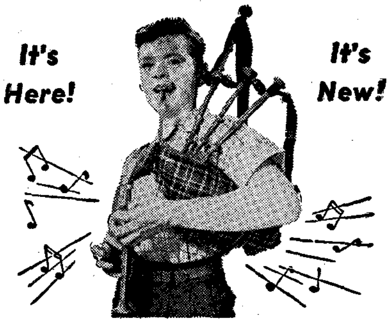

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item, even though the customer may have committed himself to go higher.

Not the least valuable of the Parke-Bernet services, from the point of view of the client who hasn't a great deal of time to devote to auctions, are the establishment's monthly bulletin, which is sent free on request, and its descriptive catalogues, which anyone can subscribe to; what are known as the art series catalogues, covering furniture, paintings, rugs, jewelry, and the like, are $15 a year, and the book-and-print series $8. The bulletin gives the dates and a general description of forthcoming sales; the catalogues—about seventy in the art series alone are sent out in the course of a season—contain illustrations and descriptions of the items to be auctioned. In addition to these routine services, the Parke-Bernet office will notify customers it believes to be serious of the imminence of a particular offering. If, for example, a householder is on the hunt for the special type of French armchair called a *bergère*, he will, if he requests it, be advised when such an item is coming up for sale.

For clients with more time at their disposal, or those who hold that the rare, exciting flavor of an auction is lost when things are done the easy way, there are, of course, the exhibitions, which are open to the public at least three or four days before each sale. The articles are all plainly marked with their catalogue numbers, and a volume giving detailed information regarding the style, period, materials, and the like, of the individual pieces is available for consultation by the interested shopper. In case anything further is needed to simplify this kind of bargain-hunting, a number of knowledgeable and very obliging attendants are on hand to answer inquiries.

LET us now consider a brand-new trading place, full of brand-new objects (there's not an ancient one on the premises), which Saks Fifth Avenue have recently inaugurated, under the name of the Guest & Gift Shop, at 14 East 50th Street. Here is a collection—two floors of it—dedicated entirely to the amenities of the table, and I must say that, with beefsteaks and lamb chops and butter and eggs skyrocketing the way they are, I find something engagingly resourceful in Saks' implication that since what goes *on* a plate is obviously beyond the means of practically everybody, what goes under it and beside it—and, of course, the plate itself—becomes the real concern of the careful housewife. It is now within the

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IMPORTED
COATES & CO'S PLYMOUTH GIN
ORIGINAL DRY DISTILLED GIN
for the perfect martini

89 PROOF

DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
SOLE U. S. REPRESENTATIVES
MUNSON G. SHAW CO. INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

COMICE PEARS
FROM ROGUE RIVER VALLEY
FOR *Christmas Giving*

AS LOW AS $3.35

ORDER EARLY
EXPRESS PREPAID

- Luscious, large Comice Pears, creamy in texture, rich in juicy flavor, make unusual and appreciated gifts for family, friends and business associates. These world-famous pears are grown in our own orchards, carefully selected—individually wrapped. Delivered PREPAID in colorful gift boxes to all U. S. Express points. Perfect arrival guaranteed. Gift card enclosed. Send list and we do the rest.

DELIVERED PRICES (Order by Number)

No. 1 Deluxe Box (10 to 14 pears)	$ 3.35
No. 2 Deluxe Box (17 to 19 pears)	4.55
No. 7 Asst. *Fruit Chest* (about 14 lbs.)	6.45
No. 5 Asst. *Fruit Basket* (about 18 lbs.)	12.95

For Fruit Club Prices see Catalog.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

PINNACLE ORCHARDS
443 Fir St., Medford, Ore.

Please send
☐ Boxes as shown on attached Gift List.
☐ Rush Free Color Catalog.

Name__________
Address__________
City________Zone____State______

reach of anyone who can get as far as Fifth Street to "set a fine table," if we may be allowed to give a latter-day twist to the meaning of a comfortably countrified phrase that seems to be going out of use in this stylish America.

The first floor of the Guest & Gift is devoted to formal table settings; here is porcelain as handsome as you are likely to find anywhere—white-and-gold service plates of extremely original and graceful design, a lovely after-dinner coffee set with a black-and-gold pattern on dead white, and a white dinner service sparsely decorated with what look like line drawings of small flowers. The service plates are around $7.50 each, and the small cups and saucers are $6.50 for the two pieces. In the same formal milieu is a collection of exceedingly heavy hand-wrought silver by Puiforcat of Paris, in which the sleekness of modern design and the grace and dignity of the old are enchantingly combined. A six-piece place setting of flat silver is $73.50 (including federal tax), and a generous-sized tray of the same fine workmanship is $250.

On the mezzanine, which houses less conventional equipment, there are a variety of unusual trays, mostly from France; baskets; a number of exceptional casseroles with spirit lamps; copper saucepans pretty enough to come to the table; and a really distinguished collection of handmade pottery by contemporary European ceramists. The most interesting work of this sort is by Sophie, a Parisian potter who is represented by some humorous, large-mouthed vases shaped like female figures, and a collection of tableware—tea sets, plates, soup tureens, and the like—that are quite dazzling in color and imaginative in form. These are one-of-a-kind pieces, and they cost from $22.50, for a muffin dish in clear bright green strewn with deep-pink flowers, to $85, for a great plum-colored tureen with a green border. The shop also offers a carefully chosen assortment of splendid Baccarat crystal glasses and decanters, and some bar paraphernalia that will probably be appreciated by people who appreciate bar paraphernalia.

ALTMAN has brought over some remarkably attractive hand-woven rugs from North Africa, and while they aren't exactly cheap, they are so much more reasonable than what the hand weavers of this country invite us to cover our floors with that they should find a ready welcome. The Altman specimens fall into two categories—rugs woven by the mountain and plains peo-

Why they remember Switzerland
Tobler
"For those who can afford the best"
Tobler
CHOCOLAT SUISSE

Importers: R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., INC., NEW YORK

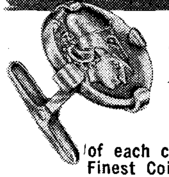
LYONS TEA

An Orange Pekoe Blend enjoyed the world over by discriminating tea drinkers.

by appointment caterers to His Majesty King George VI

J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., Inc.
29 Ninth Ave., N. Y. C. 14

ANCIENT COINS make modern links

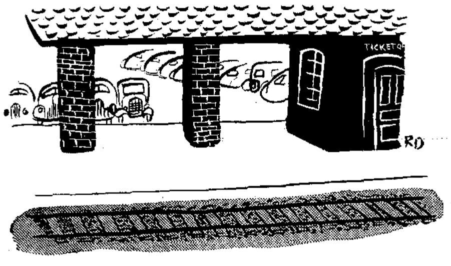


Original silver coins approximately 2000 years old minted in ancient Rome, Greece, Italy. Mounted in modern 14K gold as cuff links or earrings. Packed with registered warrant of authenticity and history of each coin from The Home of America's Finest Coin Sales. Selected emperors, cuff links or earrings set in 14K gold $47.50 pair, Federal tax included. Satisfaction guaranteed. A few Gold Aureii of Nero, Julius Caesar, etc. $475.00 pair. One superlative set of rare Greek gold Staters $1000.

NUMISMATIC GALLERY
228 North Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.

ple of Morocco from authentic traditional designs, and those woven by Algerian townsfolk from much more conventional patterns, furnished by American importers. The city-made rugs come in sizes ranging from ten by fourteen feet to twelve by twenty feet, and the designs consist of widely scattered geometrical figures on a cream background; they cost from $675 to $1,150 each. These would combine most happily with either modern decoration or Early American pine furniture of the more austere kind. Some of the authentic tribal floor coverings are in solid colors—rich crimson or burgundy—but most of them have interesting patterns (no two alike) of black on white, brown on cream, or orange and brown on cream. All have a luxuriously deep pile, and several of them are reversible, their intricate designs being woven through to the smooth side. Any of these rugs would be extremely effective with modern furniture—especially in pale woods. Prices run from $195, for a five-by-eight-foot patterned one, to $350, for a brilliant-red specimen that measures ten feet four by six feet seven. I thought the scatter rugs in the same collection were lacking in any particular distinction.

A WHILE ago, a man I know told me that he couldn't find in this entire town a modern chest of drawers meeting these very reasonable specifications: non-sticking drawers, good looks, and a price tag under $300. This seemed so preposterous that, for my own satisfaction, I had a look at the low-priced-chest situation, and darned if the man isn't nearly right—so much so that it occurred to me my findings might be of interest to other chest shoppers. Anybody who expects to find for under $300 one of those miracle chests that take care of every eventuality of a man's life is in for disappointment, but there are pieces here and there that should bring about a certain amount of order at not too great cost. One of the most satisfactory of these is a cherry number carried by John Stuart, at Fourth Avenue and 32nd Street. In this, two sliding doors, with simple oval indentations in-



Blend-ability
makes your highball taste better

Here's why: Only Sparkling Canada Dry Water gives you *Blend-ability*. It is the ability to point up the flavor of any drink . . . to make all drinks taste better. You don't get it in ordinary soda water. You don't get it in plain water. *Blend-ability* is the result of these Canada Dry exclusives:

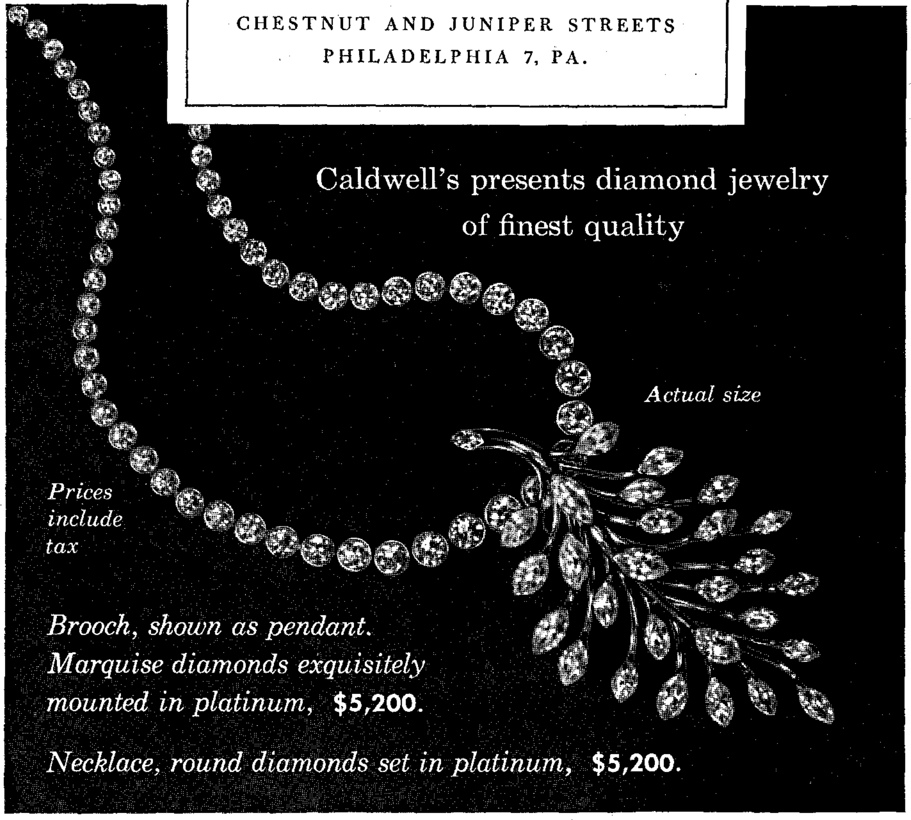
Exclusive "Flavor-Balanced Formula"—an expert blending and balancing of important mineral salts.

Exclusive "Pin-Point Carbonation"—creates millions of tinier, longer-lasting bubbles that keep your drink lively longer.

Makes drinks taste better
Sparkling CANADA DRY WATER

THE CLUB SODA WITH Blend-ability

J. E. Caldwell & Co.
Jewelers • Silversmiths • Stationers
Since 1839
CHESTNUT AND JUNIPER STREETS
PHILADELPHIA 7, PA.



Caldwell's presents diamond jewelry of finest quality

Actual size

Prices include tax

Brooch, shown as pendant. Marquise diamonds exquisitely mounted in platinum, **$5,200.**

Necklace, round diamonds set in platinum, **$5,200.**

From the cool limestone caves of historic Cresta Blanca Winery...

CRESTA BLANCA
Wine of Sheer Delight
CALIFORNIA
RED PINOT

The aristocrat of Burgundies, Cresta Blanca Red Pinot is made from the noble Red Pinot grape (Pinot St. George). Deep red, full-bodied, exquisitely dry. Enjoy it soon.

CRESTA BLANCA WINE CO., LIVERMORE, CALIF.

Massive 14 kt. yellow gold lady's bracelet watch.
$470.00

TRADE JSch MARK Reg.

Schulz watches
Est. 1924
Allied Arts Building • 304 East 45th St., New York 17
Sold through Reliable Jewelers

stead of handles, conceal six shirt-size drawers and two partitioned drawers for odds and ends; it is thirty-two inches tall and forty-three inches wide and costs $295. Another John Stuart chest, at the same price and made of the same wood, has narrow, brass-tipped wooden handles on its five drawers—a partitioned drawer at the top, a deep shirt drawer, and three long, unpartitioned drawers. This chest is forty-two inches high and forty wide. The same firm has a gray mahogany piece with four small drawers at the top and three long ones, all equipped with thin mahogany handles; $195. John Stuart sells only through decorators, but some of the firm's merchandise is carried by Bloomingdale and Wanamaker. Among other serviceable chests are a Robsjohn-Gibbings four-drawer design, thirty-five inches wide and forty high, in bleached walnut, that costs $189 at Lord & Taylor and at Bloomingdale; an imported Swedish block-front model of a honey-colored birch (four drawers), sold at Modernage for $219; and a design in walnut by George Nelson at the Herman Miller Furniture Company, 1 Park Avenue (32nd). The Nelson piece is thirty-nine inches high and forty wide, and has a good assortment of shirt drawers, drawers for small objects, and full-length drawers. It costs $236. Whether you agree that these pieces are especially good-looking depends, of course, on your own taste; there can be no doubt, though, about the drawers not sticking and the price being right. —S. H.

•

Under auspices of the U. C. Extension, a class in the "Techniques of Camping and Outdoor Loving" will meet at 10:30 A.M. in Room 125, Durant Hall on the Berkeley campus.—*Oakland* (*Calif.*) *Tribune.*

Poor hour and a poor place.

•

Here, too, is General Eisenhower, by the Welsh artist Thomas E. Stephens—Eisenhower to the life, looking out at the world with that charming smile of his (lent by the International Business Machines Corporation).—*Art column in the Syracuse Herald-American.*

So *that's* where he got it.

•

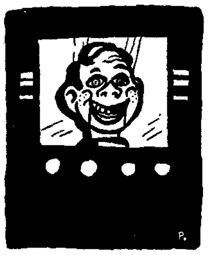
WHISPERS WE DOUBT EVER GOT WHISPERED

[*From an adv. in the Times*]

"Put a good cigar in my pocket and it will whisper: . . . '*After supper you and me will just sit back and the tiredness it will go, and in the good sweet smoke we'll have more than all the gold of a thousand beaver pelts.*' "

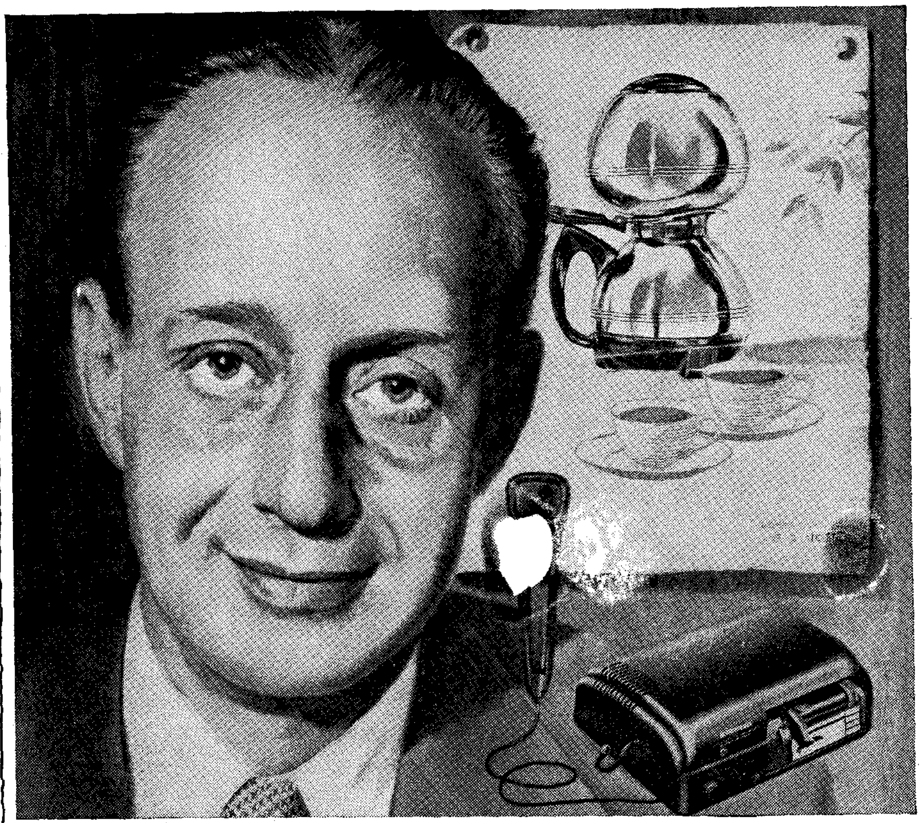
TELEVISION

Giants Walk the Earth



THE Columbia Broadcasting System, in one of the boldest and most ambitious ventures since Professor Auguste Piccard's balloon ascension, has set out to capture a large segment of the audience that watches Milton Berle. The mere thought is staggering. Mr. Berle—or Uncle Miltie, as he is known to millions of fun-lovers, both young and old—holds forth on Tuesday evenings from eight to nine over N.B.C. Since television's earliest commercial days, this has been regarded as a sacred hour, and producers, account executives, and soapsuds manufacturers have been loath to trespass upon it. True, there have been a good many interesting presentations over rival networks at the same time, but they have generally been, in the quaint language of broadcasting, "frontal-lobe programs"—discussion groups, programs dealing with natural history, and other lobe massages—and hence of no consequence whatever in the two-fisted, realistic world of advertising. Well, sir, C.B.S. has now decided that the time has come to challenge Uncle Miltie's hold on Tuesday evenings from eight to nine, and the man they have chosen to perform this herculean task is Frank Sinatra. (I hesitate to think of the hundreds of man-hours that must have been spent pondering over who could do the trick, or of the hundreds of cigarette butts and empty coffee containers that must have been scattered about the offices of the men in charge of preparing the great challenge.)

One recent Tuesday evening, I turned to "The Frank Sinatra Show," and within four or five minutes it had become clear that Uncle Miltie—cavorting even then on N.B.C.—had nothing to fear but fear itself. From the moment Mr. Sinatra—a slight, undernourished figure with padded shoulders, standing alone before a curtain—made his appearance, I felt that he had been ill-advised to take on the champion. He seemed entirely too defenseless and fragile to throw down the gauntlet to anyone. He wore on his face an expression of the utmost melancholy. Furthermore, he seemed to be in some sort of somnambulistic state, as though he had wandered onto the stage by accident and was mercifully unaware of his



J. W. ALSDORF, president, the Cory Corp., says: "TIME-MASTER is a thought-trap for money-making, time-saving ideas!"

More than a dictating machine—
your memory for ideas!

Gone are the days when flash ideas got away before you could remember them! Now, your memory is no farther away than your TIME-MASTER!

For here is the thought trap that goes 'way beyond merely speeding up correspondence. It's a handy, fingertip way to do all your dictating-recording . . . from memos to musings!

***Memobelt* does it—only T-M has it!** Heart and soul of TIME-MASTER is the unique *Memobelt.* A tiny, flexible plastic record that catches every idea, every thought, *and remembers it* for you *accurately.* It's the recording medium that changed the entire concept of dictating machines.

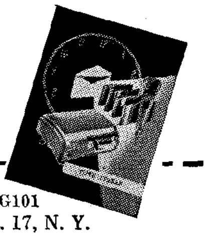
Every word, even whispered, is recorded and played back by *Memobelt* with clarity! Each *Memobelt* holds 15 minutes' continuous dictation! Yet, they're post-card size . . . so inexpensive you use 'em once and mail, file or discard!

Versatility! Efficiency! That's what *Memobelt* has made possible in TIME-MASTER. That's why TIME-MASTER is the world's most successful dictating machine. It's light, compact, completely portable . . . a time-saver, cost-saver on the road as well as in the office.

Thousands of busy executives agree that TIME-MASTER is indispensable. Learn how to use it in 60 seconds. Master it in 10 minutes. Chances are it can help streamline *your* office operation! A call, or the coupon will get you a speedy, free demonstration!

Send for your free copy of "Time Itself."

"Dictaphone" is a registered trade-mark of Dictaphone Corporation.



DICTAPHONE
THE GREATEST NAME IN DICTATION

Dictaphone offices, agents, and service the world over.

DICTAPHONE CORP., Dept. G101
420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.
Please send me my free copy of "Time Itself."

Your Name__________
Company__________
Street Address__________
City & Zone__________State______

whereabouts. When he opened his mouth and began to croon, I became convinced that he either really *was* asleep or else was quite ill, and should be gently led away and put to bed. Immediately following Mr. Sinatra's vocal effort, Jackie Gleason, the comedian, came on the stage, and he and Mr. Sinatra enacted a sketch that had something or other to do with the two of them entraining for Las Vegas, where they confidently expected to break the bank. Mr. Gleason is a large man and he was very wide-awake. When he placed a hand around one of Mr. Sinatra's legs and remarked loudly, "Now, *there's* a calf that left its mother too soon," and Mr. Sinatra looked at him with his big, sad eyes, I could bear it no longer, and at 8:18 I turned to Milton Berle.

UNCLE MILTIE was engaged in some raucous high jinks with Edward Arnold, but the precise nature of the proceedings was obscured by Uncle Miltie's helpless and hysterical laughter at his own jokes. He said something to Mr. Arnold and promptly doubled over in a spasm of merriment. His laugh was infectious, and a moment later Mr. Arnold doubled over, too. Then the studio audience caught the fever, and burst into shrill cries of glee. Uncle Miltie, by now a figure of utter madness, fell on the floor and kicked his feet in the air. "G'wan and turn on your radios!" he shrieked insolently at the audience. He rose, wiped away the tears that were coursing down his cheeks, and threw his arms around Mr. Arnold, who was sobbing with delight. All in all, it was a remarkable exhibition of bold and brassy self-appreciation, and I was grateful that Mr. Sinatra was unable to observe it, for it would unquestionably have inflicted irreparable damage on his morale.

MISS SARAH CHURCHILL, the daughter of Winston Churchill, turns up Sunday afternoons at five-forty-five over C.B.S., and during the course of her fifteen-minute program interviews a guest celebrity. (All the people who are interviewed on television are celebrities; if they weren't celebrities, they wouldn't be interviewed.) A week ago Sunday, Miss Churchill's guest was Samuel Goldwyn, and I suppose I shall always be indebted to her for making it possible for me to meet this mythical figure, and right in my own home, too. Miss Churchill was fully aware of the magnitude of the celestial body she had snared for the occasion, and in hushed

when
RED HEART RUM
goes into your
TOM 'N' JERRY
you get that finer, tastier Jamaica rum flavor that comes only in
HENRY WHITE & CO'S
RED HEART JAMAICA RUM
LONDON
TRADE MARK
ENG.
Tom & Jerry

Beat white and yolk of 1 egg separately. Blend, add 1 tsp. powdered sugar, beat again. Pour in ½ jigger each of brandy, Red Heart Jamaica Rum. While stirring, add hot milk or boiling water. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

Famous Since 1842

90 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

GOOD... any old time!
Sunshine CHEEZ-IT
Sunshine
CHEEZ-IT
A DAINTY CHEESE CRACKER
GOOD... any old time

the cracker with that swell cheese flavor

America's largest selling cheese cracker!

Sunshine Biscuits, INC.

DAIRYLEA CHEDDAR CHEESE

Easier to Give...

NICER to Receive!

DAIRYLEA*

CHEDDAR CHEESE

New York State's Finest!

For friends, family and YOURSELF order a zestful Dairylea Cheddar Cheese. Ripened to suit your taste. Wax packed wheels, 5 lbs — $4.50. (Add 50¢ west of Miss., 75¢ west of Denver.)

Send check or money order to

DAIRYMEN'S LEAGUE CO-OPERATIVE ASS'N. Inc.
Dept. N-1 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.
Sent prepaid parcel post or C.O.D.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TOMMY LYMAN
after 11 P.M.
AT THE
WILLIAM TELL
206 E. 50TH ST.
Just East of the Versailles

tones she compared him to a Chinese philosopher. "I say this because of two things," she said. "He understands the human heart, and he has the capacity for taking infinite pains." She went on to say some extremely kind things about one of Mr. Goldwyn's new pictures, and presently introduced the Chinese philosopher, who was elegantly turned out in a conservative business suit.

The philosopher was in a reflective mood. He listened intently as Miss Churchill praised his new film some more, and then said quietly, "You make me very happy." He announced that his aim was to produce films of quality; quantity did not interest him. Miss Churchill, still employing hushed tones, inquired after Mrs. Goldwyn. The philosopher smiled warmly and replied, "Few men realize the role women play in their lives." He went on to say that romance is an important part of any motion picture. He paused a moment, and then said, "Without romance you are in trouble." Miss Churchill took a deep breath. Something was on her mind but she seemed reluctant to express it. "What," she asked him, finally, "do you think of television?" The philosopher did not change his expression. Obviously, it was a question to which he had often addressed himself, and he was prepared to meet it head-on and with courage. "It is the greatest medium of our time," he said, and added that he thought the television people would do well to visit Hollywood and study Hollywood methods. "I have said many times," he said solemnly, "it will be a marriage." Miss Churchill concluded her program by reading from a poem by William Blake. Somewhere in the background, a hidden orchestra accompanied her, playing "Time on My Hands."

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

Remington Rand-Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co. broke ground for their building to be erected at Wilshire Blvd. and Coronado St. This will be a one-story structure of reinforced concrete and glass exterior with the first floor devoted to parking facilities.—*House organ of the George Stromme Company, Los Angeles.*

Sounds ideal.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Picture caption in Town & Country*]

Peter Milholland and his wife, the former Dorothy Keane, dine at home in their New York apartment. Mr. Milholland's dinner jacket recalls the birth of the tuxedo, sixty-five years ago.

NEW! the distinguished **GIFT** that keeps on giving
imagine! a real
Greenhouse in your LIVING ROOM —OR TERRACE
Decorative! Scientifically Designed!

Now anyone can grow
flowers or plants indoors
or outdoors...all year 'round!
THE TERRACE GREENHOUSE
(pat. pend.)
32 in. long, 16 in. wide, 21 in. high

AUTOMATIC FEATURES —SURE RESULTS

• Electric bottom-heat. AC or DC. Thermostatic control • Two automatic ventilators • Handy watering from outside • Easy to open and close • Electric light. On or off when you wish • Luxurious redwood and aluminum frame • Many other tested features for quick, sure, beautiful growing

GROW GORGEOUS FLOWERS OR PLANTS...ANY SEASON, ANY WEATHER!
Perfect protection grows exotic orchids, healthy African violets, gloxinias, miniature roses. Anyone can start all kinds of bulbs, vegetable and flower seeds, tubers, roots, cuttings. Perfect gift at CHRISTMAS or any time for hobbyist, shut-in, children, anybody.

FREE Valuable Guide—with order
HOW TO DO WONDERS WITH YOUR TERRACE GREENHOUSE
by Hank Barnes
Complete ABC *growing instructions*

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE Return for refund in 10 days if not satisfied. Only $39.95 for Standard model (above). DeLuxe model for orchids and taller plants, 32" x 18" x 27" high, $59.95. We pay shipping charges. Start growing *now! Order Today!*

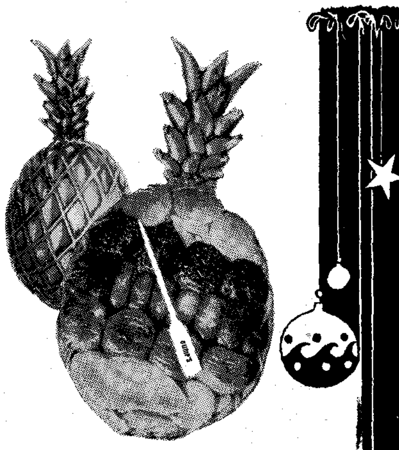
OLD COPPER MINE FARMS, Inc. Dept. NY 10A R.D. 2, Box 198, Plainfield, New Jersey
Phone Plainfield, New Jersey, 5-2528

You are invited to join these 20 famous men in one of the world's most distinguished clubs

LUCIUS BEEBE	DENNIS KING
GEORGE BIDDLE	PAUL LUKAS
LOUIS BROMFIELD	LAURITZ MELCHIOR
LOUIS CALHERN	THE MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN
FRANCIS GROVER CLEVELAND	ROBERT MONTGOMERY
ELY CULBERTSON	WILFRED PELLETIER
THE DUKE DI VERDURA	EZIO PINZA
DENIS CONAN DOYLE	NORMAN ROCKWELL
MAJ. GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT	ALBERT SPALDING
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE	JAMES THURBER

● These members of the world-famous After-Shave Club know the importance of paying attention to their appearance. They put a dash of after-shave lotion on their faces every morning. It's stimulating and refreshing—helps keep a young, healthy appearance.

Why don't you, too, make a point of taking a young man's care of the details that keep up your appearance! You will find that when you look your best, you feel your best . . . *do* your best. Join the After-Shave Club ...use Aqua Velva tomorrow morning.



Our California Gift

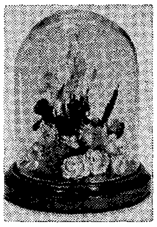
Choice California fruit carefully packed in a non-tarnishing aluminum pineapple tray. Prize sun-dried prunes, apricots, figs, pears, dates—processed for us by Anton's of California. The tray alone—a distinctive server for snacks or sweets.

1 lb., 12 oz. fruit; tray 12" long **13.50**

exclusive with us

please add 41¢ sales tax in California
6 lbs., shipping-pack — add postage charges

good taste costs no more **GUMP'S**
250 Post Street · San Francisco



What Nicer Gift To Give or Own . . .

Exquisite **MINIATURE FLOWERS UNDER GLASS**

The rage of Grandma's age—revived in a delicate and lovely arrangement that will make *any* decor more delightful. Our wax "Gay Deceivers"*—so fresh and breathtakingly lifelike you'll lift the glass to catch an imagined fragrance—in an old fashioned nosegay of miniature forget-me-nots, daisies, sweetheart roses, lily of the valley, tulips and others.

An inspired touch for a coffee table, cabinet, shelf. 6" high. **$8.50** *Postpaid.*

Send for our exclusive **CATALOGUE IN FULL COLOR** of other wonderful "Gay Deceiver" flowers.

*Registered

Constance Spry INCORPORATED

Mail and Phone Orders Promptly Filled

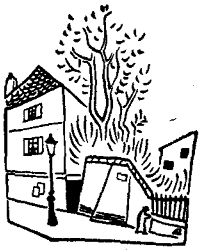
50th St. & Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.
Telephone: PLaza 5-2766

YEAR 'ROUND IN Phoenix
...in the heart of COLORFUL ARIZONA

Convenient downtown location, resort atmosphere, a beautiful pool for swimming. Ideal climate summer and winter.
John B. Mills, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

Hotel Westward Ho
AND PATIO SUITES

LETTER FROM S.H.A.P.E.



OCTOBER 17

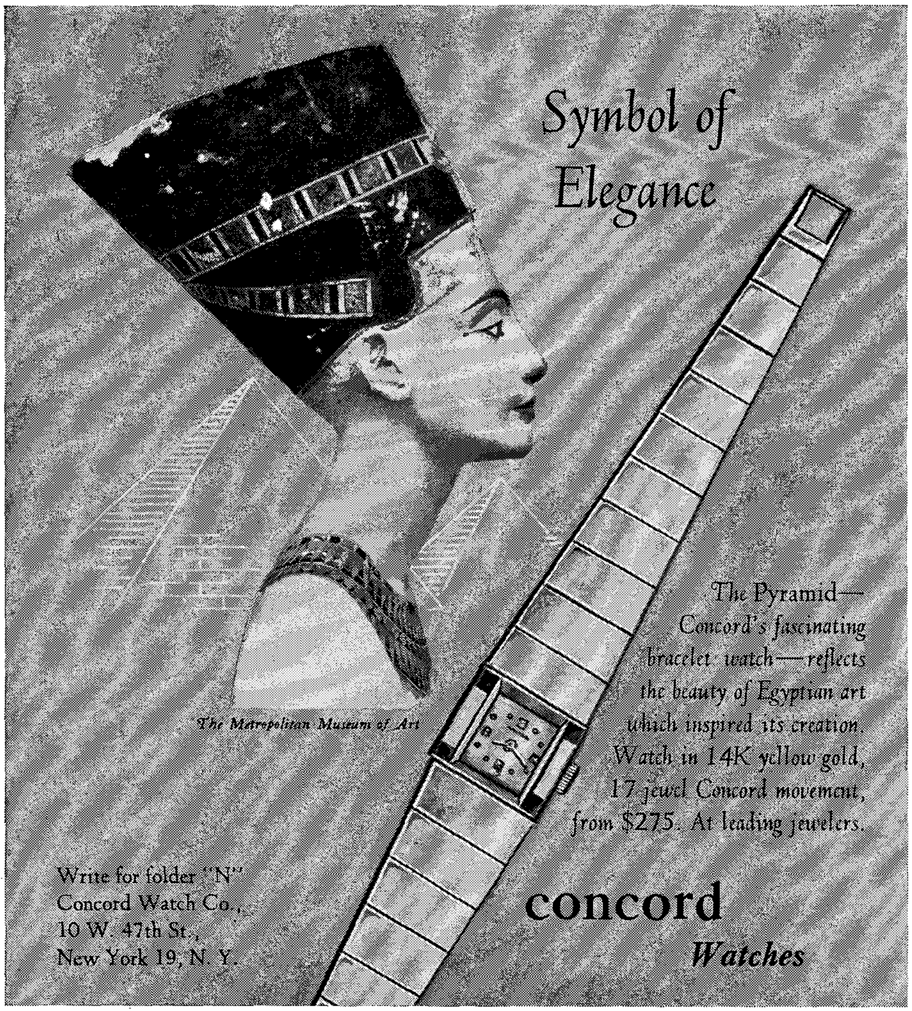
THE recently completed shelter for Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers, Europe, or Shape, is a flat, one-story, prefabricated, manufactured-looking building, fifteen miles from Paris, on the edge of a bare sixty-acre field that last year was planted with wheat. It is the Supreme Headquarters of the Supreme Allied Commander, General Dwight Eisenhower. It is also supreme headquarters of an invisible armed force, federation, and improved civilization—a United States of Europe and its European army of defenders, now located on an imagined map and on a footing that today exist only in conversation, conviction, hope, and, more than anywhere else, in General Eisenhower's mind.

By centuries-old tradition, European military headquarters, for which the best was considered none too good by nations constantly going to war in royal fashion, were situated in palaces, amidst beautiful parks. In this spirit, General Eisenhower was offered—but refused—the Palace of Fontainebleau. According to his subordinates, he was equally uninterested in the notion of some palatial Paris hotel. What he wanted, asked for, and got was country quiet and the isolation for concentration implicit in his plasterboard-style headquarters, which, if it were not for the twelve North Atlantic Treaty Organization flags flying before its front door, would look something like a crossroads schoolhouse. Actually, it operates like a military academy, being mainly given to pondering a new, profound Continental strategic problem: how to raise with all speed, animate, equip, and train a powerful international armed force in order, if possible, not to go to war.

Six months ago, only a peasant from the local countryside would have known how to locate the corner field where Shape Hq. now stands. It was part of the land that once belonged to the thirteenth-century fortified farm of Réduit du Trou d'Enfer, or Hell Hole Farm. Since the Third Republic, it has been part of the public domain of the French state. It is in the Canton of Versailles-Ouest, at the intersection of the old post road, Route Nationale No. 184, and the modern, six-lane Autoroute de l'Ouest. Shape's front property line is a handsome, shambling old stone wall, probably constructed by peasants from the ruins of Louis XIV's nearby Château of Marly-le-Roi, destroyed in the Revolution. To the northwest, beyond the wall and down a slope, rise the treetops of the Forest of Marly, one of the Bourbon hunting preserves now enjoyed by the President of the French Republic. To the southeast, distant behind nests of country lanes, lies Fontainebleau, where the Continent's second most important Hq., that of the Allied Powers' Central European Command, is set up—in what remains of the old style—in the palace where Napoleon Bonaparte said farewell to his troops. Route Nationale No. 184 runs north to Saint-Germain-en-Laye, where Henri IV lived and Louis XIV was born, and south to Versailles, where Louis XV lived and which Louis XVI was invited by the populace to leave, eventually for the scaffold. The Autoroute de l'Ouest leaves Paris via Saint-Cloud, where Napoleon III lived in the summers. Shape's modest prefabricated building, housing the hopes for the salvation of Western Europe—whose new dangerous predicament is partly the result of the history written by these and other ambitious regnant characters of the neighborhood—is certainly a significant anomaly in this royal- and imperial-flavored landscape of the Ile-de-France.

FOR the last fortnight, Shape Headquarters has been flying its new official flag of silver and gold devices on a green field, under the Latin motto "Vigilia Pretium Libertatis," which was taken from a speech made in 1808 by an Irish patriot named John Philpot Curran. The explanation of the color of Shape's flag is that it "signifies the peaceful woods and fields of Europe." *Espérons bien.* According to maps in the headquarters, the European woods and fields that Shape aims at keeping peaceful and green now stretch from Iceland and the Northern European Command in Oslo, down to the Central European Command for land, air, and navy at Fontainebleau, and on to the Southern European Command in Naples; a forthcoming Middle East and Mediterranean Command will be concerned with North Africa and, especially, with Greece and Turkey, the far-off newcomers into the Atlantic Treaty group. In other words, the responsibility for peaceful green fields will soon stretch all the way from the Arctic Ocean to the boot of Italy, and around the corner to the Golden Horn. This is the vast, benevolent geographic vista that the visitor thinks of when looking at the bright Nato flags and Shape's squat little headquarters in the former wheatfield, and that the Shape Hq. people in their little cubicles must think about from morning to night. Ten of the twelve Nato nations are there now, functioning together. The two missing are Iceland, which, as our Brigadier General Anthony J. Drexel Biddle gracefully explained, has already given all she has—herself—as a Nato airbase, and Portugal, which gave the Azores for the same purpose.

IT is ironic that General Eisenhower, brought up in Kansas, is now one of the leading proponents in France of the new theory of West European future history, a theory that most European citizens have been miles away from considering seriously. It is, of course, the idea of a federated Europe. During the summer, in an address to the English-Speaking Union in London, he said forthrightly, "This is my conviction. It is so profound that I do not think there can exist a sentiment of real security before this federation is achieved. Joining Western Europe together is the key to the whole thing." One of the General's aides says that he has called his argument for European acceptance of the union idea "the battle of the mind, in enlightened self-interest." Apparently he has now stopped arguing and is taking steps. It has just been announced in Paris that he will come out in support (with the proper qualifications) of the European Army project. It will be recalled that on top of last year's French Schuman Plan for union on the practical level of French and German steel and coal came the French Pleven Plan, which diplomatically offered the seemingly improbable notion of a European Army containing both Frenchmen and Germans, but with the Germans at a subaltern level that the sly French were pretty sure the Germans would not accept. It was this Pleven idea that uncontrollably became part of the ideal of a federated Europe. As usual, the Germans are the hitch; for once they seem not to want to jump into uniform. One Germany was always bad enough. Now there are two in the West alone—Dr. Kurt Schumacher's Socialist Germany, which wants no part of this sort of planned Europe, and Dr. Konrad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Adenauer's coalition Germany, which would actually like to help with the planning. And there is the third Germany in the East, which, through the Soviet Union, has suddenly begun talking of a united Germany and even of free elections. These astonishing offers have been probably the most inconvenient compliment imaginable to the strength of Shape's federated-Europe idea, coming, as they do, amid the Allied High Commissioners' present conferences with the Adenauer government in Bonn, at which their highest card will now look like a two-spot.

NONE of the French press has favored the idea of the pooled Continental army. *Combat,* an independent journal of the Left usually prone to unpopular idealisms, has just finished a disobliging series on "L'Armée Européenne en Gestation," ending with the inquiry "What Europe? Which Europe? A Socialist Europe, a Liberal one, a Demo-Christian one? A Europe of barracks? Europe is not yet a *patrie,* a fatherland." The conservative *Le Monde,* given to liverish bouts of neutralism, gloomily talked of "arms for the end of the world" in a kind of doomsday editorial.

The two parties that are bitterest against Eisenhower's federation idea—and, indeed, against everything he does, including commanding Nato—are naturally the de Gaullistes and the Communists. Last month, in a luncheon speech before the foreign press, General de Gaulle scathingly said that he had heard of a plan for an army called European, which would solve the problem of security and unity by "a mixture of alchemy, algebraic combinations, and cabalistic formulas." With crocodile tears, the Communist Jacques Duclos has just wept in *Humanité* over Shape, where "French officers are humiliated at being placed under foreign command, officers for whom patriotism is the supreme law." Actually, if it weren't for *Humanité's* furies, we Americans would not know how well Shape has been getting on here. Other journals do not print the good news that *Humanité* harshly headlines as "The American Occupation of France." Two days ago, *Huma* reported that an American general named Young and his troops had billeted themselves in the town of Orléans, where three thousand French were already suffering from a housing shortage. The day before, it was the Americans occupying the French airstrip at Cognac. Before that, they occupied Châteauroux, then hoisted the Stars and Stripes over

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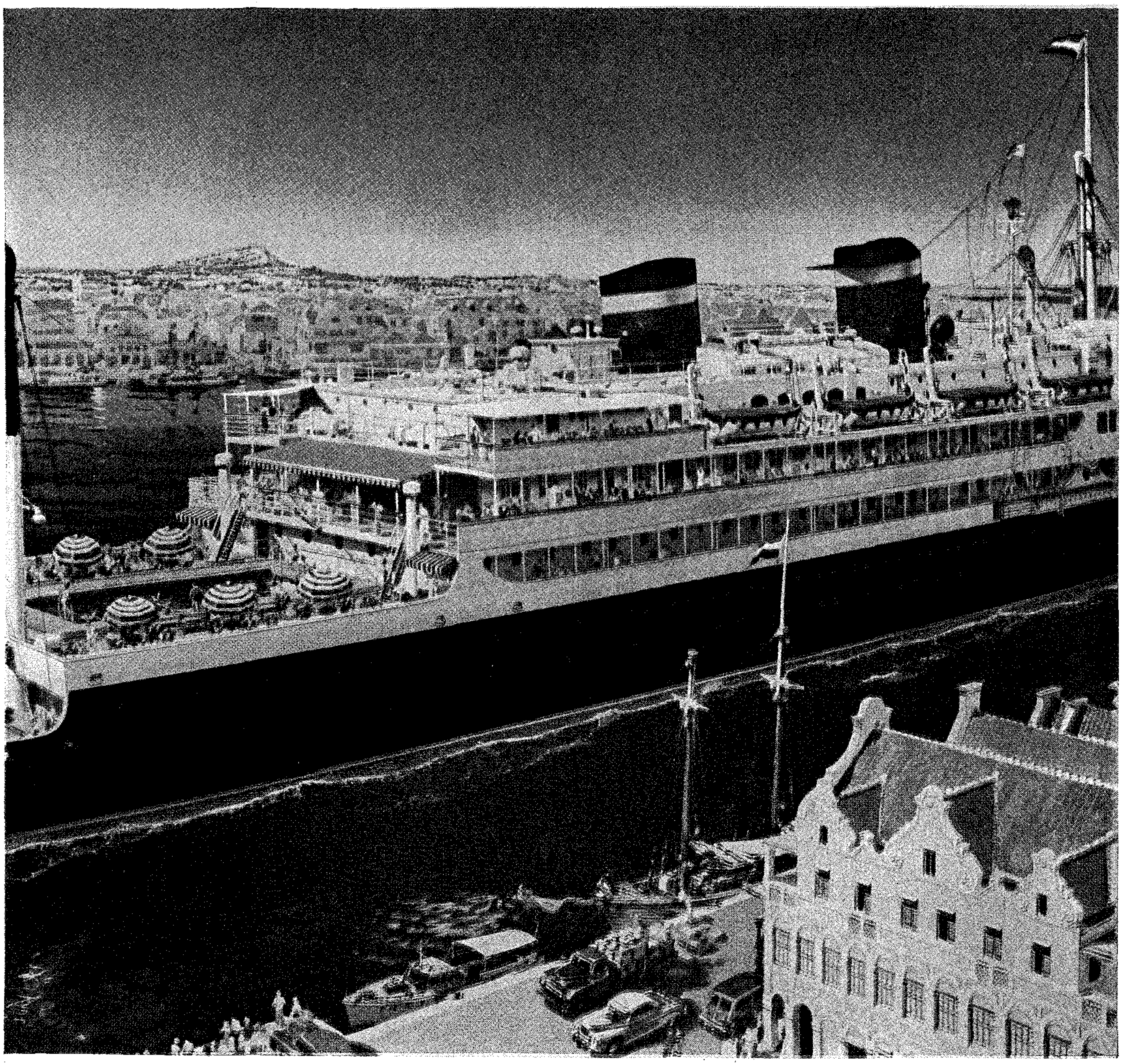

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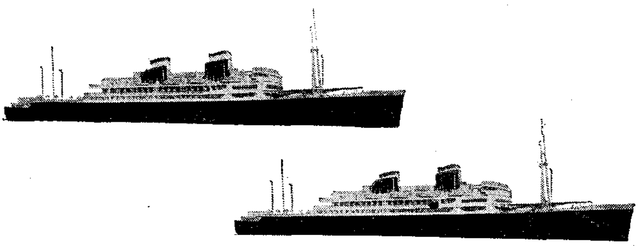

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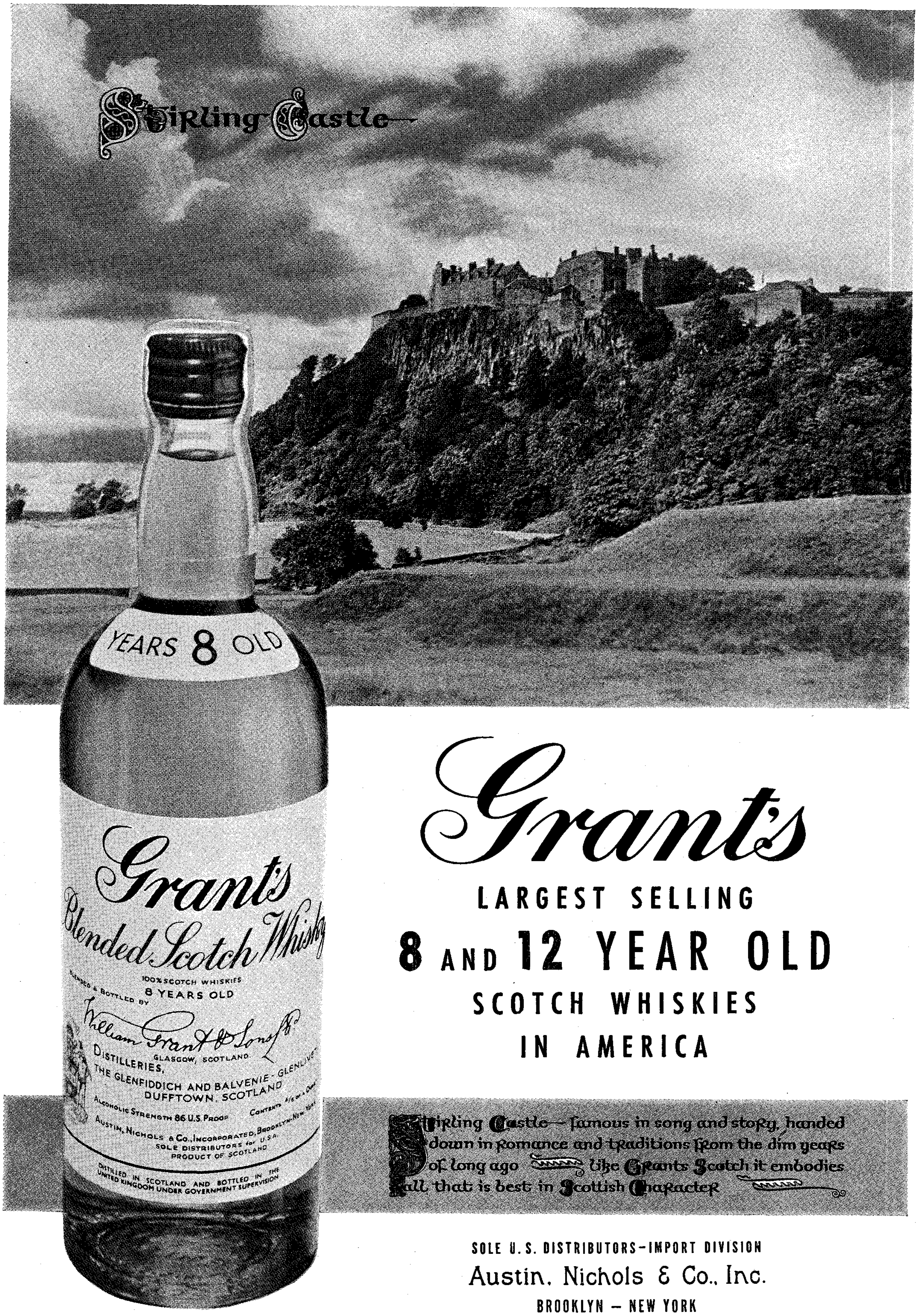
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the barracks at Poitiers, then occupied Rennes, where the American soldiers "acted like gangsters."

General Eisenhower is better known than Shape. He is unquestionably the best-known, best-liked, and most trusted public American figure in France. To average French citizens, he represents three personally likable aspects of our purported national character, a character they often resent. They like his way of being energetic and supremely efficient, and even his obstinate desire to do good to Europe. In an almost literary fashion, he fascinates them as a heroic fictional character of a type they have never read about before—a non-Napoleonic, unmilitary-minded professional general of high class. They think him humane, a tactician, a great soldier, an honest democrat. To France, and to some still worried Nato nations, he has become the necessary European symbol of strength. His aides say he is an omnivorous reader. Last week, it was reported that, perhaps to get a new apperception of the dangers of a disunited Europe, he was brushing up on what was referred to as "The Decline and Fall," which was inferred to be by Gibbon, about Rome. It turned out to be "The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody," by Will Cuppy. In the evenings at home in his white neoclassic villa at Marnes-la-Coquette, presented and furnished by the French state, and complete with a Sèvres dinner service ornamented with the twelve Nato flags in fine color, he paints in oil. He paints considerably less well than Winston Churchill, but he has lately done more for the union of Europe.

—Genêt

•

The capital crimes of announcement writing are assumption and wordiness. In all these pages I get my seasonal inferiority complex reading of the author "whose name will be at once recognized by millions" but of whom I have never heard, of the "magnum opus" by the author whose minor opi (or is it opuses) are dim in my mind.—*Publishers' Weekly.*

Try "opera," a plural recognized by millions.

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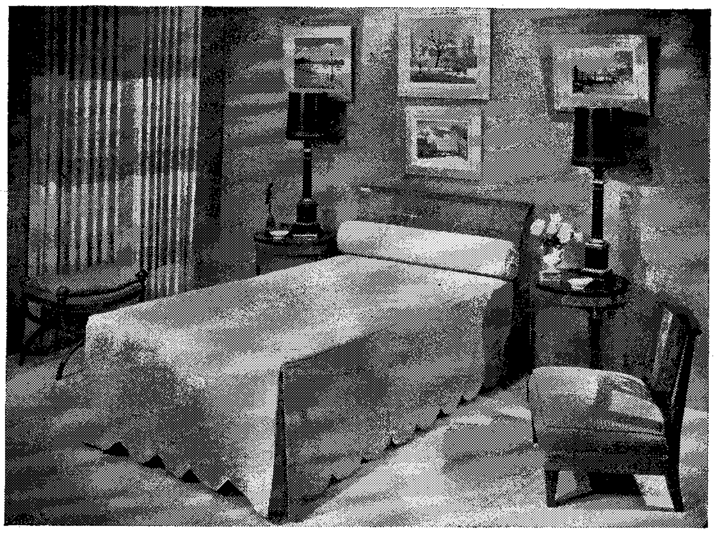
A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Samuel Goldwyn in Collier's*]

Films like M-G-M's Quo Vadis and the David O. Selznick production of Gone with the Wind, or 20th Century-Fox's David and Bathsheba, or Paramount's Samson and Delilah, and a number of other great pictures I could name, can be properly made in only one medium—motion pictures.



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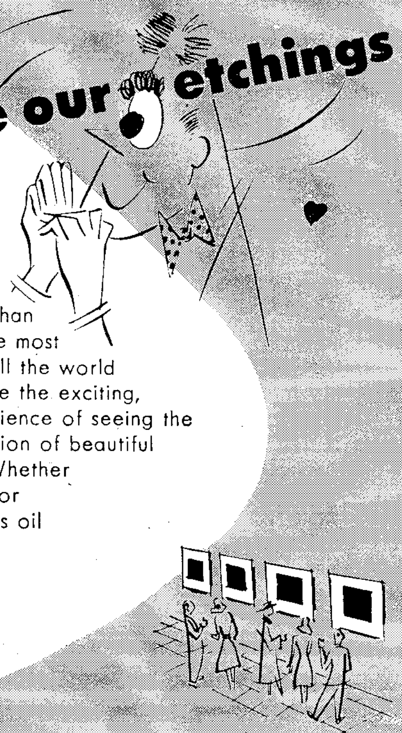

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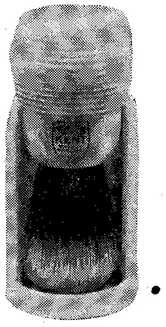

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Storytelling

THE Little Orchestra Society, which offers concerts at Town Hall every third Monday evening during the winter season, got under way last week with a spirited concert performance of Handel's "Acis and Galatea." (The only other item on the program was Schubert's Symphony No. 6, which was given a vigorous reading.) "Acis and Galatea," for four soloists, chorus, and orchestra, is a sort of concert opera on a pastoral theme; Handel identified it as a "serenata." Its three main characters are a sea nymph, a Sicilian shepherd she loves, and the Cyclops Polyphemus, who can't get to first base with her and who, piqued by the lovers' open declarations of their feelings, boorishly tosses a boulder on the shepherd. Galatea is overcome by grief, but, nymph that she is, rallies quickly. She is roused from her lamentations by the chorus and makes the best of the situation by neatly transforming her dead lover into a stream—"murmuring still his gentle love," as she archly observes. Obviously, the theatre has never attained the level of technical proficiency that would enable it to dispose of such a worrisome problem in staging with ease, and it is fortunate that Handel saw in this story merely a suitable excuse for setting down a rush of melodious and touching music, without undue emphasis on the visual aspects of the drama. Actually, he and John Gay, who composed the original text for "Acis and Galatea," were working in the form made popular by the Jacobean masques in the early seventeenth century. Gay's libretto was based on Ovid. Subsequently Handel incorporated into the text some appropriate lines from Alexander Pope's poetry and from Pope's translations of Homer, from John Dryden's translations of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and from John Hughes. The text hangs together well and, as might be expected, has considerable style of its own.

The version used by the Little Orchestra Society consists of an orchestral introduction and twenty-seven vocal numbers. It employs Mozart's rearrangement of the orchestral score and a nineteenth-century organist's revision of the vocal parts. The latter, varied in technique and calling for exceedingly nimble singing, have a delightful pervading lyricism, and they express—ornately or simply, as the occasion demands—tenderness, humor, misery, or nobility. Furthermore, in addition to giving fine definition to the emotions at play in the story, the music indulges in some joyous naturalistic effects. Several of the numbers are gems. Galatea, for example, has two lovely pieces: "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," near the beginning, and, at the end, "Heart, the seat of soft delight," wherein she immortalizes Acis. Polyphemus has a rollicking song, "O ruddier than the cherry." The fourth character in "Acis and Galatea" is Damon, a minor but clarifying figure (his music is written to be sung by either a tenor or a soprano), who in the present version has two airs to sing, both calculated to restrain Acis from taking Galatea too seriously. One of these, a minuet, "Consider, fond shepherd," is charming.

Ann Ayars, a soprano, sang Galatea's music exquisitely and Suzanne der Derian, another soprano, sang Damon's airs with attractive purity of tone. Kenneth Smith, bass, negotiated the difficult coloratura passages in Polyphemus's music fairly well and sang with a great deal of enthusiasm. John Druary, the tenor who sang Acis, seemed to find the going rough at times. The Hufstader Singers handled the chorus work commendably, and the orchestra, led by Thomas Scherman, was capable.

THE Philadelphia Orchestra, with Eugene Ormandy conducting, made its first local appearance of the season at Carnegie Hall last week. The opening number on the program, Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture, and the third and final one, Brahms' Symphony No. 1, were played satisfyingly enough, but the orchestra produced its most stunning effect with the Strauss tone poem "Ein Heldenleben." Somehow, Strauss's uncommon skill at orchestrating has contrived to overshadow the grossness of some of the score, and the only moments that were less than entrancing occurred during the battle passage, with its piling up of sound. Even while questioning the stature of the hero whose qualities Strauss sought to glorify, I was able for the first time to feel the logic that drives the work forward and to follow it with absorption. Every value in the score was perfectly brought out by Ormandy and his superb musicians. Jacob Krachmalnick, the new concertmaster of the orchestra, whose violin playing represented "The Hero's Helpmate," gave a brilliant performance. This presentation of "Ein Heldenleben" was a rare orchestral event and an example of magnificent playing.

THE resourceful New York City Opera Company, which has found the means to add two new productions to its repertory during its current engagement at the City Center, put on the second of them last week. Called "The Four Ruffians," it is an English translation of Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's comic opera "I Quattro Rusteghi." The "ruffians" in this case are nothing more than four rather fatuous eighteenth-century Venetian husbands. Three of them are stuffy and overbearing toward their wives, and the fourth, a foppish mouse of a man, is too indulgent toward his. The plot has to do with the machinations of two of the sterner men to arrange a marriage between the son of one and the daughter of the other; they maneuver over the heads of the womenfolk and without permitting either member of the wedding to see the other until the appointed day. The ladies are naturally outraged by this highhandedness, and even after the two young people have been brought together, by a ruse, and discover that they are in favor of the marriage, the women insist on humbling the men before the wedding takes place.

Unfortunately, the music, although going through the proper motions, coming up with gleams of wit here and there, and occasionally creating a mood of genuine lighthearted romance, does not quite bring the story off. One prime difficulty is the uphill work the cast has in making the words come out even with the music, which is often very agi-

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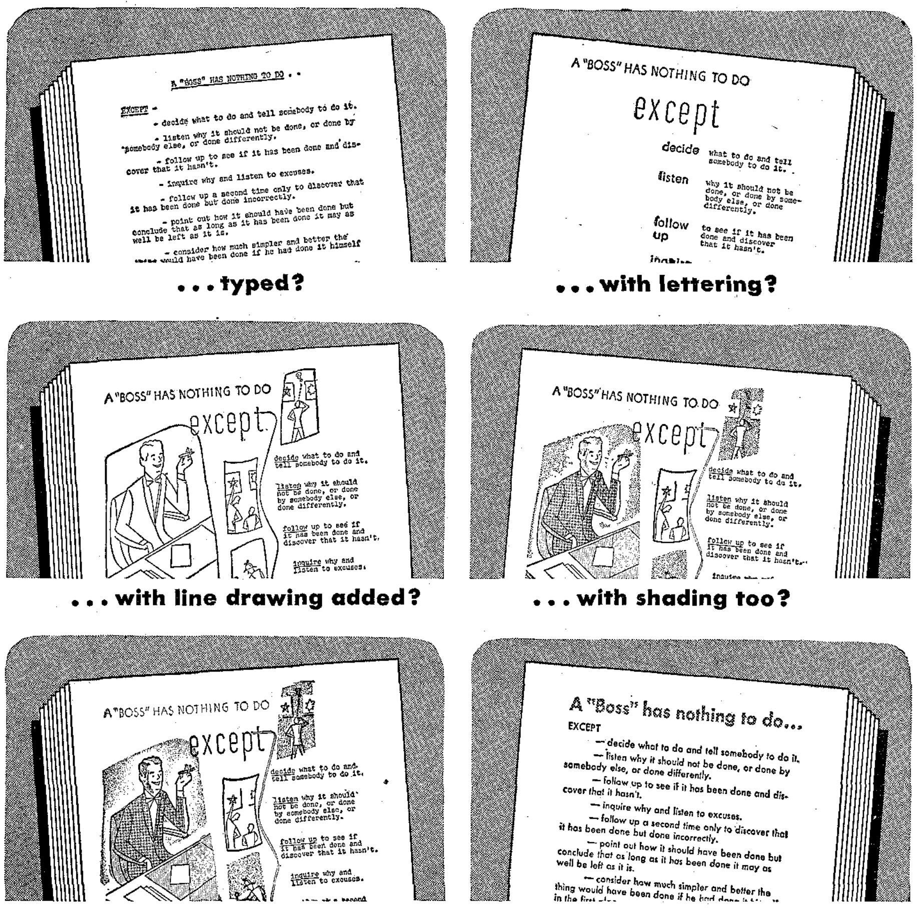

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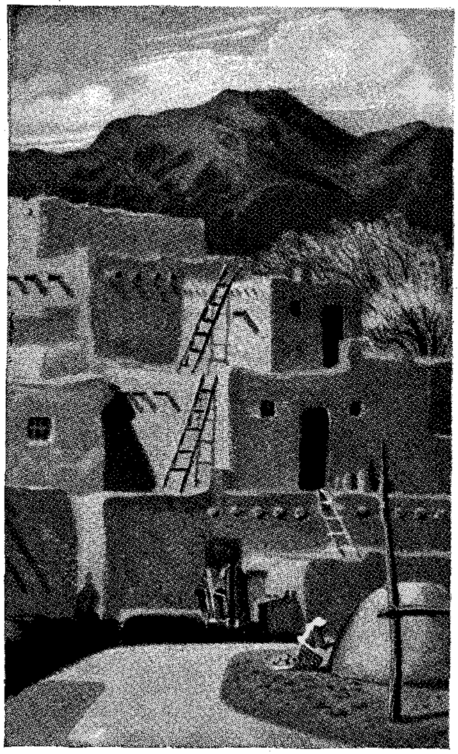

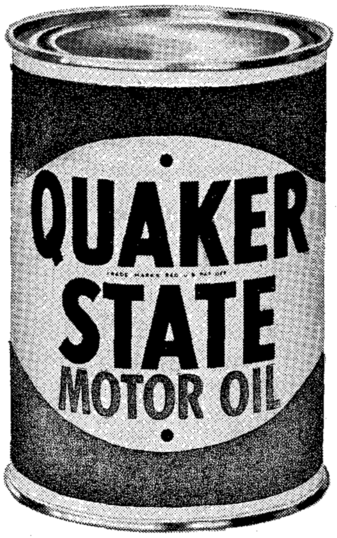

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tated. This is, of course, likely to prove trying for the listener. On the opening night, the cast made the best of it under the circumstances, but I had a feeling that two of the four ruffians, all of whom wore grotesque makeup, overdid their parts. The women were more agreeable, especially Frances Yeend, who, as the most emancipated of the wives, delivered a rapid-fire lecture to the men with triumphant grace, and Ellen Faull, who played a sorely abused wife. The four settings, by Mstislav Dobujinsky, struck me as being gaudily assertive. Otto Erhardt has directed the cast in a broad manner—too broad, it seemed to me—and Charles Weidman has touched up the whole thing with a few overly cute bits of dancing. Laszlo Halasz conducted the orchestra, and I thought its performance was one of the best things about the evening.

—DOUGLAS WATT

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Colonel Robert R. McCormick
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From scouts' data on the Colonel
A few items we shall note—
Facts presented to the headmen
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Says McCormick, we'd be safer
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If we'd heed the Constitution,
  That our Founding Fathers wrote.

The affair of the adoption
  Was well engineered and planned,
Invitations to participate
  Went to every Chippewa Band.

Hereditary Chief, "Jim" White,
  Volunteered that, as a Brave
He'd confer upon McCormick
  Every right his station gave.

His tribe name, Me-Gee-See, the Eagle,
  Man of Courage, Strong, Upright,
This, together with his headdress
  Was to be conferred by White.

By Chequamegon the Beautiful
  The great Bay of which all knew,
In the white man's Garden City,
  They would have the rendezvous.

At the hour for the induction,
  The whole tribe it seemed was there,
Having come, with many white folk,
  To observe this rare affair.

With the headmen on the platform,
  And braves who'd perform the rite
Sat the unperturbed McCormick
  The elected neophyte.

All but he wore bands of feathers
  On their heads much as a crown
From which stately feathered streamers
  Reached to hips and farther down.

Then with bracelets, anklets, beadwork
  Adding color to their dress
Each became a moving picture
  In the scenes they loved the best.

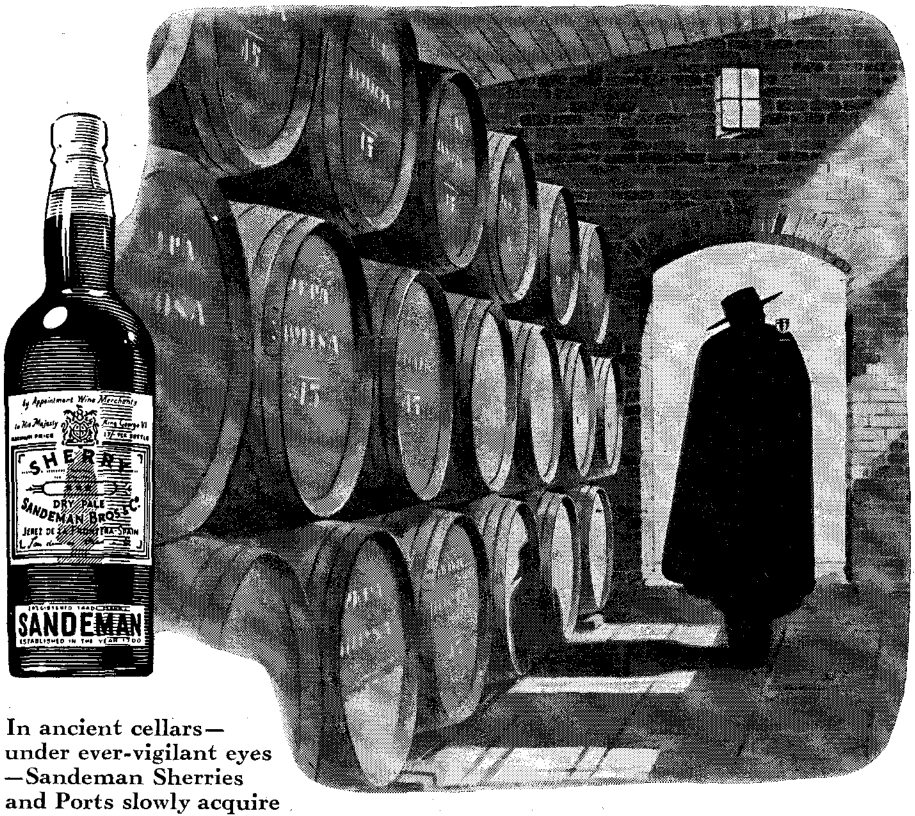
The whole ritual of adoption
  Was a most impressive sight
And will stay long in the memories
  Of those present there that night.

That the Colonel lacked not humor
  Was attested by his grin
When a vagrant, wayward feather
  From a headdress grazed his chin.

The acceptance of the headdress
  With the name of Me-Gee-See
Made McCormick a tribe member
  By an Indian decree.

The Colonel gave his "Thank You"
  In a few well chosen words
And expressed appreciation
  Of the honor they'd conferred.

Now, Chief Me-Gee-See McCormick
  May your shield be always bright.
On that wish we end our story—
  This is "30" and Goodnight.



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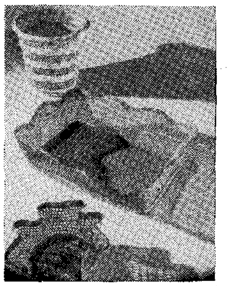

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BOOKS

O Tempora, O Mores

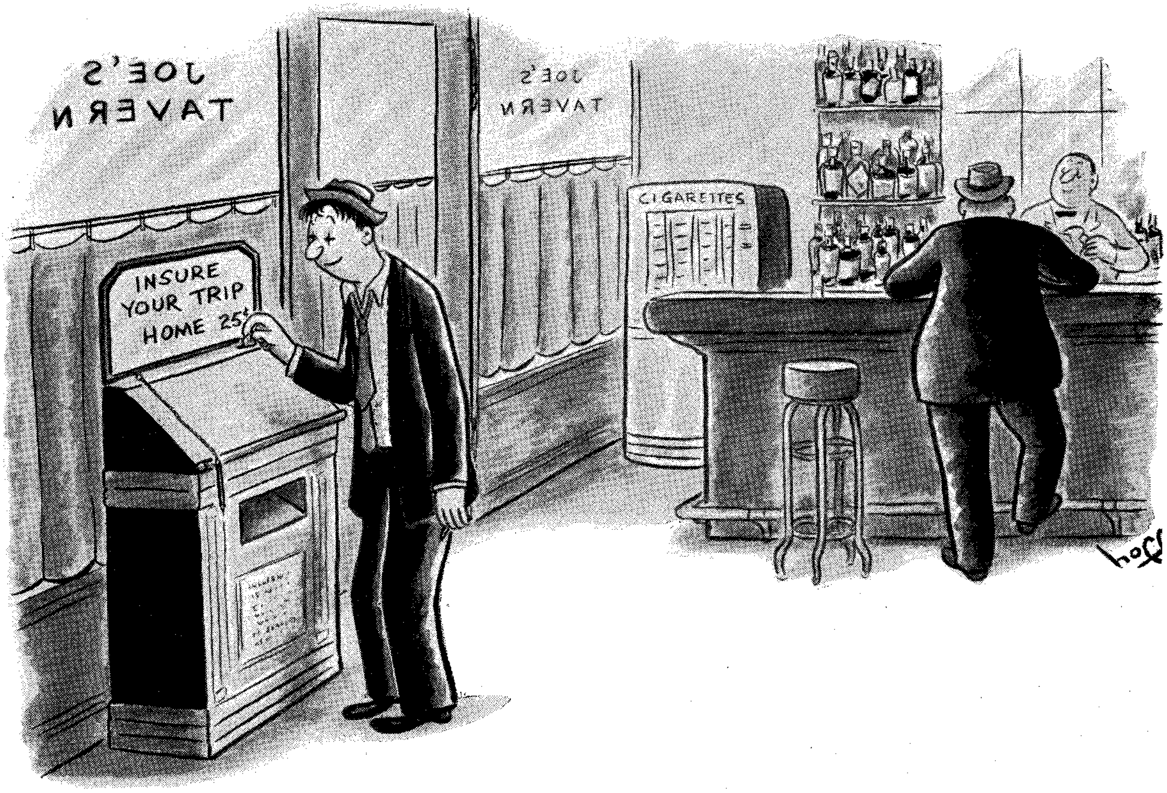
NANCY MITFORD is as funny as she has ever been in "The Blessing" (Random House), but in a less likable way. Her story is largely concerned with the efforts of a fiendish man-child born of an Anglo-French marriage to keep his English mother and his French father apart, and to play his father's mistresses off against each other. It would be nice to say that Miss Mitford has not changed, and that she has only changed her line of attack. Up to now, her game has been to match one kind of silliness against another, generally aesthetic English snobbery against the more barbarous shootin' and fishin' kind, and to contrast both with unstated but clearly implied conceptions of a sensible and agreeable way of living. In this story, it seems at first that she is playing the same game, and making a satirical contrast between Anglo-Saxon and Latin marriage and alcove conventions, but as one reads on, it becomes apparent that she is up to something else.

Most of the action in her book takes place on the Main Line in France and in Paris. But it is, alas, the Main Line not as seen by a satirist but as Boldini would paint it. Boldini was the Winterhalter of Edwardian Paris, one of those painters with the rewarding gift of being able to preserve a likeness while transforming the plainest and stubbiest of sitters into one of a divine race of beings, immaculately dressed, supple, lovely, and from eight to nine feet tall. In his painting, he kept his caustic opinions of society to himself and put into visual terms the aristocracy's dream of itself—a closed corporation of people of exquisite manners and wit, born with a sense of what is really valuable in life and art, who were France as the bourgeoisie and the lower orders were not. Fragments of this dream, in the shape of French gentlemen a little more than mortal and a little less than likely, have lately been turning up in Miss Mitford's work to marry her heroines, but they rank as mere piglets beside the whole hog, Charles-Edouard de Valhubert, whom she now serves up as a husband and father.

Catnip to women, Charles-Edouard was a hero in the late war. He looks superb, his manners are wonderful, he is rich, and his servants adore him. His wit, and the wit of his circle of acquaintance, is unfailing; he has read everything and he knows everything. On page 4, he introduces us to the painter Olivier and assumes that we will have the appropriate images on hand when he compares the heroine to a Natoie or Rosalba. On page 5, he is urbanely questioning the genuineness of a Drouais, and warning us lest we be deceived by the many Trouilleberts masquerading as Corots. Eleven pages later, he has married the girl, and her reëducation, and ours, is in full swing. On their honeymoon, she is taught to treat Boucher with respect, to discern merit in the curly decadence of the wig-and-cravat school of sculpture, and is put in a position to conjure with such names as Carlin, Cressent, Thomire, Reisener, and Gouthière. The heroine is not the only one to be swept off her feet, and Miss Mitford herself is presently telling us, in all seriousness, that there is such a thing as an important Fragonard.

Little symptoms can indicate large disorders, and the use of the word "important" in connection with a painter whose world of ribbons and bibbons and fresh young flesh, however delicious, is triviality itself gives the show away. Fragonard is important, one may guess, not because his works have a limited excellence of their own but because they have a close association with a style of interior decoration that embodies, more than anything else that has survived its period, the spirit of France's ancient regime. Miss Mitford has, in short, come out as a partisan of one brand of snobbery against all the others. To be possible one must be French and of, or married to a member of, the pre-revolutionary noblesse. It is ridiculous not to be; it is fairly ridiculous to be English (though much can be forgiven a well-bred Englishman who sincerely wishes he were French), and it is wholly ridiculous to be American, particularly if you have some such name as Jorgmann, Schmutz, Jungfleisch, or Rutter.

The idea that there is something intrinsically funny in these names awakens echoes; we have encountered this narrow and somewhat unpleasant sort of humor in Parisian drawing rooms before. It was when, reading "Remem-



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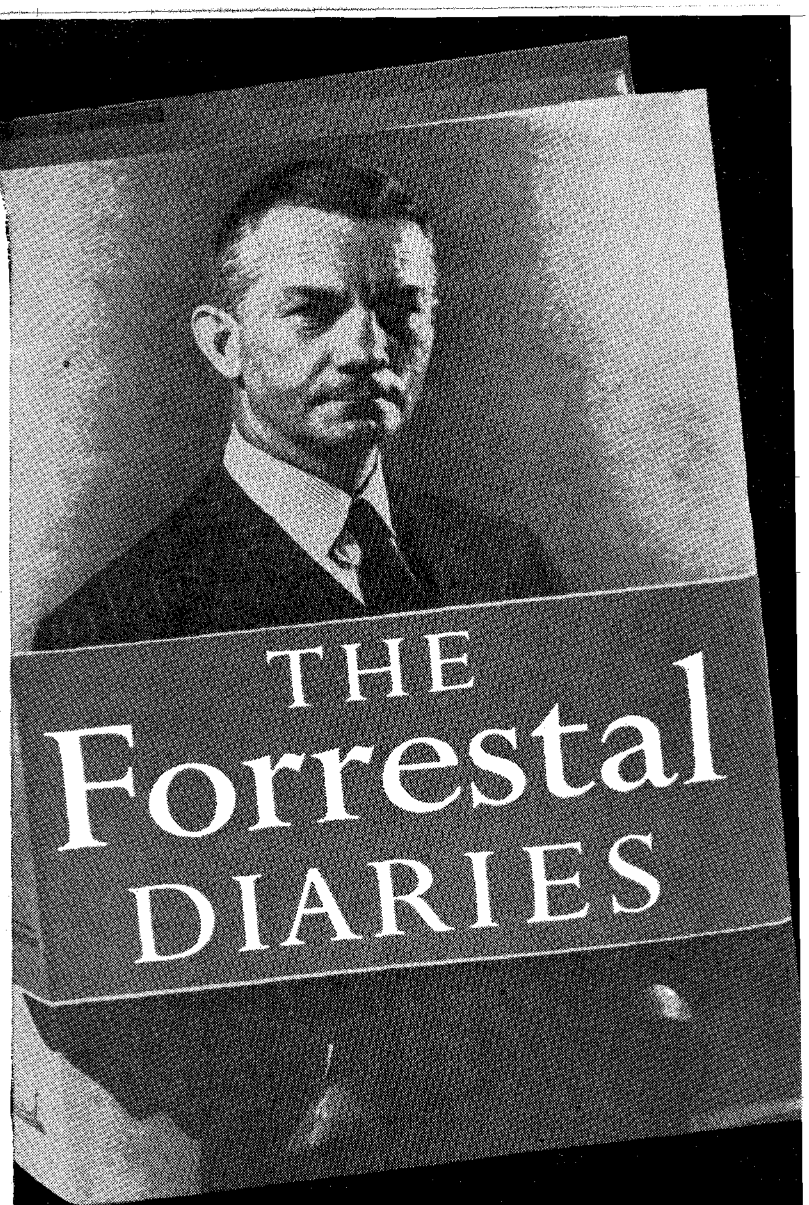

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brance of Things Past," we travelled by the Guermantes Way, and Proust put us in a position to know the Duke and Duchess of Guermantes well enough to think of them simply as Oriane and Basin. We learned then that the inanities Oriane's friends treasured as pearls of wit were given their special flavor by her ignorance and lack of education, and that their tart undertone of malice was provoked by the Duke's cold cruelty and egotism. But this time we do not have Proust to draw our attention to this side of things; we are revisiting the same socially holy ground with someone who would have us believe that the nobles are really noble, that the featherbrained and malicious shoptalk is really witty conversation, and, even more important and less credible, that the prevailing morality is productive of happiness. It is true that the Duc de Guermantes would hardly have been idiot enough to allow Oriane to surprise him in bed with one of his statuesque mistresses in a house and in a room open to parties of tourists, which is what Charles-Edouard does in one of his less than perfect moments, but otherwise the two men are exactly alike in the way they treat their women. Where Proust—and he has yet to be described as a spokesman for Anglo-Saxon or Protestant morality—insists that it is an intolerable way to treat wives or mistresses, Miss Mitford tells us that it is divine for girls with common sense and nice manners to have to put up with such things. She makes one laugh so much, and so often, that the point almost slips by—in fact, does slip by, unless one happens to be thinking about the difference between comedy and farce. Miss Mitford has abandoned the first, which is basically warm and sympathetic, and critical of morals and manners, for the second, which, although often extremely funny, is almost always a cold mockery of stereotyped butts and a defense of a particular body of conventions. In this case, the conventions are pretenses dignifying a life—I am quoting that notorious Anglo-Saxon puritan Proust again—of idleness and sterility, and while the fooling is adroit, it is essentially hateful.

West Point's reaction to its brush with the literary mind in the person of Edgar Allan Poe was to engrave in marble Sir Francis Bacon's remark that "there is no exquisite beauty without some strangeness in the proportion." This suggests that the Army made a reasonable assessment of the relationship between the value of Poe as a

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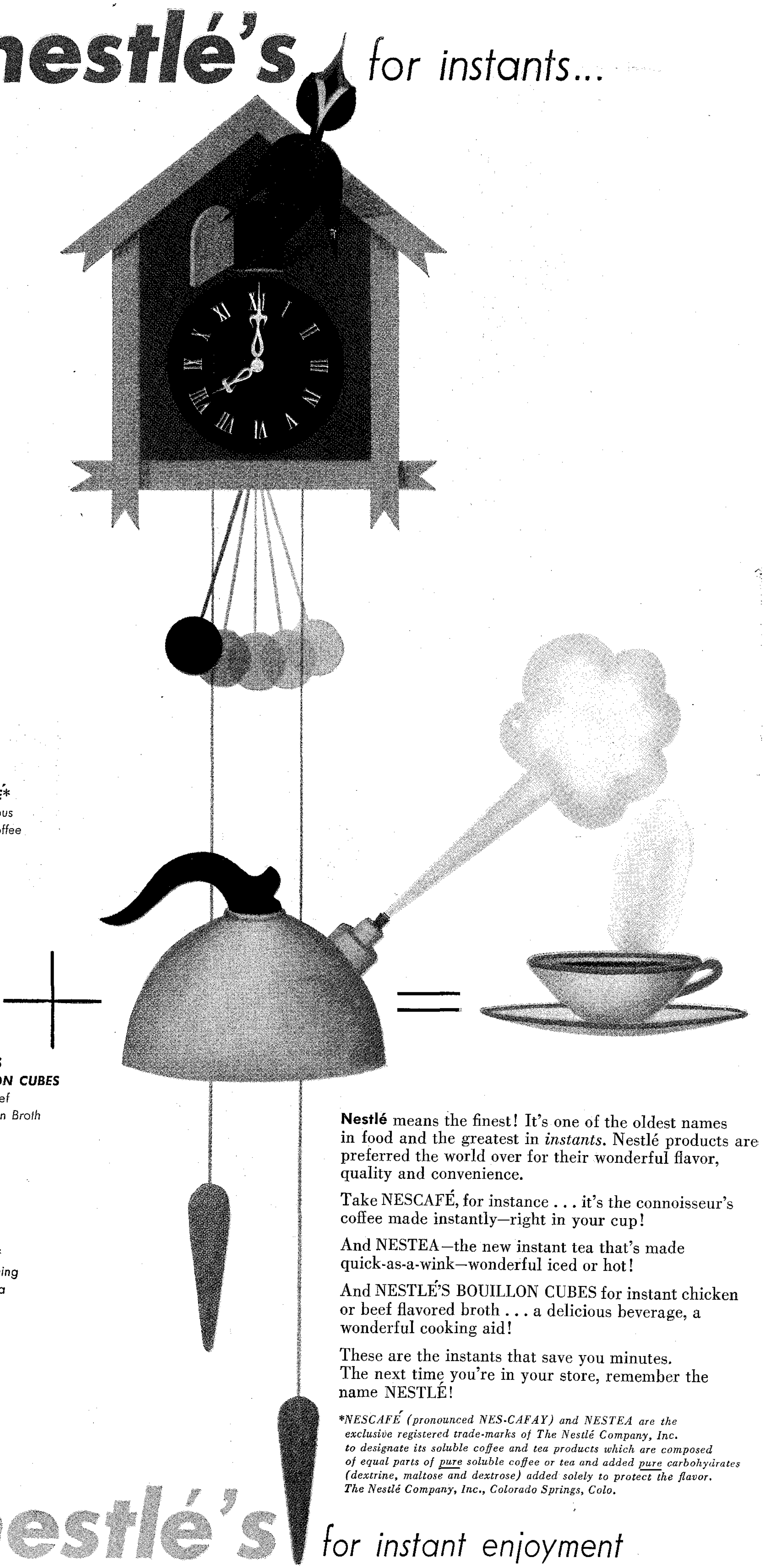

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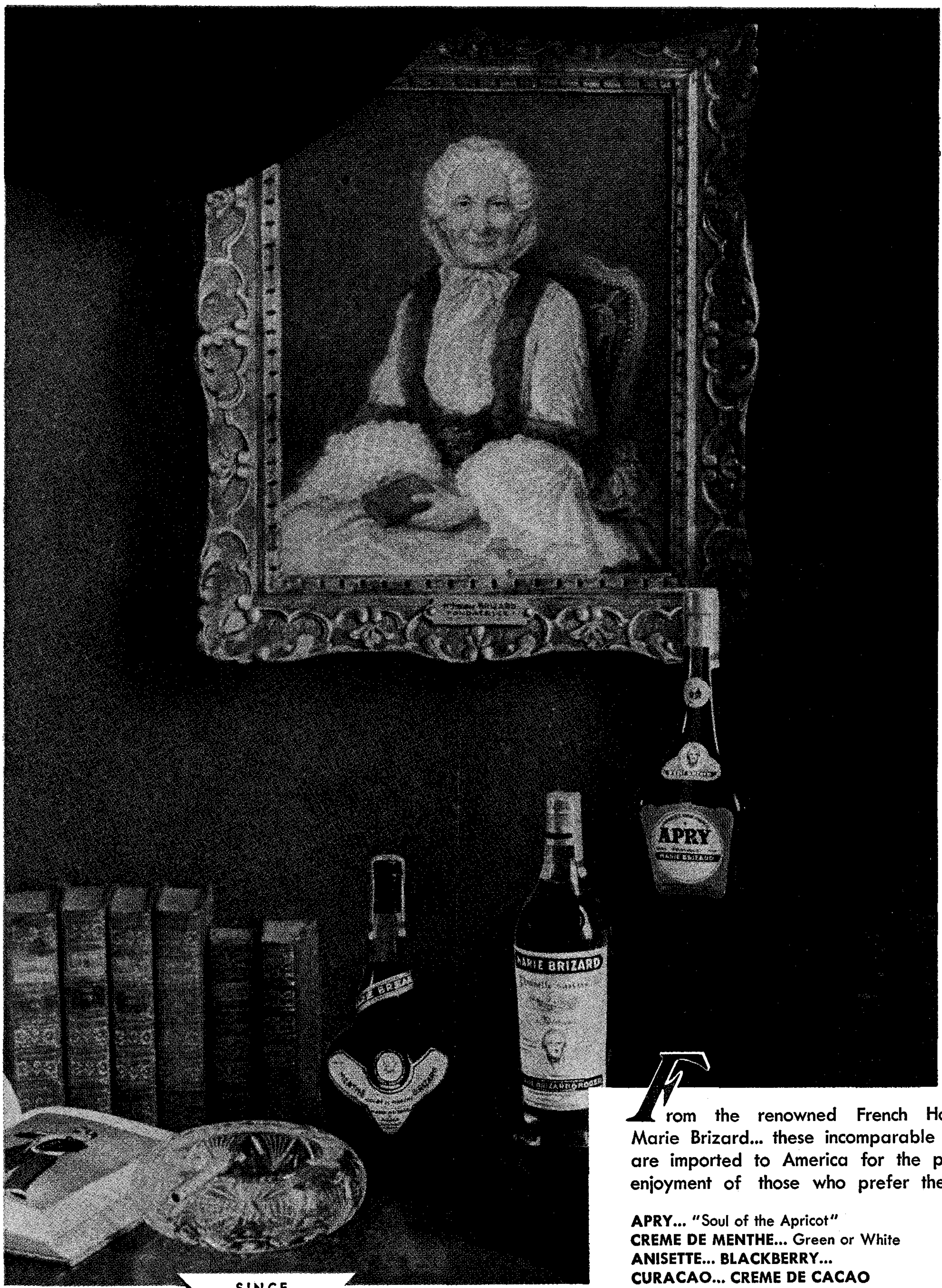

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writer and his behavior as a man, and it would be pleasant if some writer were to make as balanced an approach to the Point and its products. There have lately been rather too many novels, by busted corporals, sergeants, former intelligence officers, and ex-war correspondents, that reveal the pettiness and incompetence of field officers whose minds have been maimed by receiving what is, as it happens, the best professional training of its kind in the world. It is hard not to feel that this indicates that there is something wrong somewhere. In his new novel, "Melville Goodwin, USA" (Little, Brown), John Marquand does not exactly suggest that his Major General Goodwin is a fool, but he treats him rather as Balaam might have come to treat his ass when he had reached the end of its conversational resources—as an honest, loyal, and surprisingly but inadequately gifted inferior. We are introduced to the General by a narrator, who is one of Mr. Marquand's favorite types, a faded intellectual cozily lamenting lost ideals and battling a sense of failure on an income of around thirty-five thousand dollars a year, earned by prattling about news and politics on the radio. For reasons that never become too clear, a research team preparing a cover story for a *Time*like magazine moves into the narrator's house with the General and takes him apart there. While the General is being milked of his life history, a crisis develops. A dynamic lady publisher who had a brief amorous passage with the General in Paris during the war, passing fun for her but one of his major experiences, appears with the intention of wresting him from his wife. The General is a child in love, a child in everything outside military affairs; he cannot even buy a tweed jacket without making a fool of himself, and it is very difficult for the narrator to prevent the wicked magazine and wickeder lady from doing terrible things to him and to his career. In the course of making sure that the cover story is friendly and the General's career unharmed, the narrator, urbanely and in the kindest way, lets the reader see how limited the General's mind is, how dull and dulling the routine of military life, how poor the regular soldier's taste in poetry, and how wide the gulf between civilian and service thinking. As Mr. Marquand's narrator puts it, "He was a stranger from a strange world that we could never touch." But whatever one may think about the higher-ranking officers in the Army, their private lives, and their public manifestations, one can-

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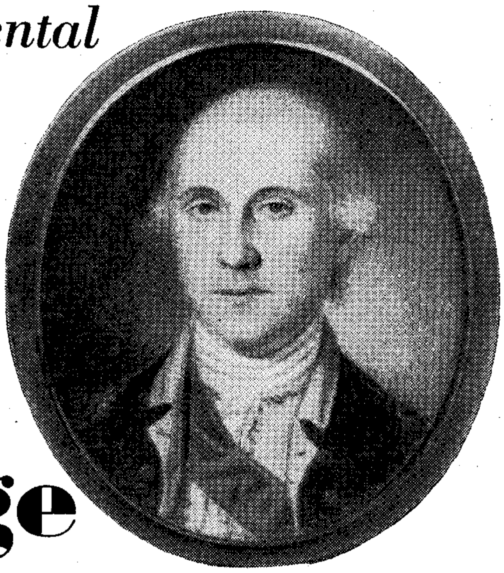

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not help suspecting that the strange, untouchable world in question is Mr. Marquand's, not theirs.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

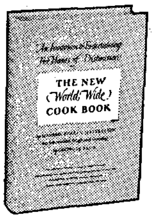
FICTION

THE GRASS HARP, by Truman Capote (Random House). Mr. Capote's people—rebels or outcasts or whatever you want to call them—find refuge in a tree house on the edge of the Southern town where they live. The tree house is small and appears fragile, but actually it is stoutly built, it provides a view of a different and kinder world, and it survives two assaults made on it by some righteous, brutal, and idle members of the town. Mr. Capote's story has many of the qualities of his tree house, and in addition it might be said that he is possessed of a rowdy humor, and sometimes chooses to indulge it. His people, or at least the three most important ones, are out of focus when they are not together, and when one dies, the others fade away. No one of them is as important as the precarious love they cherish for one another, which forces their rebellion and gives their story the sadness that is its persistent color.

THE SIXTH COLUMN, by Peter Fleming (Scribner). A very clever and exciting thriller in which the chief character, a famous English writer and lecturer, devises a simple and deadly plan for destroying the influence of England in the world. The plan, which is enthusiastically adopted by the Kremlin, gives Mr. Fleming a chance to laugh hard and rather sharply at modern government administration in England, and at the state of world affairs in general, but the spies are the main thing, and the chase is a good and spectacular one.

LISE LILLYWHITE, by Margery Sharp (Little, Brown). Miss Lillywhite, seventeen years old, beautiful, bland, ingenuous, and apparently defenseless, arranges her future to suit herself, in spite of all the intrigues and blandishments of her relatives. She is adept in the art of never seeming to defy or disobey, and it is upon her mastery of this art that Miss Sharp builds her novel, which progresses smoothly and sometimes entertainingly from suitor to suitor, until the destined one is reached.

WILD CHERRY TREE ROAD, by Bernice Kelly Harris (Doubleday). Kalline is an inelegant old party, very obscene in



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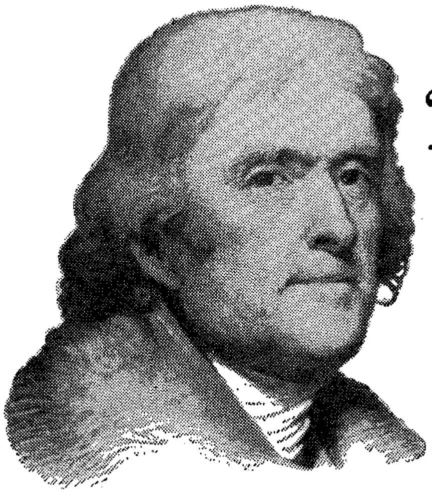

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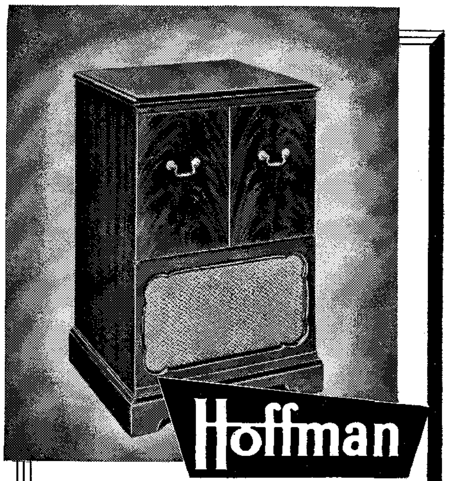
MOIRA, by Julian Green (Macmillan). Joseph Day, an eighteen-year-old in his first year at a Southern university, is tempted into sin by a beautiful girl named Moira, and smothers her in a fit of repentance and disgust. Before this event, which is the climax of the story, Joseph has fought with one of his fellow-students, thrashed another, and driven a third to suicide. Mr. Green's theme seems to be that innocence attracts mischief, or even that innocence attracts destruction, but his Joseph, whatever his age, is a warped, elderly, and not very intelligent being, and the rest of the participants, acquiescing to his domination, appear to be only unreal and poker-faced figures in a hysterical student charade. The year of the story is 1920.

MOSES, by Sholem Asch (Putnam). A long and searching account of the life and activities of Moses, delivered with serenity and a somewhat stony authority, and with a furious attentiveness to detail, atmosphere, and anecdote.

CAGE OF DARKNESS, by René Masson (Knopf). One of those stories (they have become run of the mill) about a gang of child criminals living by their wits in the streets of a city. In this case, the city is Paris, and the children kidnap and hold for ransom a rich and spoiled little boy named Cric. M. Masson's writing is direct, melancholy, and self-conscious, and repetitious to such a degree that the pathos of his story finally lies down and dies under the weight of words.

NOVELETTE, by A. L. Barker (Scribner). In this collection of stories, Miss Barker writes with enormous contentment about assorted human aches and pains, including fear, love, jealousy, death, despair, and rejection. Her first story, a very long one, is called "Novelette" and deals sharply and thoroughly with a middle-aged woman's passion for a very young man. The other stories are much shorter, and demonstrate their author's predilection for an ending that is not so much pointed as snappy and



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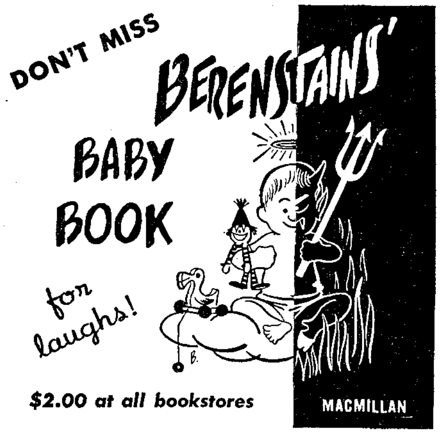
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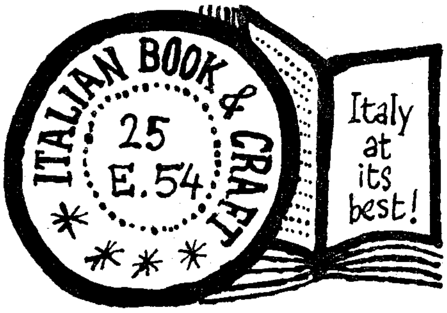
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that invariably proceeds from a ready-made and deliberate fund of rather obvious irony, instead of from the hearts or actions of the people concerned.

GENERAL

THE GENERAL AND THE PRESIDENT, by Richard H. Rovere and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (Farrar, Straus & Young). The General is Douglas MacArthur, and this book is a conspicuously well-written critical study of the political schism that developed in this country last April when Mr. Truman recalled him from Japan. It is also a reëxamination of American foreign policy and, to a certain extent, a brief for it; one of the major accomplishments of the book is its effective disposal of the notion that we have no foreign policy. The authors have written an extended biographical sketch of the General, trying to make some sense out of his legend and bring him into historical focus—not an easy job with a man who is constantly blurring his own image—and the result is probably the most cogent portrait of MacArthur in print. Their attitude throughout is one of bending over backward to be fair and objective, but it is quite apparent which side they're on.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, VOLUMES III AND IV, by Douglas Southall Freeman (Scribner). These two volumes of Dr. Freeman's life of Washington, which, when completed, will doubtless stand as a literary monument to both author and subject, cover the years 1759-78. The first is a study of Washington as a gentleman planter. At the age of twenty-seven, already an "old soldier" who had renounced the military life and its ambitions and frustrations, he settled down to grow tobacco (unsuccessfully) and wheat (successfully) on the estate he bought with his wife's money. For fifteen years, he served as a burgess in the General Assembly at Williamsburg, observing the growing quarrel with England and, though little guessing the part he was to play when it broke into open hostilities, in no doubt as to where he would stand when that hour struck. In Volume IV, he is in the thick of things—most of them disastrous—as commander-in-chief of one of the worst-equipped, worst-trained, worst-clothed, worst-officered, and worst-fed armies ever to have challenged a world power. The book be-

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WOMAN IN TOWN the other day received a doctor's bill for the sum of $0.00. Puzzled, she called the doctor's wife, a friend of hers, to ask how come. It was only habit, explained her friend; this month, she said, was the first in more than a year that there wasn't an entry under the woman's name in the ledger. And, she wound up, "I just couldn't bear not sending you a statement" . . . Automobile gadget is a watch that fastens to your steering wheel. The movement of the wheel in driving keeps the thing wound, and they figure that five miles of city driving, or 20 miles in the country, will wind it up. Once wound, it runs for nine days. Then, if you're parked all that time, there's a standard button for winding it by hand. And it has an extra red hand that you can set at the beginning of a trip. When you reach your destination, you can easily figure the elapsed time.

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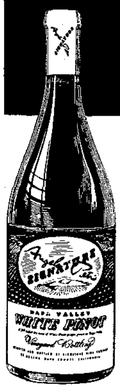

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gins with the siege of Boston and covers the war up through the defeat at Germantown and the bitter months of the Continental Army's winter encampment at Valley Forge. While this biography cannot help being a history of the Revolution, the author never loses sight of his original intent: to evaluate—or, where necessary, reëvaluate—the character of George Washington and to retrace his steps on the road to greatness.

A DRAGON APPARENT, by Norman Lewis (Scribner). Impressions of Indo-China, by an English novelist who managed, despite a great many physical and linguistic difficulties, to get a remarkably comprehensive look at that unhappy country early in 1950, and who has set down his findings in a literate and engaging fashion. For obvious reasons, most of Mr. Lewis's perambulations took place in territory held—sometimes rather tenuously—by the French, where he quizzed civilian and military authorities, plantation owners, Indo-Chinese of all ranks (among them the King of Cambodia), but during a brief unofficial sortie into Cochin China, he did meet a few Viet Minh leaders. Although the author's sympathies were enlisted by the original and, he feels, rightful occupants of Indo-China, he has refrained from drawing any sweeping conclusions from his trip, except, of course, the patent one that the shotgun marriage between European and Asiatic is being terminated at a dizzy rate. A good, factual piece of work, complemented by a number of photographs.

THE UPROOTED, by Oscar Handlin (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A noted authority on the foreign-born in the United States, whose previous works have centered on the influence immigrants have had on the life and culture of this country, now seeks to determine what effect America has had on *them* and, in general, what the process of alienation does to a human being. This is, of course, a very complex subject, dealing with great masses of people (there were roughly thirty-five million immigrants to America in the nineteenth century), and Professor Handlin has wisely not attempted to go about it with charts, graphs, case histories, and the other tricks in the sociologist's bag. Instead, in a poetic and sometimes threnodic mood, he has written the often terrible story of the emigrant: his uprooting from a native soil and culture, the painful passage to the

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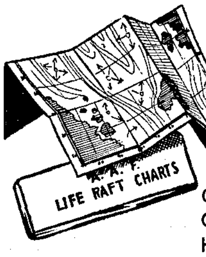

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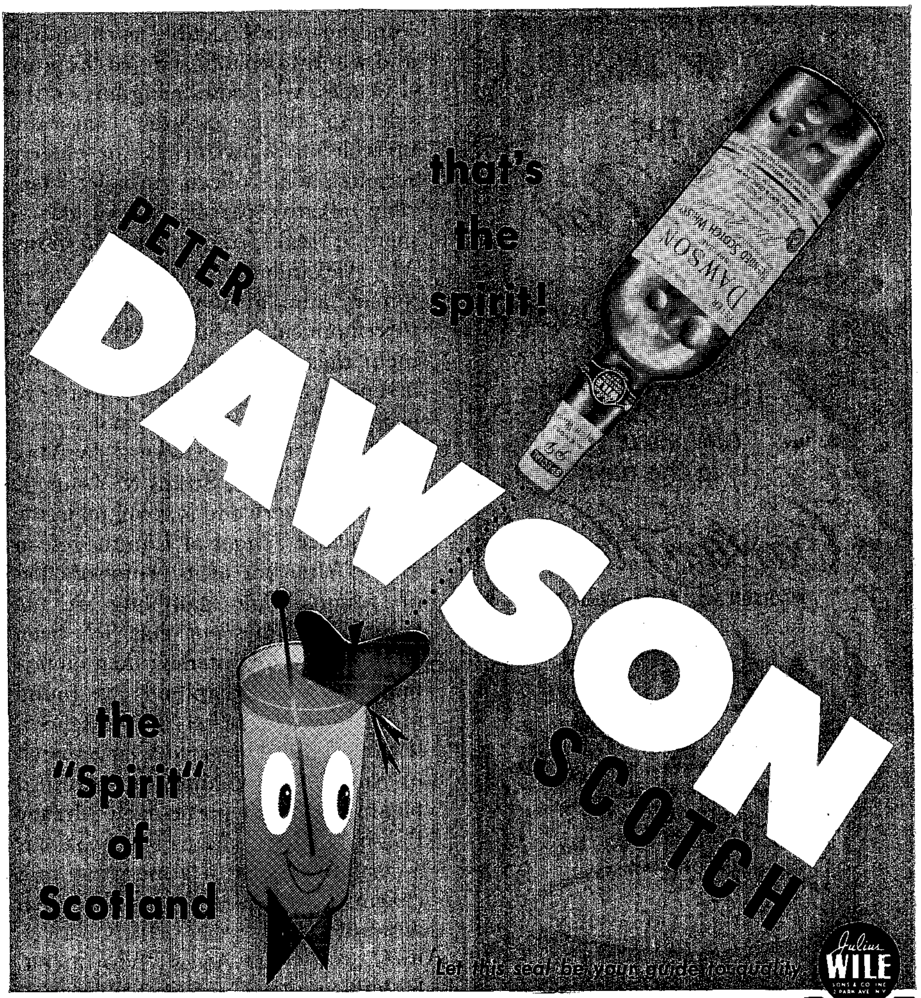
New World, and the disillusionment that awaited him there—the slum, the pitilessly hard work, the loss of identity and the estrangement from his children, and the final feeling of ceasing to belong to anything. This is strong stuff, handled in a masterly and quite moving manner.

Men I Hold Great, by François Mauriac (Philosophical Library). Thirteen essays on thirteen writers in whom M. Mauriac sees attributes of greatness, though in some cases he finds the greatness considerably watered down; indeed, in the piece on Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the author's qualifying thoughts on the character of his subject almost overbalance the good he sees in him. It is an odd list, starting with Blaise Pascal and the "tragic" Molière, and running down through the centuries to, of all people, Graham Greene, who is considered on his merits as a Catholic novelist. The essays combine philosophical disquisition and perception with a lofty kind of literary criticism, and they are all excellent. There is one—a short defense of André Gide, for whom the writer must have the most mixed feelings—that is as brilliant and hard as a diamond.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Day of Reckoning, by John Garden (Lippincott). When Dyke Farne's wife announces that she is going to leave him for another man, he pushes her off their launch just a mile or so off Masterman's Reach. She happens to be steering at the time, and everybody else playing bridge, so nobody has any very clear idea of what happens, and it seems very likely that Farne has committed the perfect crime. Unfortunately, however, his emotions about her are ambivalent, and soon he begins to feel that his guilt is more than he can bear. The major portion of the book is devoted to his half-conscious determination to get himself convicted and hanged for her death, even though the general impression is that he is just talking nonsense. Mr. Garden is a careful and subtle writer, and somehow or other he makes the complicated motives and relationships involved in this story both plausible and exciting. Probably as expert a novel about morbid psychology (division of crime and punishment) as the season will produce.

Murder in Black and White, by David Alexander (Random House). A staggeringly crowded item that contains, among other things, a three-



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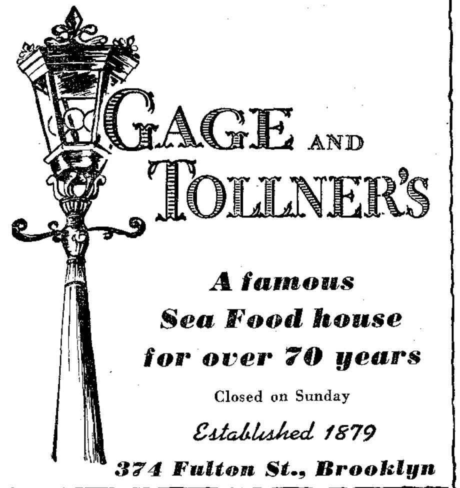
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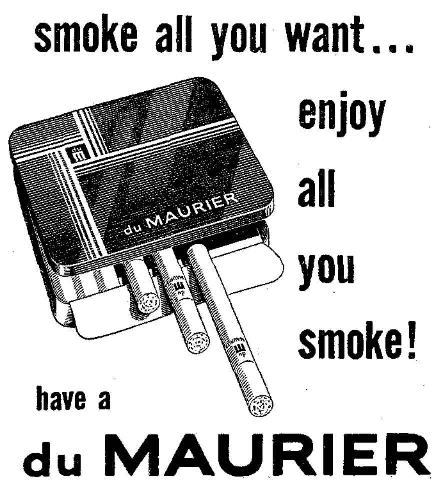
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hundred-pound sleuth, part Indian and wholly alcoholic, named Tommy Twotoes, who raises penguins on the side; an albino gangster, naturally invisible in snowstorms; an elderly eccentric who collects garbage; a terribly talkative parrot; and an assortment of freaks from a television show. Mr. Alexander has provided the customary amount of violent activity—three homicides—but what entertainment there is stems mostly from his invention of some of the strangest people who ever got in a book.

Good Luck to the Corpse, by Max Murray (Farrar, Straus & Young). Something very odd is going on in the Whitecliffe School of Languages, in Nice. After one of its professors dies of poison while gambling at the Casino, it comes out that he's been using counterfeit money; then quite a bunch of stolen diamonds are found in a basement locker in the school. The local police rope in a large batch of suspects, including a beautiful bigamist and a particularly dreary Polish spy. Mr. Murray's book has a certain amount of atmosphere and charm, but the plot is not to be taken seriously.

The Case of the Angry Mourner, by Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow). When Mrs. Adrian finds her daughter's dinner host, a known philanderer, shot through the heart in a room littered with broken glass, she decides to employ Perry Mason, who makes a specialty of such cases. The catch is that Miss Adrian suspects her mother and is determined to protect her, so all Mr. Mason can do is subpoena any likely females in the neighborhood and concentrate on the broken glass, which proves to have come from five different sources. In the inevitable courtroom scene, he manages to trap a killer whom no one else would have thought of suspecting. Mr. Gardner's plot is up to standard and his characters seem rather better defined than usual.

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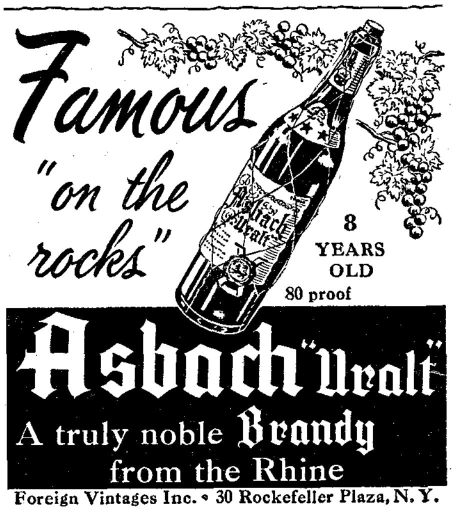
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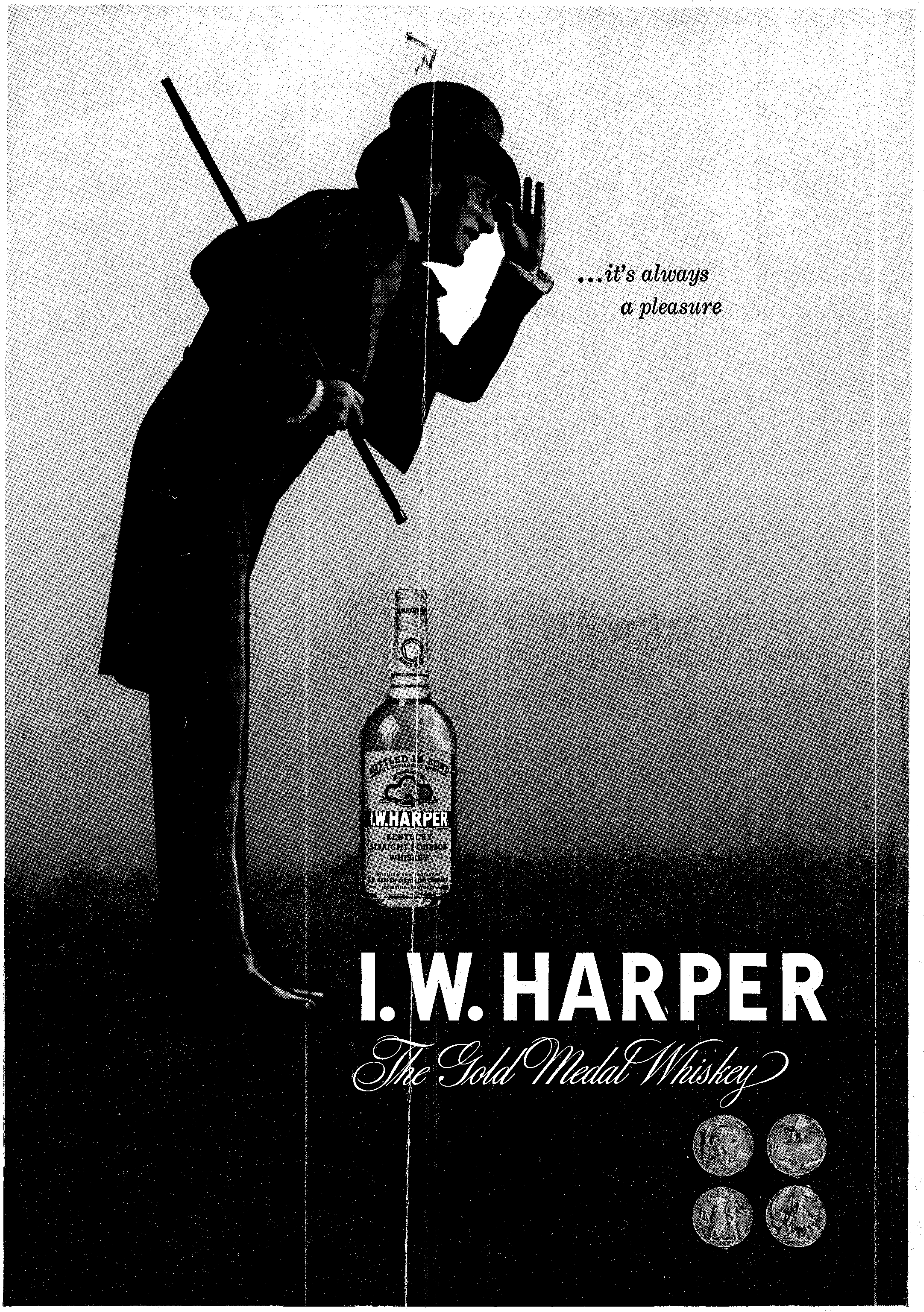
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